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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

ROD MARSH EXPLAINS WHY HE SHOULD CAPTAIN AUSTRALIA

SUMMER SEX SPECIAL

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PLAYBILL

SUMMER'S all set to cook and the November edition of PLAYBOY is our way of declaring open season on the goodies to follow. As if anyone needed reminding, summer is the season when girls look sexier, beers taste better and cruising, surfing and sunning it are legit and pleasurable past-times.

Summer sex is a pictorial package sure to revive the merits of becoming a beach bum. PLAYBOY's photographic crews from home and abroad took their cameras out under the sun to submit their favorites for our Golden Greats pictorial. Our writers worded the pleasures and playtimes which beckon this summer.

With November comes that other summer passion: cricket. We sent veteran PLAYBOY hand **Russell Deiley** on the trail of Rodney Marsh, the record-breaking wicket-keeper and the man best equipped to lead the Aussies back to the top of the cricket pile. Deiley sent down a few overs of intensive questioning and Marsh took to it with the long handle.

Marsh's old mate **Ian Chappell** also gets a guernsey in this edition. But not for cricket. We roped in Chappelli and his *Wide World of Sport* television mate, **Mike Gibson,** to adjudicate at our tasting of imported beers. They loaded up a cruiser from Clipper's Anchorage, Akuna Bay, with beer and seafood and headed off into the blue for a taste-a-thon. While the Chappell-Gibson team tasted, associate editor **Neil Jameson** and photographer **Phil Quirk** took notes and snaps.

In Queensland, where so much sun makes everything possible, our correspondent **Frank Robson** found a faith healer he prophesies will become a national television star. In Miracle Man, Robson profiles Steve Ryder, the ex-bank robber who performs the seemingly impossible.

The spectre of nuclear war is not likely to evaporate tomorrow and in The Bomb and Beyond, **Otto Friedrich** probes what will *really* happen — who will die, who will survive and how — if some fool pushes the button. **Kathy Calderwood** crafted the chilling illustration.

We're sincerely hoping they delay the nuclear war, at least for this month, because we've got fun times in store. If you're planning to pack a few thrills into your summer vacation, read what world-class mountaineer Peter Hillary has to say to interviewer **Allan Moult** about scaling such heights as Everest.

Our November Playmate is beautiful Aussie girl **Sophie Carre** whose allure has been exquisitely captured by the cameras of **Rico Mettbach.** Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, **Jeff Dunas** was busy aiming his lens at delightful English rose, **Penny Wells.** The result: Priceless Penny, a stunning pictorial.

If you wish to learn how to get to the yacht club in style this summer, read motoring editor **Rob Luck's** review of the top end in luxury cars. Well-Heeled Wheels runs the ratings rule over just how much status you can buy if you've got the bucks.

Speaking of bucks: backgammon champ **James Dodd** is a bloke who can't resist a punt. In Beating the Board, features editor **P.D. Jack** profiles a guy who has made a profession out of his intuition and savvy. **Frants Kantor** supplied the artwork.

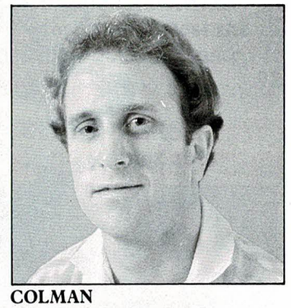
Australia's best short story writers have been hard at their typewriters and from the pool we've plucked Prime Time, a piece by the very talented **Michael Colman.** If you've been amazed by the absurdity of popular suds television, read Colman's piece.

Ian Fleming's finest hero has certainly outlived his creator. James Bond is now the exclusive charge of English writer **John Gardner** and in this edition we look at a breath-taking excerpt from his new 007 book, *For Special Services.* The illustration came from the drawing board of **David Dimmock.**

Sun Lovers is a one-to-one fashion guide of what to wear when you've finally snared that one person you particularly wanted to share this summer with. PLAYBOY's fashion editor **Wendy Adnam** co-ordinated the clothes and clicked the camera.

We don't wish to delay the feast a minute longer so read on and enjoy the very best of November. Not a bad time of year, at all!

KING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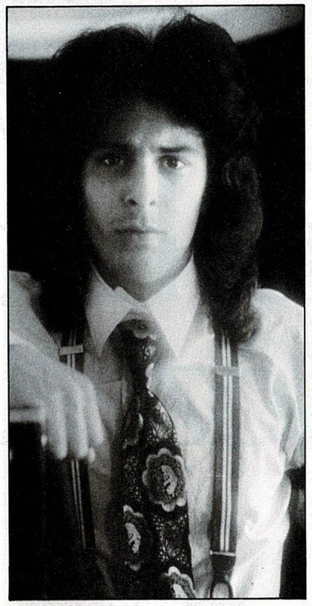
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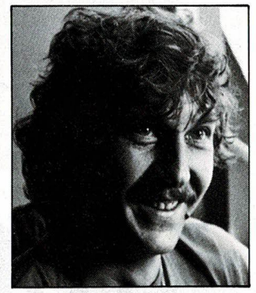
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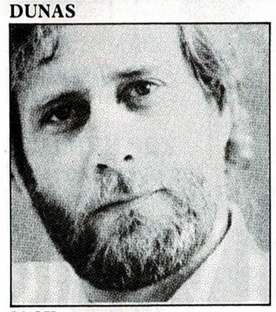
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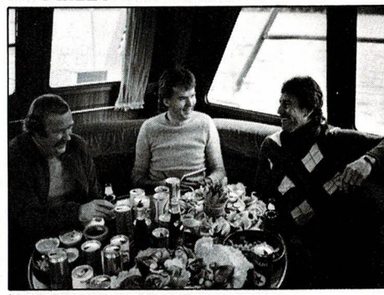
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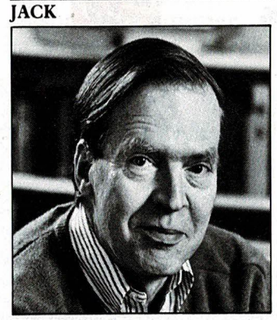
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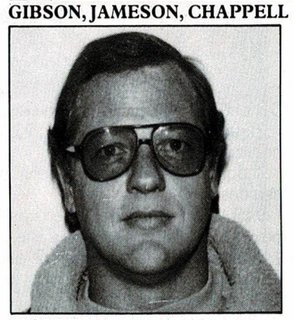
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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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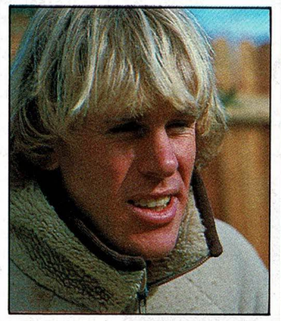

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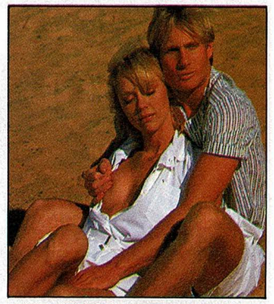

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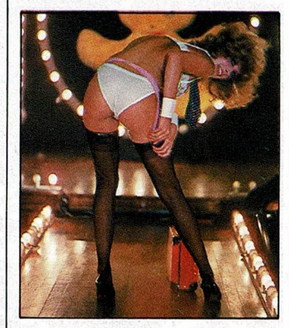

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NOVEMBER 1982

Cover: Kathy Pereira
Photo: Bob Watson

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Sophie Canne(Pages 68-79): Clothes, Paradise Road, September Boutique; shoes, Raymond Castles; lingerie, Estelle.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

MORE PLEASE

I decided to write to you because as I buy Australian PLAYBOY every month, I would like to see more of your Playmates. In my opinion, you don't show enough of them. I think you show too many advertisements and not enough of the lovely girls.

Leigh Driver,
Meredith, Vic.

HOT ROCK

Come on, how about a photo-feature on the ladies of Oz rock? We've got some real spunks like Sharon O'Neil; the two Cheetah chicks; Annalise from the Sydney band, Numbers; Renee Geyer and the gorgeous Chrissie Amphlett of Divinyls. Chrissie would look great bending over a desk in her school uniform for six strokes of the cane.

I'm sure that many of your younger male readers would really enjoy a photo-spread such as this. You could throw in Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders too, if possible, for good measure.

M. Cooper,
Athol Park, SA.

BEATS THE BRICKS

Thank you for publishing my poem in Forum in your July issue. I am still in the circle here at Parramatta Gaol and most appreciative of your magazine.

Kym Malin (Miss July) is now upon my wall. Sure beats looking at the bricks!

Brian McLaughlin,
Parramatta, NSW.

BEWITCHED

I know your magazine is well known for publishing actresses in the skin. For years now, I have been searching every magazine for actress Elizabeth Montgomery as I am a big fan of hers. Unfortunately, I've had no success.

I have noticed that in her TV shows and films, she is always wearing closed shoes. Is there something wrong with her feet?

I hope that you can do a feature on her, or just one picture showing her bare feet in detail.

"Montgomery fan",
Adelaide, SA.

We would imagine that Miss Montgomery's feet are absolutely bewitching. Why don't you try wrinkling your nose? — Ed.

IT'S A MIRACLE

I'm just totally knocked out by the spread on Miraculous Lourdes in August PLAYBOY. She's the cutest and most sultry number you've had in your mag for a long time.

"Brunettes forever",
Neutral Bay, NSW.

IN RAPTURES

I've been reading PLAYBOY for quite a while now and I was knocked out by the very beautiful Kym Malin in your centre-spread pages in July. She really sent my heart beating, not to mention my lower parts which were in a state of frenzy.

Her aura and beauty sent me into a time warp of ecstacy. I sincerely hope you can get more Playmates like her.

"In love",
Brisbane, Qld.

MUSCULAR MARILYN

I found the interview with Marilyn Chambers in your August issue very interesting. She certainly is a forthright lady but the photographs you used of her failed to excite me in the least. She has a very stringy body which is far too muscular for my tastes.

I wonder what other readers think of the so-called insatiable porn queen?

Gary Bender,
Gymea, NSW.

DOWN MEMORY LANE

I really liked the article entitled Motor Cycle Madness in the August issue of Australian PLAYBOY. As a Fifties bikie, the article evoked lots of nostalgia and brought back vivid memories of the incurable madness of the era.

Thanks Robert Reid for a trip down memory lane.

Carl Petersen,
Armadale, Vic.

BOOZED

Thanks for the tips on heart-starters in the Booze column of your August issue of PLAYBOY. I've tried the Mimosa and Cloud Nine. I'm not fooled into believing that they cure hangovers but they ease you nicely into the next drinking binge.

Hope that this Booze column is to be a regular event.

Chris Carmody,
Mackay, Qld.

PURR-FECT

I am really taken by your August Playmate of the Month, Daniela Ruechert. She is not only beautiful but she displays a sweet, warming smile in most of her photos. Indeed, she shows her smile more often than I have seen in many other pictorials.

She is a credit to womanhood. Her Playmate data sheet suggests she has a good grasp of life. With any luck, our paths may meet one day, or at least I hope I meet many girls as fresh-faced as Dani.

A Playmate like her makes any man purr!

Bruce,
Coogee, NSW.

GRIPES GALORE

I recently purchased the August issue of Australian PLAYBOY because of the pictorial/interview with Marilyn Chambers. But again, as with the last time I purchased the magazine approximately one year ago, I was disappointed. I have been buying American *Penthouse* over the past five years and have yet to be similarly disappointed.

The reason for this disappointment is mainly with respect to the pictorials. The quality of paper used for the magazine and the printing of photographs is very poor. In my copy, skin tones are unnatural; detail and definition are poor; some pictures are extremely grainy, and color alignment so poor that Marilyn Chambers appears to be superimposed onto the studio shots.

Another point of annoyance is that about half the photographs of Marilyn Chambers shown in the television commercial do not appear in the magazine. But don't be too down-hearted. I don't buy Australian *Penthouse* for similar reasons.

V. Mamo,
Parramatta, NSW.

COLOR BLIND

In reply to letters from Chris and Amber in the August Dear Playboy page, I think all this protesting about redheads is a load of nonsense. I think you give everyone a fair go in Aussie PLAYBOY and surely it's the physical attributes and attractiveness of the Playmates that are the criteria and not the color of their hair.

Chris and Amber are being far too sensitive and seem to be using their red hair as some sort of excuse. Wake up girls! Most men are color blind when it comes to women. There are far more important considerations and I think the ideal of a "blonde, bronzed body" is an outdated myth.

Gerry Brown,
North Adelaide, SA.

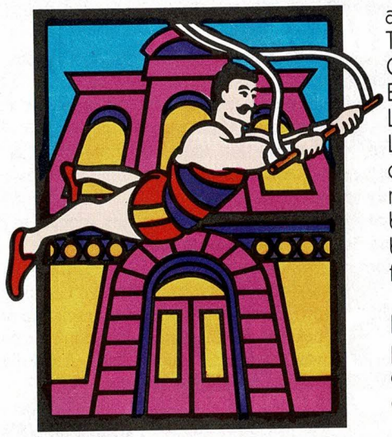
SAY CHEESE

Why don't any of your centrefolds look as if they're enjoying what they're doing? One has to presume that they *are* in it for thrills as well as for money. It's hard to fantasise over a chick who looks as if she's frightened to death by the whole business.

One notable exception is lovely Dani Ruechert, your August Playmate. She looks as if she's having a fucking good time — and so am I just thinking about her. Apart from this criticism, the rest of the magazine is a rage. Thanks.

Big Bob,
Bathurst, NSW.

You'll run out of nights before Melbourne runs out of nightlife.



"In no other place does immorality stalk abroad so unblushingly." — Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 4, 1852.

That's what Grannie Herald spluttered over her starched collar, back in the days when Melbourne roared to the Gold Rush. One hundred and thirty years later we don't say you'll find you're being followed by fallen women, but we can promise you a hot time in the old town any night you care to try us.

are like no others... The Flying Trapeze, the Comedy Cafe, the Banana Lounge, Le Joke, The Last Laugh. Their brand of humour might make Bob Hope boggle, but you'll be howling for more.

In between these laugh factories are pubs, one on every corner it seems, and all of them pulsing.

Melbourne rocks to more than 500 bands. And we're not talking about Victor Aspidistra and His Tea Time Five. Down Chapel Street, where three kilometres of shops break a neck to beat each other in the outrageousness stakes, there's a music and fashion underworld you won't see outside London and, maybe, New York.

If your musical taste runs to jazz, Melbourne's talkin' to ya! This is the town that put Australia on the world jazz map. Trad jazz came up the river from New Orleans to Melbourne and it's the home of contemporary jazzmen like Tony Gould, Brian Brown and Keith Hounslow.

And of course it's the home of the Arts Centre. Hear Roger Woodward in the Concert Hall and we promise you a memory to treasure.

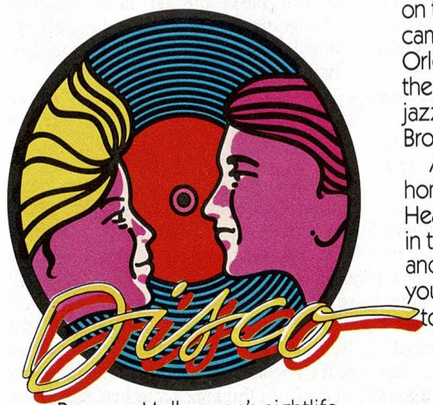
Afterwards, for a change of pace, stroll from the Arts Centre along the Yarra. Head for the restored three-masted barque, Polly Woodside, cross the river and you're in disco land. Getting in is relatively easy; getting out is the hard part. When you do, we suggest you take a walk on the Via Veneto. (On the map it's called Lygon Street.) At two in the morning it jumps. Lygon Street boasts 150 restaurants and at any hour of the day or night the air is thick with broken English and flying pizza dough.

Of course Melbourne's reputation for restaurants, theatre and entertainment should be no surprise, unless you've never enjoyed a visit.

Come and see Melbourne.

MELBOURNE TOURISM

You'll run out of time before Melbourne runs out of surprises.



Because Melbourne's nightlife is back with a bang.

Just a revolver shot from where Squizzy Taylor died of acute ventilation there's the comedy belt, the cafes and theatre restaurants that

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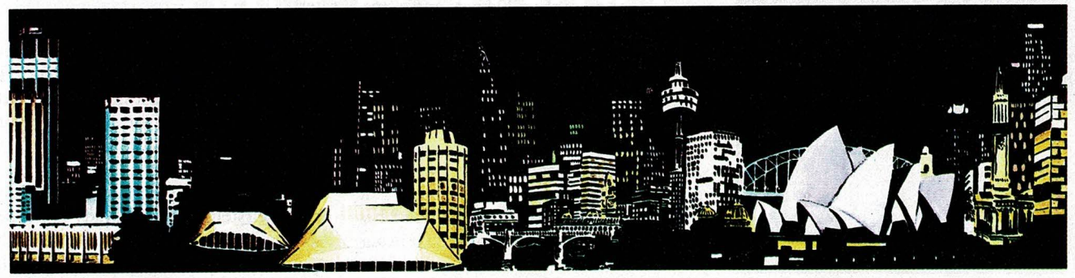
MELBOURNE

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



LET'S NOT BE HASTY

Sonia Sutcliffe, wife of the convicted Yorkshire Ripper, Peter Sutcliffe, is seeking legal separation from her imprisoned husband on the grounds of his "unreasonable behavior".

CAUSE FOR ALARM

The American film classic, *Rebel Without a Cause*, was screened in non-communist Taiwan with a title that translates as: "To Give Birth to Children Without Teaching Them Whose Fault It Is". We wonder what they did with *Reds*.

NON-STOP ACTION

American manufacturer, Sergio Valente, has successfully taken action to stop a Philadelphia company from selling prophylactics under the name Sergio Prevente. Maybe just wearing tighter jeans would do the trick!

HOW'S YOUR JOB?

At last, workers that really *can* live on the smell of an oily rag. Japan is now producing something like 20,000 robots a year, but that's already out of date. The robot manufacturing industry had a growth rate of 37 percent in 1980. With more than 46,000 industrial robots in service, Japan expects to quadruple this number by 1985.

Japan leads the world in the use of mechanised workers, employing 80 percent of the world's robots. Prices for these non-unionised workers are now low enough for even small firms to afford them. Whereas in the last 10 years, wages have more than doubled, the cost of something like the numerically-controlled lathe has fallen by 18 percent, but its efficiency has improved.

At the end of 1981, Australia had only 200 robots.

ON THE BALI BEAT

People with a vested interest in Bali's tourist trade tell us there's been a pronounced decline in traffic over the past few months. Some sources quoted a drop of 30 percent over figures for the previous year and say businesses in Kuta are hurting for custom. Hard to believe if you happen to drop in to the Casablanca bar in Jalan Bunisari. This relatively new nightspot is run by a large and chuckling Australian who goes by the singular and somewhat enigmatic moniker of Ryan. Rarely seen without glass in hand, Ryan is one of those characters whose life is a blur of fact and fiction and he's always good for a first-person account of run-ins with pirates in the Java Sea.

His bar boasts a spiral staircase, first-floor balcony view over the Kuta streetscape, Swan Lager and barmen who wear T-shirts with the cryptic message: SATU LAGI SAM. This, to the cognoscenti, is local lingo for Bogart's famous line in the film for which the bar was named.

The Casablanca is *the* place for live music in Bali — visiting musicians such as hot fiddler Hog Diamond, late of the Charlie Daniel's band, and Cold Chisel guitarist Ian Moss recently put in some jamming time. Ryan encourages patronage with special ladies' nights — any guy who comes in drag gets every third drink free. It scares off the Europeans but scores well with the macho

Aussie boys. He also runs Aussie Party parody nights with cocktail frankfurts and cheese and Vegemite sangos. All the girls wear name tags, and the blokes are encouraged to collect at one end of the bar upstairs before they're allowed to mingle.

Ryan seems to have a special way with the ladies and on occasion persuades young Australian beach nymphs to voluntarily act as topless waitresses. Needless to say, if you're looking for some action in Bali, the Casablanca is not a bad place to start.

THE FAST DAYS OF POMPEII

The place: Pompeii; the time: about 1980 years ago; the setting: The Playboy Palace. Solarium, indoor/outdoor pools, private garden courtyard for nude sunbaking, "love lounges", porn room, nubile young women and week-long orgies.

When Vesuvius erupted in 79AD and buried the most advanced culture of the time beneath a sea of black ash, it sealed the fate and fortune of every inhabitant of Pompeii. Centuries later, archaeologists raking through the ruins, scraped back the city's bones to reveal the cross-section of a society similar to ours. Along with the routine devices of a lifestyle dedicated to pleasure, they found evidence of whorehouses apparently screened up as massage parlors to slip beneath the law of the day.

Among the fantasies proved as fact was the Pompeii Playboy's pad. Australian PLAYBOY recently went inside and inspected the mammorabilia of this forgotten time. Behind the maximum security privacy of this locked-away playhouse, we found all the ingenious trappings you'd expect in a new-world pleasure palace. According to our guide, the Vetti brothers who owned the Playboy Villa were merchants with imagination. The massive house with its myriad bedrooms and balconies, roof gardens and solariums was serviced with piped water. The walls were decorated with paintings depicting sexual feats. The private art gallery was closer to a porn room, the art almost universally saluting the ultimate exchange between man and women. Another room, apparently a "warm-up" den for the ladies, was chiefly decorated with male statues featuring exaggerated phalluses. A "diagrammatic" painting of a range of sexual positions carried explanations in several languages to ensure visiting ladies had a thorough understanding. All this in the days before Vesuvius pulled the ultimate blowjob.

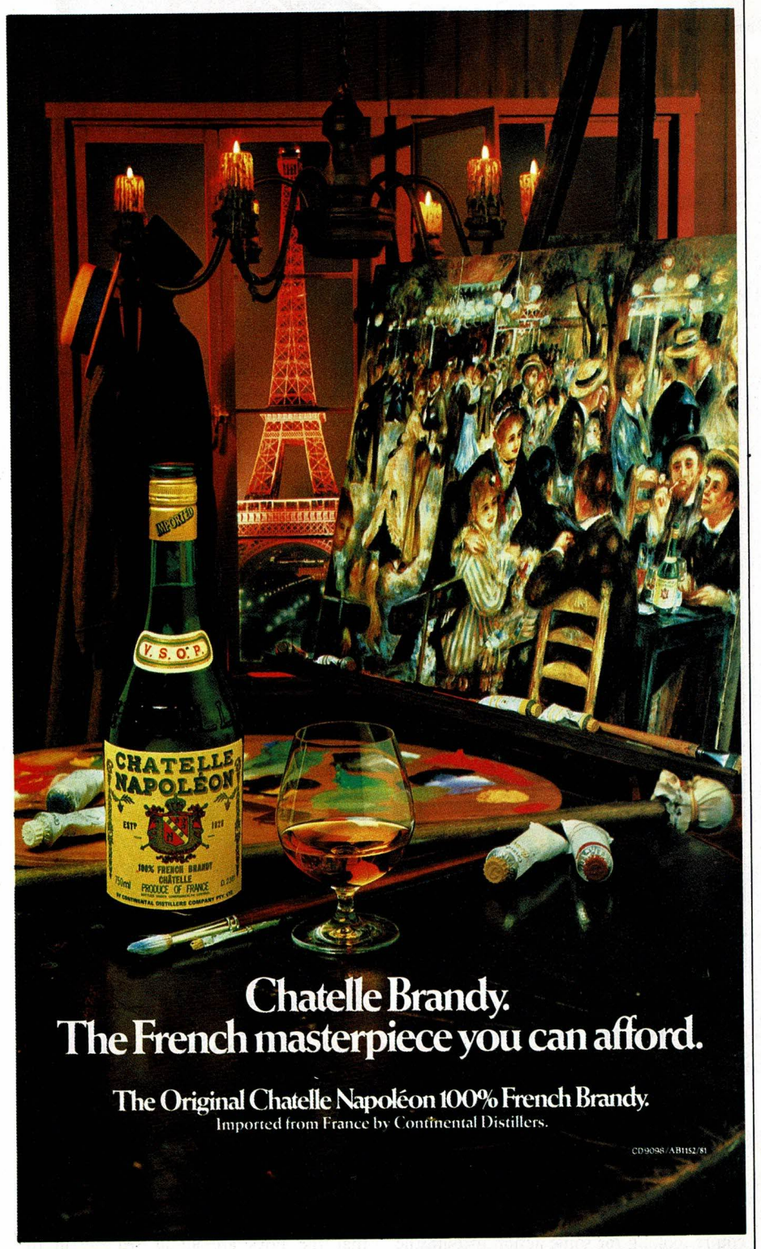
BOAT DREAMS

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find our beer drinkers guide to foreign froth. Now, if you look past the dominant figures of I. Chappell and M. Gibson, you'll notice that the boys are all at sea . . . in the magnificent state-room of the Tayana 41

plus 2. This luxury trawler, it should be pointed out, is currently for sale. The radar-equipped, Dutch-designed pleasure craft gets along at more than 20 knots and is one of many bargains at Clipper's Anchorage, Akuna Bay near Sydney. The price? The Tayana is a steal at $248,000.

QUICHISMO

Pronounced "key shizmo" according to satirist Russell Baker (one of about a million to have jumped on to the cake trolley, as it were) this new societal classification has swept the land since we introduced it in our June issue.



Forget the East-West axis; forget hip versus straight. Society has split into two opposing factions — Real Men and quiche eaters.

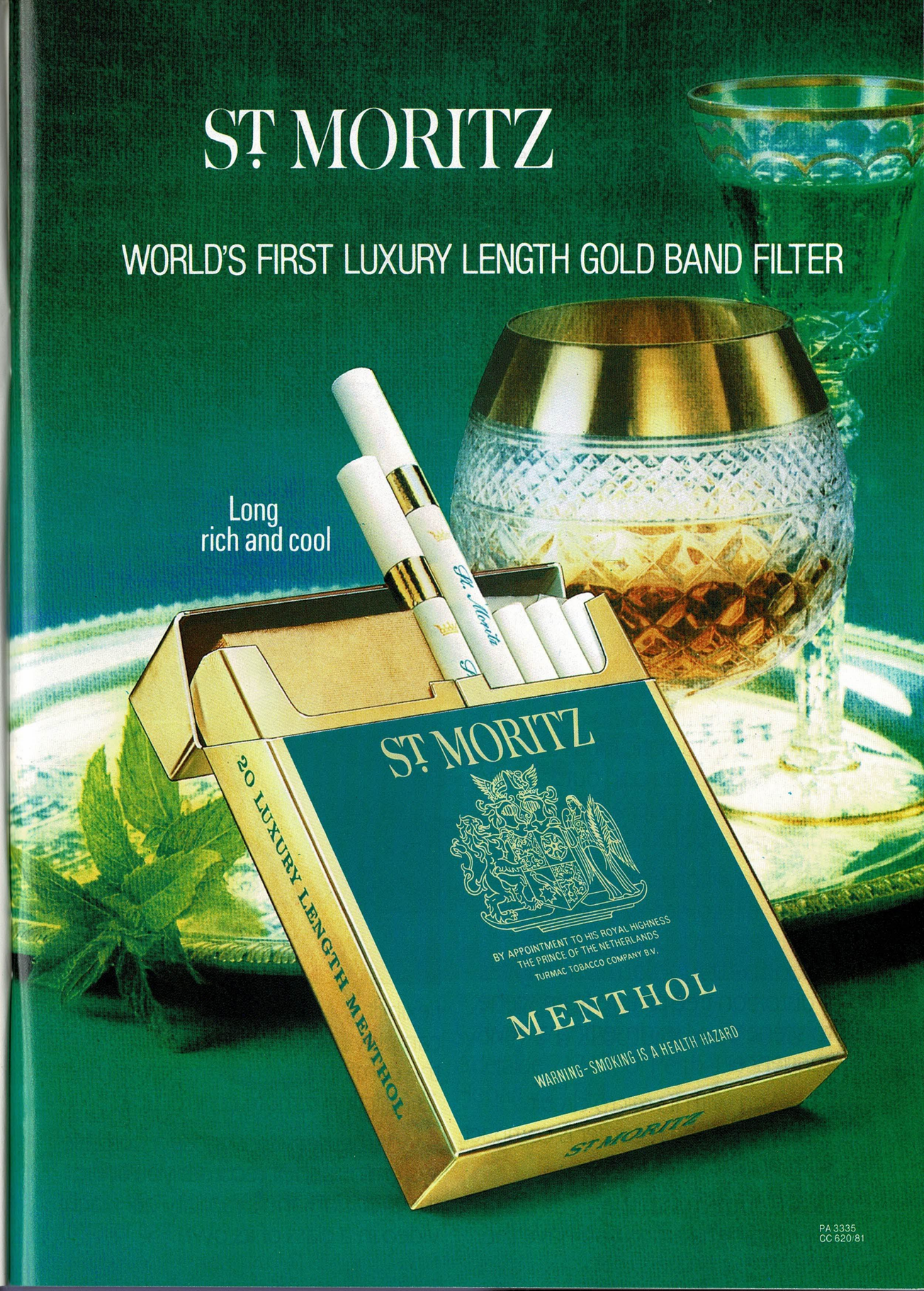
Women are by definition quiche eaters, but Real Women would only go to bed with male quiche eaters in a dire emergency, or after a nuclear holocaust in which all Real Men would have been wiped out in the front line. Right, you remember the article now? Good.

When we published an excerpt from Bruce Feirstein's seminal study of the new doctrine last June, we had no idea that this call to beers, this revolt against the Alan Aldas of the world and against "meaningful relationships" would prove so fabulously popular. The original treatise was, of course, American in origin. But the Real Men here at Australian PLAYBOY felt compelled to add a few of their own misgivings to the witch-hunt, which prompted a flood of male from our readers, many of whom wished to point out that you can often actually see the crumbs still in the corners of Andrew Peacock's mouth, whereas if Bob Hawke were forced at gunpoint to eat quiche he would manfully drown it in tomato sauce.

We were particularly indebted to a team of cultural scientists from Darwin (Slim, Clipper and Groucho by name) who pointed out that Don Lane was a conspicuous consumer of quiche, that Rex Mossop re-heats his for breakfast and that we erred in stating that Real Men don't wear protection when playing cricket. Not so, say the lads from Darwin. Real Men have something to protect.

But this sincere academic correspondence (heavy though it made our mail bag) was as nothing when compared to the reaction to the new elites outside in the real world. Well-known sportsman, playwright and student of tautology, Alex Buzo, was employed to Australianise the book for local publication. It sold out in two days, but at this stage it is not known whether the majority of purchasers were scared quiche eaters or wimps with identity crises. Real Men, of course, don't buy books. Buzo, whose fondness for soft hats has always been a worry, showed his true colors by going on radio talk back shows and attempting to "communicate" with housewives while their Real Men husbands were away at work.

Meanwhile, French pastry-cooks joined dole queues all around the country and patisseries rightly boarded up their windows in fear of vigilante attack. We had final proof that the age of the Real Man had truly arrived when a newspaper cartoonist (always the last to catch on) in Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* (a Real Man newspaper, along with *Truth* and the *Northern Territory News)* depicted Bill Hayden receiving a gift from Bob Hawke — two dozen packets of quiche.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SINAI SHOW-DOWN

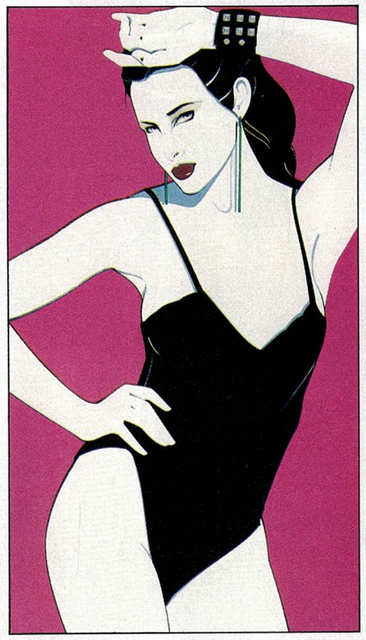
I was very disappointed with P. D. Jack's first report about Australians in the Sinai (July PLAYBOY). It was both superficial and patronising. Unfortunately, Mr Jack couldn't help but make caustic asides time and time again regarding the Israelis' concern for security. He can be thankful that his father, brother, son or himself did not, and do not have to, face four invasions by combined Arab armies in only one generation. Nor does he have to serve three years' conscription and after that, three months per year until he is 45 years old.

When the neighboring countries insist that peace is only possible when the Jewish state is eradicated, then the citizens of Israel would be suicidal not to learn to use weapons.

As for the Holocaust, well, if one-third of all Australians were marched off, starved, then gassed and finally burnt in ovens . . . with the survivors still bearing the tattoo numbers of their concentration camp . . . then I think the remaining two-thirds would remember for a long time, and try hard to ensure that attempted genocide would not be so easy the second time around.

John Nemesh,
North Bondi, NSW.

It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that the messenger gets blamed for the message. Even in "subjective" reportage, the writer must include facts; facts, which stand, their truth in no way sullied by the context or the attitudes — as they exist or are perceived *— of the writer.* — *P. D. JACK.*



ADVANCE AUSTRALIA WHERE?

If we must be force-fed nationalism in the Advance Australia fashion, why not go whole hog? I mean, what sort of country in quest of an identity would have its national dessert named after a Russian ballerina and abide all those second-hand British place names? Let's get rid of the pavlova in favor of the Peter Allen fruit pie or the Joan Sutherland pudding. With a bit of imagination, Queenstown could become Gayville, Liverpool could become Gall Bladder Town, Kew could become Queue and Fitzroy could be Wooden Spoon.

I'm for petrifying the Governor-General and putting him on a pedestal for posterity and the pigeons. Britain's going through a breast-beating binge so I suggest we snip all those Union Jacks from the corners of our flags and flog them back to the Brits. They'll be looking for things to wave from the wharves when Thatcher sends the troops off to the next war (in time to get re-elected). With the collected revenue, we could re-arm and start our own war with New Zealand, the Cocos Islands or Papua-New Guinea. There is nothing like a good stoush to get the nation's mind off the domestic problems.

The establishment of our own Royal Family would be a great idea. Can you imagine the Bjelke-Petersen dynasty or the Royal House of Hinze (King Russ might bear a resemblance to Henry VIII)? In the quest of a singular identity, we might drive in the centre of the road rather than on the left or right, abolish fish and chip shops (catch your own or buy a pie) and like the Americans, have a Thanksgiving Day.

We could start platypus farms and serve them baked on Thanksgiving Day — much in the same way as the Americans serve turkey. Now, *that* would give us a national identity. There would be no knighthoods but anyone who performed an extra-ordinary service for the community (like letting down the tyres on the English cricket team's jumbo jet) would be entitled to put the letters MN (Mate to the Nation) after his or her name. There would be no sexual difference — anyone could become a Mate.

Well, I hope by running those ideas up the flagpole a few more people might start thinking about the real meaning of national pride.

T. Jackson,
Essendon, Vic.

WHITE NECTAR

I'm wondering why nothing is ever written, in your magazine or most other publications, about milk. At first, you may think this is an odd request or even a minor topic, but I assure you that milk is one of Mother Nature's most vital (and erotic) substances.

Did anyone ever tell you that milk was used as a sexual lubricant by the less eager consorts of the Assyrian king Ashurbanipal? If not, that may be because it isn't true (I can't absolutely verify it), however, I can tell you from personal experience that milk is a wonderful lubricant, in addition to its more popular applications, for relief of upset stomachs, sunburned skin, rickety teeth and bones, and calcium-depleted constitutions. It also is a terrific source of protein.

Furthermore, I personally consider milk to be the one food substance that differentiates man from all other carnivores, because man is the only animal that drinks the milk of another species. If none of this convinces you that milk is worthy of coverage in PLAYBOY, then it's probably useless to remind you of what your own mothers contributed to your life-experience of the white nectar. In that case, all I can say is, it's damn strange that you show the outsides of all those jugs and never once bother to consider their contents.

A. T.,
Gunnedah, NSW.

WRONG, WRONG, WRONG

Your recent article on Aboriginal activities at the Commonwealth Games, and interviews with the "leaders" was, in my opinion, another example of your biased and prejudiced writings.

The article is a blatant act of sensational journalism. The points raised in the article, such as life in the West End of Brisbane, are only part of the scene. The whole community — black, white and in-between — are suffering from the economy and lower social situation. The blacks are happy to get their dole, and so are the whites. Your writer made out as if the blacks were singled out to bear the brunt of today's social problems. I suggest the writer opens his eyes and talks to everyone to get a fair opinion.

As for the statements from Steve Mam, he is totally wrong in his view of the Police Minister, Ross Hinze. Mr Hinze must support the view of the majority of Queenslanders, whether they be black or white. It is his job to maintain a level of law and order. He must take the situation in hand and evaluate what is good for the community.

Joseph Kolosky,
South Townsville, Qld.

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MOVIES

Strutted again as a gaudy little eisteddfod of cute-as-a-button kiddie pap, *Annie* would have had all the appeal of trampolining midgets on the conjugal bed the morning after. Happily, director John Huston apparently felt the same way. I had always thought the word irascible fitted Huston rather well and, sure enough, his screen version of the musical of the comic strip simmers with good-natured grudge.

His treatment is a tonic for any adult performer who has ever been upstaged by a junior trouper. The casting of Carol Burnett as Miss Hannigan the malicious orphanage matron and a bald Albert Finney as the adoptive Daddy Warbucks, conspires to make mincemeat out of the potential threat of child stardom. Taking no chances on little Shirley Temple lookalike Aileen Quinn exploiting kiddie-power to hog attention, Burnett, Finney, Tim Curry, even, as Miss Hannigan's devious brother Rooster, plus Bernadette Peters and Anne Reinking, gang up to blot out her precocious talents at every opportunity. . . with Huston's blessings.

At the helm of his first real musical, Huston is also nonchalant about the choreography and what starts out as a tiny tilt of caricature becomes much more significant parody by the time it reaches the show's so-so songs by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. Apart from re-charging a story as mercilessly exploited as its legendary character, Huston has provided a spectacular pedestal for Carol Burnett's immense comic talent. The production should be called *Miss Hanning*, but there is some reverse psychology at work somewhere.

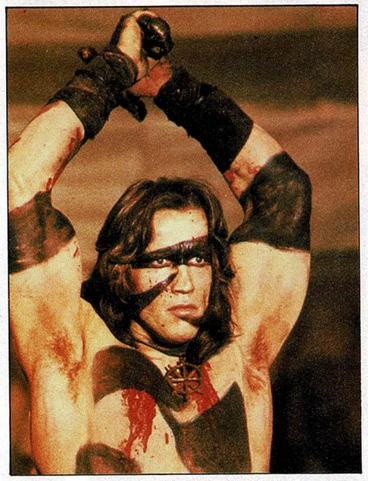
Transformed from cutely-tragic little moppet to precocious brat in vain pursuit of the spotlight, little Annie becomes much more identifiable. Leapin' Lizards!. . .you end up almost feeling sorry for her.

●

The trials and tribulations of T.S. Garp in literary form were sufficiently traumatic for him not to have had to suffer scrutiny on the screen. But when you are the subject of a worldwide bestseller like novelist John Irving's *The World According To Garp*, the world becomes an even more alien environment.

The book was a passionate piece of fantasy fodder but, to many, its kaleidoscopic emotions defied cinematic treatment. Director George Roy Hill, who directed the Warner Bros production, at first turned it down because he felt a film couldn't do justice to the book. But, as the man who made a film out of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*, he was certainly the talent for the task. Hill's deference to the book may well become a criticism from those who wish to see the book's full-blooded characters continue their manic ascent to absurdity.

Carol Burnett puts the squeeze on spotlight contender Aileen Quinn in a scene from Annie.



Arnold Schwarzenegger strikes his Rexona commercial pose in Conan The Barbarian.

Certainly, Robin Williams, who plays Garp, comes closer to rearranging his world into a sort of semblance than the novel's Garp ever did.

Spiritually a wrestler, but active in the worlds of academia, adultery and violent social upheaval, he probably shouldn't have quite the success with which the Williams performance credits him.

Mary Beth Hurt, from Woody Allen's *Interiors*, is the casting success as Garp's literary groupie wife, and John Lithgow quite brilliantly sustains the paradoxes and paranoias of his role as the transexual former gridiron star, Roberta (nee Robert) Muldoon.

●

With Willie Nelson away playing a desert outlaw in Fred Schepisi's *Barbarosa*, Robert Duvall becomes very much the Willie Nelson figure in *Tender Mercies*, directed by our other Stateside filmmaker, Bruce Beresford. Something of a latent achiever, Duvall is reaching his prime at the age of 51, and he plays Mac Sledge, an on-the-bottle country and western star with the same true grit, like-it-or-lump-it anti-charisma that he trotted out in *Apocalypse Now* and *True Confessions*.

This time, there are conflicts to test him. There's the temptation to go On The Road Again in search of the fame that once gave him an expectation from life. And there's the temptation to ditch that dream for the comfort of a genuine relationship with a young widow (Tess Harper) who he meets in a hick Texas town. The intervening hand in his destiny is provided by his bitter ex-wife (Betty Buckley) who also tours with a country and western show.

Beresford's film unobtrusively explores human values through a real relationship that affects people who make their living singing about fictitious human drama and emotion. Duvall is in his element as the shambling one-time star, and it is the simple honesty of his performance and of human emotions bared that makes *Tender Mercies* so effective.

There is a reluctant, embarrassed sort of warmth in the characters which is endearing and also symptomatic of Beresford's tendency to observe his characters rather than mingle with them. Cinematographer Russell Boyd is as visually strong as ever, portraying the expanse and loneliness of Texas as successfully as he did the landscapes here.

●

Dubbed the Battle of the Deltoids by those unable to find much else to say, John Milius' *Conan The Barbarian* brings us another reincarnated comic strip character, though not quite in the mould of Little Orphan Annie.

Madder than Max, more powerful than the odorous Francine Fishpaw in *Polyester* and able to leap tall stories in a single bound, Conan is the ultimate warrior. He is a product of the character and body building processes experienced only by those who have spent 15 years chained to the Wheel of the Pain before becoming enslaved as a pit fighter.

All this has left Conan with an indomitable spirit and the body of five times Mr Universe Arnold Schwarzenegger who conveniently happens to be playing the role.

James Earl Jones plays Conan's arch-enemy Thulsa Doom with characteristic menace, but it's all so comic book that even the mountain and forest location of the Valsain Range outside Segovia doesn't make the Super Warrior any more magic than he was on the pages of *Weird Tales* magazine in 1932. — ROBIN INGRAM

Let it reign. Let it pour.

King George IV. The Royal Standard in Scotch whisky.

BOOKS

Restlessness is a human impulse — something in the genes. It has led man to the moon, to the North and South Poles, to the highest peaks on the planet, to explore the next valley and to try a new woman.

But that alone does not explain what drives Leo Dickinson. In a short 12-year career, this remarkable Englishman has produced some of the world's most inspired documentary footage. Since 1970 his eye has focused on 11 major adventure documentaries — including his prize-winning film of an outrageous kayak expedition down the world's highest river, the turbulent Dudh Kosi.

He has traversed the bleak Patagonian Ice Cap on skis, ballooned across the Sahara Desert, and parachuted — by day and night — into the record books. His major achievements, however, have taken place on some of the world's bleakest mountain peaks. He and his cameras were there when classic attempts were made on the difficult Eiger North Wall, on Cerro Torre in the Andes, on Dhaulagiri (the "White Goddess"), on Everest (for Rheinhold Messner's first successful ascent without oxygen), and the Matterhorn in winter.

The man is short, tubby (particularly at the beginning of expeditions) and bearded. And he has a fine sense of the ridiculous — a valuable asset in a companion on any expedition.

In his recently released book *Filming the Impossible* (Jonathan Cape), Dickinson could easily have led the reader down the wellworn path of the macho adventurer. Instead, he undertakes to tell an un-embellished story — or 11 — in a lively fashion.

Of a hot air balloon safari across the Sahara, he writes: "One evening, after spotting a camp-fire a few thousand feet below, I told Richard (Barr) I would parachute for that and wait for the ground party to collect me. Unfortunately, the man squatting by his fire was not at all pleased to see me floating towards him. On hearing me yell from my canopy about fifty feet above him. 'Hello! I'm English,' he promptly flung his spear at me and fled into the bush. I was so startled that I impaled my canopy on two small trees and landed quite heavily." The search party finally found him the next morning.

His fascination with parachutes — and filming them — leads to another lively anecdote. With an experienced group of jumpers, Dickinson took part in a night jump in which they managed to create the world's first nineplane — nine chutes stacked on top of one another. It had barely been formed when things began to go wrong and two chutes tangled and went spinning away in reluctant combat. Last-minute tactics with reserve chutes saved their lives.

Dickinson writes: "The next day my car was due to be serviced and the garage sent round an old man to collect it. I invited him in and he noticed a parachute photograph on the wall — a four stack over cloud. His eyes cleared as he asked me if I was in the photo.

" 'Yes,' I admitted, adding, 'in fact, yesterday we did a tremendous night jump. A nineplane. And I filmed it with lights.' I didn't expect him to understand.

" 'I did a parachute jump at night once,' volunteered. 'Out of a Lancaster. We had lights too — the fuel tanks exploded and 2000 gallons of petrol caught alight.'

"Numbed, I asked if he had done many jumps.

" 'Only the one,' was the reply."

It's the tale that ends the book, and it's a convenient way for Dickinson to avoid answering the question — Why? Why climb deadly mountains, why let the earth suck you down after falling from a plane, why traverse a barren ice cap? And, at least in Dickinson's case, the man's obviously not after the glory, for his self-ordained role is to record the exploits of others, to promote their cause. But, to do this he has to share the pain and agony, and be there for the moment of triumph.

He obviously manages this background role with consummate skill, for why would the world's greatest mountaineer, Rheinhold Messner, ask Dickinson to record his greatest triumph — Mt Everest without oxygen? It must have something to do with the man's professionalism; as on this expedition, when he became friendly with an Austrian journalist, Werner Kopacka.

One day they decide to climb up to the Icefall to report on progress. Werner, in front, suddenly disappears down a crevasse. Dickinson races off to get some rope, ties it round his waist, forms a loop in the other end and throws it to Werner. Werner wriggles and slips further down, dragging Dickinson towards the crevasse.

"As he slid down," writes Dickinson, "so I was being pulled closer to his icy tomb. Without crampons on my feet I was unable to stop the slithery progress."

His solution was to throw himself into another crevasse lying parallel to the one holding Werner. "It was a classic Hoffnung-barrel predicament. As I tried to pull Werner up, I slid further down into my crevasse, and vice versa." To pass the time while they waited to be rescued by the mountaineers returning to base camp, Dickinson took his movie camera out of his rucksack and began filming!

It's a professional attitude that filters through the book. Dickinson manages to convey the drama, the dangers and the terror of the mountains, without lapsing into melodrama. His words are like the images he so ably captures on film — stark, but crisp and clear. It's often only at the end of a chapter that you take stock and realise that he, too, had been through the hell captured on film — of a violent blizzard on a sheer cliff face, or an avalanche at 5000m.

Leo Dickinson is that rare creature — the photojournalist as participant, not spectator. — ALLAN MOULT

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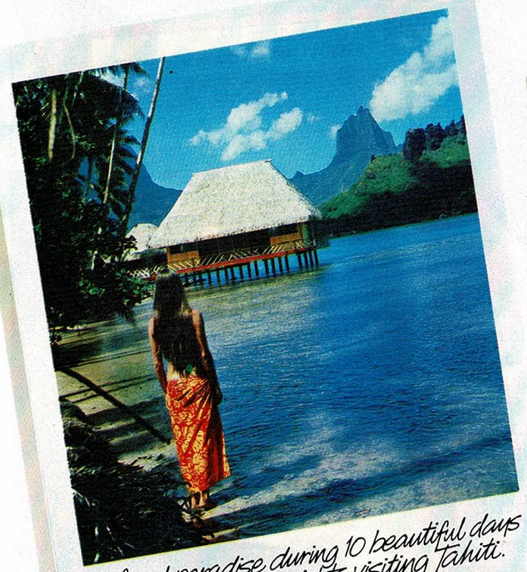

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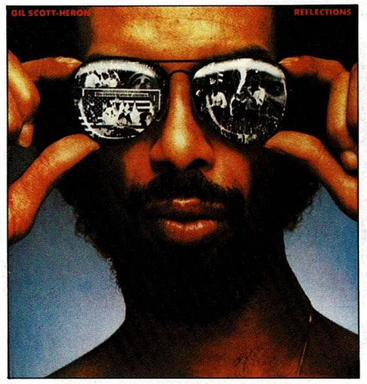

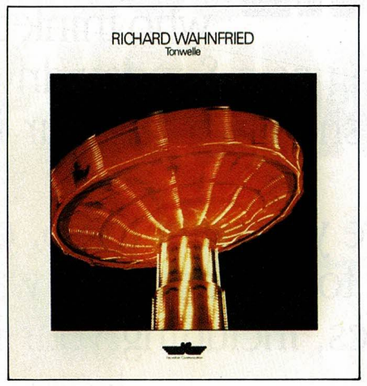

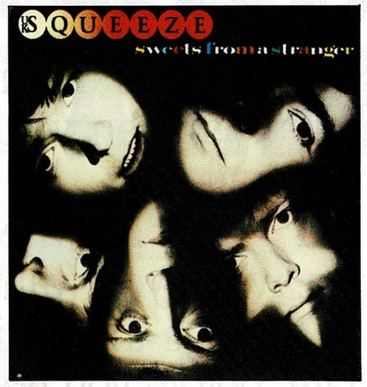

U.K. Squeeze could be described as the drinking man's Elvis Costello. The booze positively flows in numerous lyrical references on their latest album, *Sweets From A Stranger* (A&M). U.K. Squeeze's typical creation is the young man immersing himself in alcohol as he humorously ponders another defeat in the battle of the sexes. Lovelorn and love lost, he remains a durable character ever ready to return to the fray.

East Side Story was one of the best albums of 1981 and an excellent primer in the art of concise intelligent songwriting. Unfortunately the same cannot be said for *Sweets From A Stranger*. There is a curious flatness that emanates from most of the grooves of this record. Lyrically the album is repetitive, regurgitating the same situations and observations in only slightly differing drunken images, while melodically the 12 songs sound largely uninspired.

●

One of the mysteries of rock music (as distinct from pop music) is that it is almost exclusively an English-speaking sphere. If you doubt this claim, just try to think of one French or Italian international rock star.

The only non-English speaking countries that have made any mark on rock are Germany and, recently, Japan.

In 1980, Klaus Schulze (a former member of Tangerine Dream before embarking on a prolific solo career) formed his own independent record company in Germany, Innovative Communication (IC). Now, for the first time in Australia, an enterprising Melbourne company, IC Down Under, is distributing the product of Schulze's label. Taken en masse, the first five local releases are a daunting, almost deliberately perverse, affair.

Din A Testbild's *Programme II* album is a perfect example. Over a sombre, murky electronic matrix, a disembodied (disembowelled?) voice utters American pop cliches in a heavy German accent. Compared to this aural assault, the other four albums are almost pleasurable. Robert Schroeder's *Mosaique* drifts along in an innocuous synthetic swell, while Richard Wahnfried's *Tonwelle* is, according to Schulze, "an experiment between avant garde and muzak". Popol Vuh's *Sei still, wisse ICH BIN* (Be calm, know that I AM) sounds like a church choir heard from a long way off, interspersed with unintelligible sounds. P'cock's *In'cognito* is the most conventional-sounding album of the batch, hearkening back to the early Seventies pomp rock of Yes and Genesis.

●

Gil Scott-Heron is a dangerous commodity. He is an American, black, committed to revolution, undeniably intelligent, and possessed of a keen wit that is more likely to inspire anger and frustration than laughter, even in a white Australian who is largely shielded from the social injustices that are Scott-Heron's concern.

Side one of *Reflections* (Arista) is Gil Scott-Heron's personal statement. The reggae lilt to Storm Music and the swing feel of Is That Jazz? are very successful tributes to Bob Marley and the jazz heroes of the past, while his version of Bill Withers' Grandma's Hands is probably the most tender and best moment on the album. On side two, Scott-Heron defiantly faces the world, unleashing a powerful cover of Marvin Gaye's Inner City Blues and his own up-tempo blast at the US firearms laws, in Gun.

Considering his talent, Gil Scott-Heron deserves a much larger audience than he now commands, and *Reflections* (despite a couple of flaws) is as good and accessible an introduction to his unique, radical persona as any album he has produced.

— KENT GODDARD

●

After almost 20 years of rock and roll achievement, it is heartening to note that Pete Townshend is still improving. His surprising 1980 solo album, *Empty Glass*, has been followed by another gem in *All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes*. This is Townshend relishing his distance from The Who, surrounded by exciting musicians and once again eager to explore new domains. As a rock innovator he has a rich creative springboard from which to launch new songs and he uses that base of familiarity in the political punch of Uniform and the wrenching Somebody Saved Me.

●

Just in case you've been wondering where the years have gone, Chicago have made 16 albums now. *Chicago 16* (Full Moon-WEA) is the final clue in the puzzle of why shlock-rock bands like Rush and company sound as they do: they are all trying to imitate Chicago, with half the resources and a third of the talent. Nobody does it as well as Chicago, but what was challenging in 1972 is little more than an AM yawn in '82.

●

Eric McCusker's satchel of smartest tunes might have been used up on the *Chemistry* album but he obviously had enough in reserve to help Mondo Rock sound good on *Nuovo Mondo* (WEA). McCusker and Ross Wilson don't write as a team but their different styles work wonders for Mondo. — NEIL JAMESON

SHORT CUTS

Ambient No. 4 On Land (EG Records) is an experiment in "environmental" music by a very adventurous Brian Eno. Full appreciation comes with a three-speaker system and a prescription for tranquillisers.

Marshall Crenshaw (Warner Bros) is a self-titled debut from an ex-Detroit rocker with an obvious flair for dashing off smart new tunes and performing them with formidable guile.

Daylight Again (Atlantic) is as brilliant as anything Crosby, Stills and Nash have done. Ah, those harmonies. Stephen Stills' works dominate the team effort from supports, including Leland Sklar (bass), Timothy B. Schmit (ex-Poco and Eagles) and Art Garfunkel on backing vocals.

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A few years ago, some friends of mine in the Latin American travel industry founded an institution called the La Paz Jogging Club. The history of the club says a lot about the special problems of tourists in Central and South America, where chronic political instability and sporadic major hassles like the Falklands War are pimples on the face of one of the world's most seductive continents.

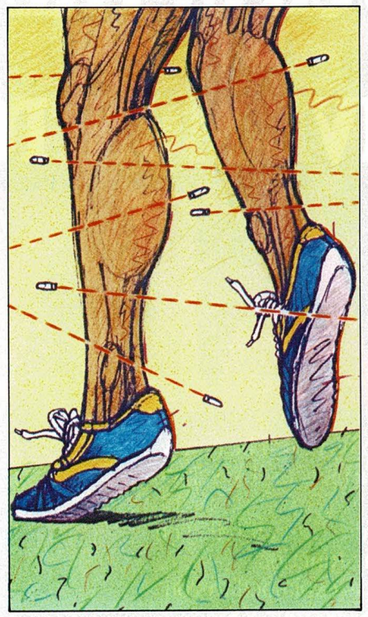
The founders of the jogging club were in La Paz, the high Andean seat of government in Bolivia, not long after a violent military coup had rearranged Bolivian politics. There was martial law and a rigid curfew. All sorts of stories were flying around about what happened to curfew violators. The most common was that they would be made to whitewash walls or clean out lavatories in military installations before being fined and released in the morning. Frequent gunfire during the night seemed to announce other measures for some violators, but probably represented nothing more than the natural exuberance of the Bolivian Army.

While tourist buses sometimes received passes for simple transport duties like hotel-airport transfers, tourists were subject to the curfew. One acquaintance caught by soldiers explained that he had been drinking and playing cards and had not noticed the time. They made him drink and play cards with them — and won most of his money.

Into this environment, where nightlife uncharacteristically ended abruptly at 10.45, came my jogging friends, whose lack of prior athletic distinction was balanced by eminence as drinkers and insomniacs. Their successful adaptation to conditions was heart-warming reassurance of the evolutionary primacy of humankind. They stocked their hotel rooms with duty-free booze and played the limited social opportunities of the curfew for all they were worth by being last to leave any nightspot and by running home, where the party continued.

The venerable La Paz Jogging Club still meets regularly and has become a tourist industry insiders' symbol of the sense of humor often required to get the most pleasure out of Latin American travel. Its message is not that the Latin American diseases of political disruption, unpunctuality, pickpockets and so forth require quarantine. It is: be adaptive.

In general, violence is a relatively minor threat to tourists in the region. Foreigners are not stoned — at least, not with rocks — as they sometimes are in parts of the Middle East. Most governments, even at the most difficult times, make extraordinary efforts to accommodate tourists in the fullest sense. After all, tourists offer a powerful incentive — strong foreign currency.



dodging bullets with the la paz joggers

In recent times, only Nicaragua and El Salvador have been firm no-nos for casual visitors, with Guatemala a close runner-up. Time will tell what effect the Falklands troubles have on the 1982-83 summer season for the south of Argentina and Antarctic Peninsula cruises. This could be a season in which most visitors to that area will be in khaki and camouflage. Nevertheless, as I write, such tourism as continued after Argentine invasion and defeat on the Falklands was relatively unscathed by anything apart from a few shoves and curses. Tourists might boycott Argentina more to deny foreign exchange for its military efforts than in fear of violence.

Guatemala is the only real loss to tourism, in terms of value. It is one of the most beautiful countries anywhere: a lush paradise of mountain lakes, Mayan ruins in jungle, immense plantations, time capsules of colonial towns, culturally-proud Indians and live volcanoes. It is so attractive that tourism has continued through its most dangerous times.

Guatemalan tour operators reached the stage — after death threats to their families and persistent incidents like tour coach robberies and explosions near hotels — of carrying guns and telling people not to come because their safety could not be guaranteed. American tourism to Guatemala practically ceased, but Europeans insisted on continuing, despite warnings of risks, and a small hard core of Australians followed suit.

There were encouraging signs in mid-1982 that the anti-corruption, anti-death squad stance of the latest army-backed president, a born-again-Christian former general named Jose Efrain Rios Montt, was making Guatemala City jollier and safer. The countryside was still prowled by guerrillas representing everything from Indian nationalist groups to Cuban-supported "liberationists".

On the more or less peaceful and democratic side there is still Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Ecuador and Peru — the last still the most varied and singly most interesting place in Latin America for my money.

Specialised travel agents are much more valuable to intending visitors to Latin America than for destinations like Europe and North America. They are engaged in a constant battle — which the individual traveller is ill-equipped to fight for himself — to ensure that complex links of airlines and ground operators function for their clients.

Group tours usually mean more reliable travel arrangements than individual tours, and are probably the best choice for non-Spanish speakers who want minimum hassles. Such a range of group tours is available that you can choose anything between capital city hopping with the blue rinse set and jungle-bashing in areas where the natives are still deciding whether to be friendly.

Some of the best and most adventurous group tours concentrate on trekking with mules, or rubber rafting in the Peruvian Andes, combined with journeys of a lifetime on picturesque mountain railways.

For competently-organised adventure holidays look for names like Mountain Travel and Sobek — US-based operators who mainly work in Australia through Ausventure, in Sydney. Adventure Associates and Fairways International, also in Sydney, and Contours, in Melbourne, are among the most experienced local specialists in a wide variety of group and individual tours of Central and South America. Companies like American Express, Traveland, Jetset, Croydon Travel and Travelplan also offer limited but very competently-organised general tours in the area.

Prices are generally higher than for other holidays, mainly because so much flying is involved from Australia to any part of Latin America.

Pack sensible shoes. You, too, could join the La Paz Jogging Club.

— GRANT THOMPSON

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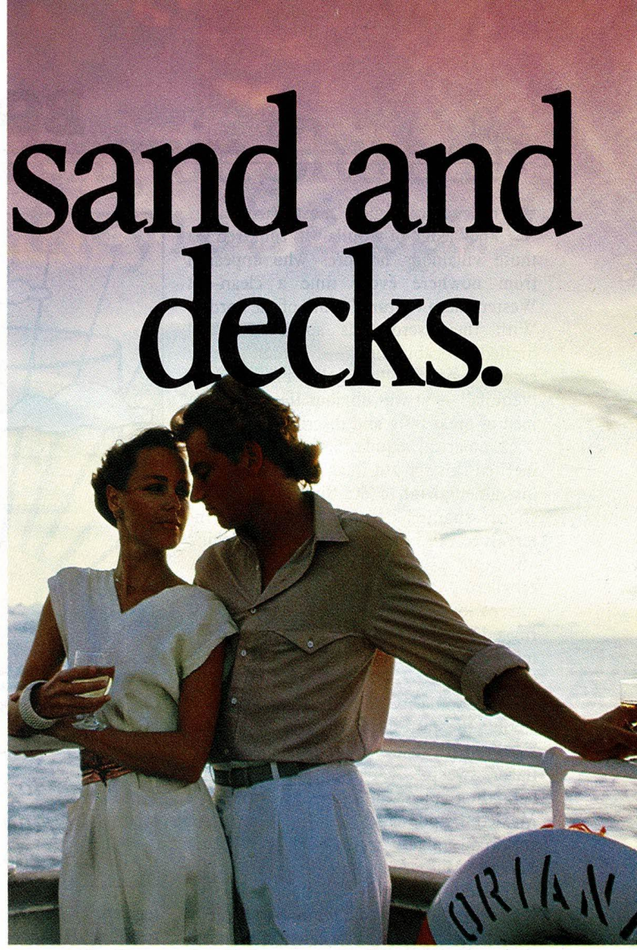

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BOOZE

Until recent times, most Australians' knowledge of tequila was acquired via those villainous hombres who appeared from nowhere every time a clean-cut Western hero ventured south of the border. With their scrofulous appearance and limited vocabularies — which rarely extended beyond "gringo", "cantina" and "tequila" — it was obvious they were not men of great taste and discrimination.

Commercial tequila, however, has never merited this rot-gut image. Like the banal instrumental hit of the Sixties, where the chorus shouted "tequila" at regular intervals to prevent the listener from dozing off, exported tequila is rather subdued by caballero standards. But the key to international success these days is not ruggedness: most drinks now make it to the top by being as good on their own as they are in company.

The popularity of tequila in the US is among the fastest-growing of all liquors. Traditionally drunk icy and straight, its tart flavor sweeps over the tongue, leaving behind a pleasant tingle. But outside Mexico, its popularity is largely due to the appeal of mixed drinks such as Tequila Sunrise, Margarita and Tequila Sour.

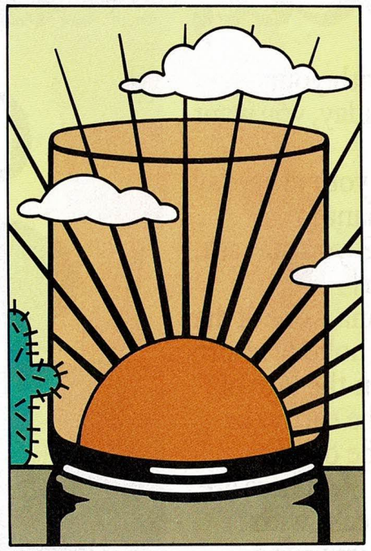
Hailed as the spirit of the Seventies, the old Mexican saying that tequila is a remedy for everything bad and a celebration of all that is good, looks set to be tested by an even wider audience this decade.

The name tequila is only of recent vintage. Until the beginning of the 20th century, it was known as mezcal brandy or tequila wine. Whatever the name, Mexico's number one drink has an ancestry that stretches back to the pre-Columbian era.

The art of distillation was unknown to the Aztecs, but they produced a very potent drink called *iztac octli,* made by fermenting the sap of several varieties of the maguey plant. Unlike distilled drinks, fermented ones tend to go "off" rather quickly. The Aztecs merely renamed the sour-tasting brew *octli poliquhqui,* and drank it anyway. Unable to pronounce the name properly, the Spanish shortened it to "pulque".

Drinking alcohol was an intrinsic part of the Aztec religion. One of the best ways a man could show his depth of religious feeling was by getting drunk. Pulque was also given to valiant warriors as a reward. Those who developed a taste for pulque lived a merry but short life, as anyone found imbibing on non-religious occasions was either beaten to death or strangled.

Distilling came to South America with the Spanish, and because of the dearth of grapes and grains, the conquistadors started to experiment with pulque. After a conspicuous lack of success, they turned to other varieties of the maguey plant and finally found several from which they could



the days of tough tequila are gone, and good riddance

ferment juice and then distill it. The resulting drink was called mezcal. Although it had a much higher alcohol content than pulque, the early concoctions were rough as guts. Experience brought refinement. By the early 19th Century, the mezcal produced in a village called Tequila began to achieve a reputation for its high quality. Made exclusively from the maguey plant *agave tequilana weber,* tequila is to mezcal what cognac is to brandy. In other words, tequila is a mezcal but not all mezcals are tequila.

The town of Tequila is about 70 kilometres west of Guadalajara in the Sierra Madre mountains. Surrounded by rich volcanic soil, this specific area of central-west Mexico is where the *agave tequilana* grows best. Just as French law protects cognac, so by Mexican law is true tequila a special type of mezcal produced from a single type of agave in this select region of Mexico. But unlike ordinary French brandies, mezcal is not exported.

Although aficionados rightly say that tequila has been somewhat tamed by its popularity, it is still a hard liquor. Tequila is distilled at the rather low proof of 110° (Am) to retain the distinctive flavor of the agave juice. But after re-distilling to make it water-white and a reduction in strength, tequila is still bottled at a hefty 70-80° proof. Good tequila is never cheap nor does it vary greatly in price. Anything that depends on a plant that takes eight to ten years of growth to achieve maturity, is never going to be in the economy class. And because tequila only comes from a select area and every manufacturer makes it in the same way, one cannot ask for a price significantly higher than the others.

Most tequila available outside Mexico is unaged, although it does have a slight maturing period of 35-40 days before bottling. However, as with any national spirit, inside its country of origin the situation is different. Aged tequila, known as *anejo* (aged one), is prized in Mexico. Ranging from light gold to deep amber in color, tequilas aged from one to four years have a unique mellowness, and unlike "silver" tequilas, prices vary enormously.

Because of the range of tequilas available in Mexico there are, of course, connoisseurs. But Australians trying to differentiate between the subtle nuances of taste of the rather uniform imported tequilas have a far more difficult task. One unfailing sign of quality is the initials DGN on a label. They stand for *Direction General de Normas* and are the stamp of the Mexican Bureau of Standards. To qualify for this seal of approval, the tequila must be made from at least 51 percent blue agave juice.

The traditional way to drink tequila is predictably enough, a ritual of machismo. Quiche eaters may like their white lightning toned down with mixers, but for the guy who doesn't like his punches pulled, there is only one way.

Place a tiny heap of salt in the small niche between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. Grip the wedge of lemon or lime firmly between the same two fingers and hold the small glass of tequila in your right hand. Then, in one continuous movement, take a manly suck of the lemon or lime, strike the left wrist smartly with the right to make the salt shoot upwards into your mouth, and sling back the tequila. As with any ritual, different interpretations do exist on how to get the three ingredients down your throat. The one hard and fast rule is that the tequila never goes first.

Although it may be traditional to drink tequila straight, for most of us it is far more pleasurable mixed. The following drinks are for those who only want to prove that they appreciate a good liquor:

The Margarita: First wipe the rim of a glass with a wedge of lemon and then dip it into a saucer of salt. Place a few lumps of ice in a shaker or jar, add 45ml tequila, 15-20ml triple sec liqueur, 30ml lemon juice and a little castor sugar. Shake vigorously and strain into prepared glass.

White Heat: Place 45ml tequila, 3-4 ice cubes and 80ml grapefruit juice in a glass. Stir.

— ELISABETH KING

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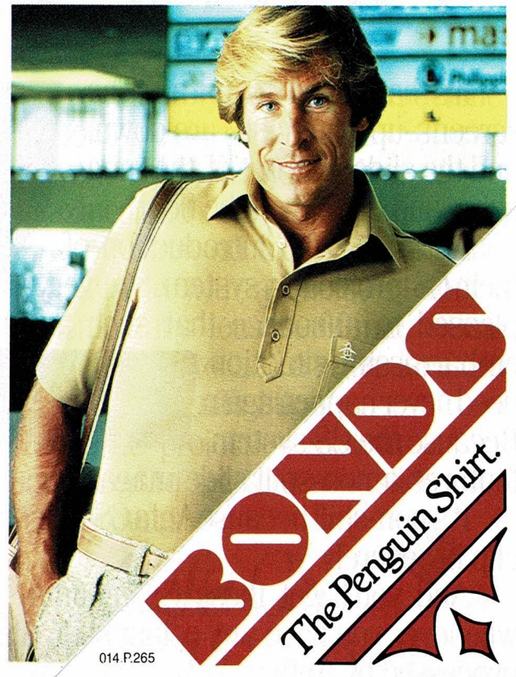

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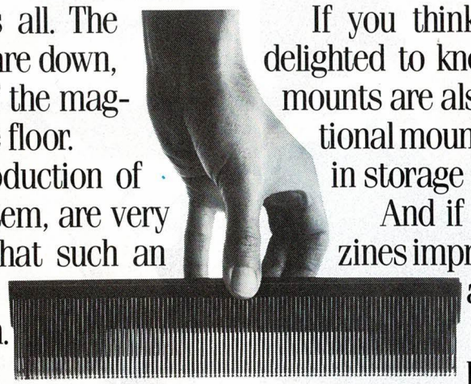

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D/311

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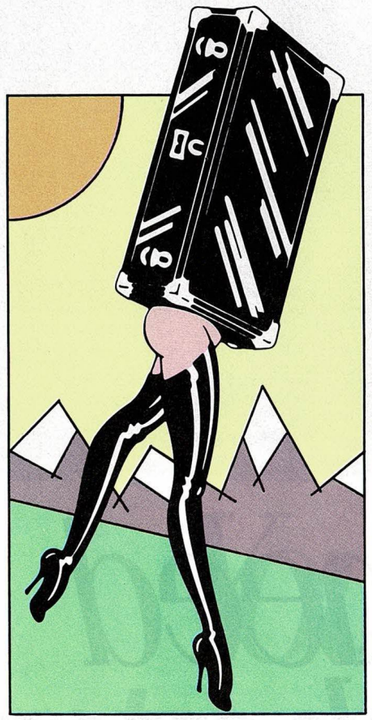
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

Have you any idea what it is like to be totally used up sexually? Everywhere I go, women try to get me into bed. It all started when I joined the air force, and developed a fetish for women in uniform. I can't resist militant, domineering women, and with 200 on the base, I've had a chance to overindulge, sometimes getting into five or six different women in a week. This used to be fun, but now it seems I'm not in control any more. The girls are passing me round like a piece of meat, and taking it in turns doing what their little hearts desire, and I can't resist them. I know some other blokes would think that this was heaven, but it's wearing me out, and also making it hard for me to get into a serious relationship. I am beginning to feel like some sort of human vibrator, and it has got to the stage where I have to exercise regularly and fill myself up with vitamins just to keep up the pace. Last week, for instance, I dropped in at a mate's place where six servicewomen also live. As it got very late, it was decided that I should sleep there that night, but sleep wasn't what I got. Between 2.30am and dawn, each girl crept into my room, satisfied herself with my body, then crept out again only to be replaced by another. I was completely wiped out for the rest of the day. I've now really had it with being the service bull, but the trouble is I just can't find a way to say no to these girls in blue. Can you please advise me what to do? If you can't suggest a way to stop all this, at least tell me how to keep going. — R.J., Qld.

If you find the situation really as disturbing as you claim, we find it difficult to believe that you are completely unable to say no. It sounds as if, despite your willingness to satisfy all these women, you are nevertheless experiencing some sort of guilt about it, and want someone to tell you to stop. However the decision to stop can only come from you, though we wonder if this is really necessary. If the exertion is tiring you so much that it is affecting you during the day, then perhaps you can try to cut down your nocturnal activities by about half, rather than abandoning them altogether. You are certainly correct when you say that most men would regard your problem as heaven, and we suggest you make the most of it while it lasts, as it may not go on forever.



My husband is a policeman, and after having spent the past few years on general duties, he has now been transferred to the vice squad. It's what he wanted to do, but I'm worried that it is starting to have an effect on our marriage, and would like your advice. Now he spends every night mixing with pimps and prostitutes and owners of seedy massage parlors, and comes home behaving very aggressively, saying how much he dislikes these people, and what he'd like to do to them if only his superiors would give him a chance. He spends more time on his own now, and often looks very sad, even though he keeps saying he enjoys his new work. It seems to be affecting our sex life; before he was warm and loving, but now he's very rough and thoughtless, and just seems to want to get it over with. It's as if he doesn't really like sex much any more. I've tried to discuss the situation with him, but he won't listen, and won't even accept that there is anything wrong. We've had a good marriage until now, and I would hate to see it go down the drain, so what do you think I should do? — S.B., NSW.

You don't say exactly how long your husband has been with the vice squad, but if it is only a relatively short time, then the situation may improve once he fully adjusts to his new work. If he wanted to enter this area of police work, and has very strong feelings about it, then it may be that he has some slightly puritanical and suspicious attitudes towards sex, which have recently been reinforced by the people and situations he is now encountering. Wait a little longer to see if, with time, he becomes more tolerant, and more like his old self. Ask him about the things that are disturbing him, and try to be sympathetic. However if his attitude shows no change, you may have to accept the fact that his new work has brought to the surface fundamental differences in outlook between the two of you that had not previously been exposed, and decide for yourself whether you want to go on tolerating them.

Since I started running about eight months ago, I've managed to build my distance up to the stage where I am now doing about 40 miles a week. Over this time I've had various aches and pains, but these have usually gone away after a few days. However, the one problem that keeps coming back, and has been bothering me more and more over the past month, is a soreness along the inside of the shins on both legs. I stopped running for a few days, and the trouble seemed to disappear, but then after one very easy run it came back. At times it is too painful to run at all. Is this likely to be anything very serious, and do you have any suggestions as to what I should do about it? — K.C., SA.

Shin splints are one of the most common running injuries, especially among beginners. They are caused by inflamed muscles and tendons, and as with the other aches and pains you have experienced, are most likely to occur while your body is still adjusting to the new exercise pattern. Your initial response of ceasing to run for a few days was the correct one, but you may have to maintain the lay-off for a little bit longer. The main cause of this injury is the continued jolting as the foot comes down, so when you do resume, run on soft surfaces for a while, and keep the speed down. It's the sort of injury which usually goes away in time, as long as you treat it with respect.

My girlfriend and I are planning a trip to Europe fairly soon, and we're wondering what would be the best kind of luggage to take. We plan to be away several months, and will travel around a lot while we're over there, so I thought a backpack would be a good idea, but my girlfriend doesn't like them. She thinks ordinary suitcases would protect our belongings better, and that backpacks give people the impression you're a penniless hitch-hiker. What do you think would be the most suitable for our kind of trip? — P.N., Tas.

A lot depends on how you are planning to travel. If you'll be using mostly trains or coaches and arranging hotel accommodation in advance of your visits, then one kind of luggage has no real advantage over any other. If, however, you intend to travel with no particular itinerary, then you may have to carry your luggage around for long periods, and a backpack has a big advantage here. There are some very stylishly designed packs on the market now, so your girlfriend should not be too concerned about the image they create. There are also packs available which convert into something more like a soft suitcase when necessary. An alternative is a large overnight-type bag with a shoulder strap. This is probably easier than a rucksack to pack and unpack, and can be carried around for long periods without the awkwardness of a suitcase.

About 12 months ago, I had a circumcision. This has left me with two problems. One is that I now have a scar around my penis. The other is that my penis is considerably shorter when erect than before the operation. (In case you think this is just my imagination, let me assure you that it is not.) I have consulted numerous doctors about these problems, including eight GPs, two surgeons, a plastic surgeon and a urologist. Most had no explanation for the latter problem, but one said too much was taken off. They all advised that nothing could be done about either problem. Do you have any suggestions? — D.P., NSW.

As a number of highly-qualified people have examined you and offered a similar opinion, you may now have to accept that your condition will remain much as it is, and learn to live with it. You do not indicate that the after-effects of the operation have prevented you from becoming aroused, so we assume you are still capable of enjoying sex. This being the case, you should try and think less about the appearance and size, as these matter very little once you are in bed with somebody. However the longer you go on being preoccupied with what you imagine to be your handicap, the more likely it is that you will eventually experience problems. Your self-consciousness will become obvious to women, and limit both the chances of a sexual encounter occurring, and your ability to fully enjoy it when it does. Concentrate on getting maximum enjoyment out of what you've got, rather than worrying about a reduction in size that is unlikely to be noticed even by somebody with whom you're intimately involved.

I have a friend who seems to have an incredible technique for picking up girls, and I just can't work out what his secret is. Time and again I've seen him point out some girl he fancied in a bar or at a party or wherever, then go over and start up a conversation with no effort at all. Usually he has them ready to go off and spend the night with him after only a couple of drinks. When I try to do the same thing, I usually get nowhere, and I've asked him to teach me his technique. He says it is not something you can teach, that either you've got it or you haven't, but I don't believe this. What do you think his secret could be? — T.J., WA.

As you have had a chance to observe your friend in action, you should be able to judge for yourself exactly what his technique involves. Most likely he has no secret at all, just a great deal of confidence, and a belief that every woman he meets is just as keen as he is to have a good time. If your approaches to women constantly fail, it is probably because you make them with a feeling that the woman concerned will be doing you a great favor by showing interest, and that if she rejects you you will be humiliated. In all probability, your friend also suffers rejections now and again, but doesn't give it a second thought, and immediately looks around to see who else is available. If you expect to be rejected by the women you approach, then this will show on your face and in your manner, and the expectation will come true. If on the other hand, you look as if the thought of rejection hasn't even occurred to you, then that too is likely to affect a woman's willingness to take things further.

Would you please give me some advice on how to stop my boyfriend from making a mess of our flat by working on his motor bike in the lounge, and now even in the bedroom? He has a couple of old Nortons which are his pride and joy, and he spends hours each day taking them apart and putting them back together again. I have complained about the mess, but he says that he just feels more comfortable working indoors, and can keep working even when the football is on TV. He makes an effort to clean up afterwards, but there is always something left lying around. I get sick of tripping over old chains or engine blocks. I know the bikes mean a lot to him, and as we don't have a garage, it is difficult for him to work on them outside, but I am getting tired of living in a junkyard. Do you have any suggestions? — B.Z., S.A.

> *"I get really turned on by looking at my girl-friend through the bathroom window when she's in the shower."*

Your lack of a garage appears to be the main obstacle to the two of you finding a solution that will suit you both. We can sympathise with your boyfriend for being unwilling to strip down his precious machinery out on the kerb, but can see, on the other hand, that it must create great inconvenience for you. Spell out to him exactly the things about his repair work that annoy you most. If it is the amount of space he takes up in the flat, see if you can persuade him to confine his activities to one suitable corner, perhaps in the kitchen or laundry. If the problem is mostly one of dirt and debris, tell him to spread plastic sheeting on the floor before he starts, and clean up more thoroughly when he's finished. However if the problem is larger than that — perhaps a basic distaste on your part for having bikes around at all — it is difficult to advise you to do anything more than like it or lump it. A man so obviously obsessed with motor cycles is unlikely to give up his passion just because it is inconvenient, so it may reach a point where you have to take him as he is, or not take him at all. Perhaps you should just be thankful he's not into trucks.

Do you think there is anything wrong with me? I get really turned on by looking at my girlfriend through the bathroom window when she's in the shower. It's best when she doesn't know I'm looking, though even when she does it's not bad. She hasn't objected to my peeping, though I have a feeling she thinks it's a bit weird. A couple of times recently while walking down the street, I've had a very strong urge to go and have a look into other windows, and am wondering if I've started turning into a real peeping Tom. The first time I peeped at my girlfriend it was sort of by accident, and I'd never done anything like that before, so I'd like to know whether you think it's something that can develop later in life. — H.G., Tas.

Playing games with your girlfriend is not the same as being a peeping Tom. Peeping Toms get their kicks partly from the danger of being found out. As your girlfriend knows what is going on, that danger does not exist for you, so what you are indulging in is pure fantasy.

Now, in starting to consider peeping into other windows, you may be seeking to bring the fantasy to life. It is not a contagious disease, however, and the realities of stumbling around on darkened fire-escapes and being attacked by watch-dogs would probably prove this to you fairly quickly.

Can you tell me what really goes on in those torrid movie love scenes? I'm not talking about hard core porno movies, but ones on general release. When I see a sequence of an actor and actress writhing around naked in bed, I always start wondering whether, sometimes, they get a bit carried away, and what we see on the screen is for real. I know they are supposed to be just acting, but I don't see how an actor, assuming he has a healthy interest in women, could keep control of himself when he's groping around with someone like Bo Derek or Susan George. What's the real story? — S.P., NSW.

Most of the time when you see on-screen lovers locked in a passionate nude scene, all that's really going on is a bit of acting. Even if the actor and actress concerned have some real chemistry going with each other, the presence of a wall of cameras and lights and an army of technicians is bound to take the edge off their ardor.

Most of their concentration will be taken up by the demands of acting, and if the scene is repeated 20 or 30 times before they get it right, they may end up finding each others' bodies hardly more stimulating than a couple of sides of beef. Of course there are bound to be exceptions to this; an actor originally signed to play the title role in the recent Tarzan *remake was reputedly replaced when he started to get over-enthusiastic during the love scenes.*

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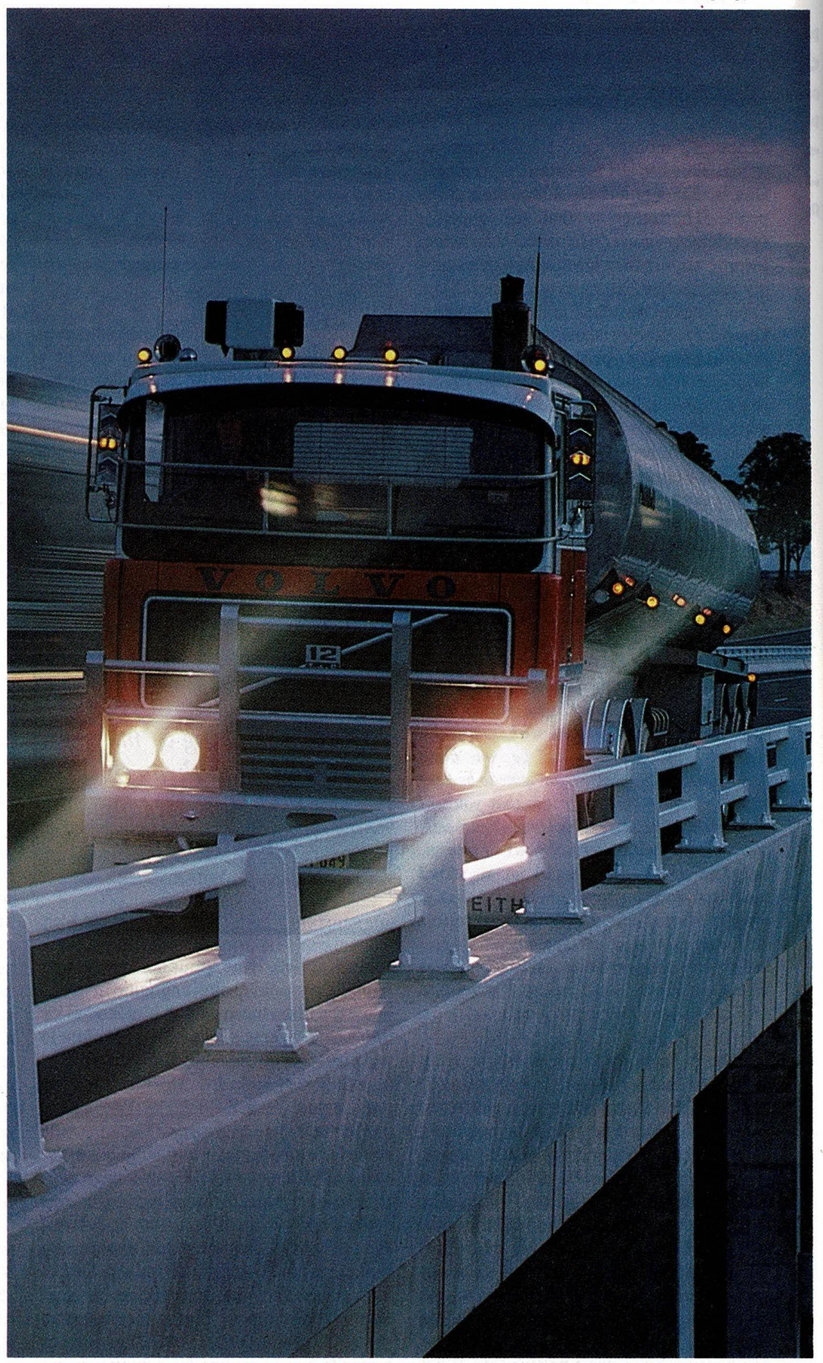

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

RODNEY MARSH

a candid conversation with cricket's greatest wicket-keeper and the master strategist of the australian side

While captains, kings and pretenders have come and gone, Rodney Marsh seems to have been around the cricket ovals of the world forever. . .posturing, defiantly yet joyously swinging the bat, defying gravity in a kamikaze dive to take one of those stunning leg-side catches which have become his trademark.

Along the way, almost unassumingly, he has made more Test appearances than any other Australian, bagged more Test wickets than any other 'keeper, become the first Australian 'keeper to score a ton with a bat that has now hammered out thousands of Test runs and, less unobtrusively, he has mouthed more televised expletives than any other cricketer.

In a nation whose television aura is studded with the shadows of burnt-out and shot stars, Marsh remains a commanding TV personality — one whose living-room presence has been enriched by the transition from black and white to glorious color. And, for his continuing occupation of the centre stage of televised cricket and remarkably durable enthusiasm for the game, he is indebted to the influences of Kerry Packer.

If anything rivals his zeal for the cause of Australian cricket (both the green and the gold variety), it is his intense loyalty to mates. And there is a great deal more than coincidence in the fact that he and his close mates — Ian Chappell, Dennis Lillee and, on a different level, Packer — share a common bond of national pride that transcends the established rules by which international cricket was seen to be played for 100 years.

As the creed goes:

Underneath the Southern Cross I stand,
A sprig of wattle in my hand,
A native of my native land,
Australia, you fucking beauty.

Crass, chauvinistic, call that jingle what you will, it embodies the code by which Rodney William Marsh lives and plays. Sure it could have been written as an alternative Australian anthem for World Series Cricket, but the truth is that it had been sung by cricketers to celebrate an Aussie victory long before Packer opened his cheque book and rewrote the laws and mores of cricket.

Certainly the Marsh legend would have been the poorer had not the cricket revolution of 1977 taken place. His passion for the game flagging, Marsh was preparing to take his leave of the international stage and settle down to a nine-to-five, junior executive's office in the Swan Brewery complex when he was approached to sign for WSC.

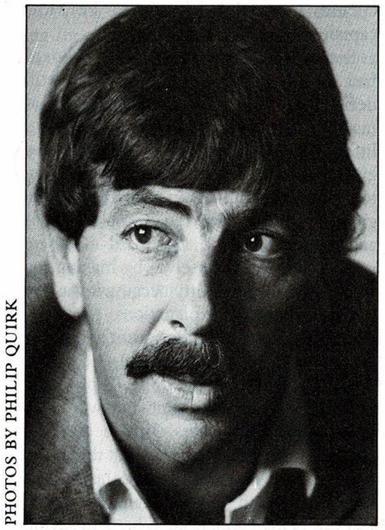
Marsh thought over the offer long and hard before he agreed to sign a contract. The challenge to succeed in the unchartered territory of truly professional cricket, and to help prove the carpers and the backbiters wrong, was all that Marsh needed to restoke his fervor for the game. The money, of course, helped, but, on reflection, Marsh might well be right in his belief that, had he been able to bring himself to desert his mates and play out one more season and official Test series against the 1977-78 Indian tourists, he could have made a lot more on the side.

But that has never been nor ever will be the nature of the man. The Packer years so reshaped him as a man and as a player that Marsh, who five years ago was on the brink of retirement, still regards it as a rare privilege to represent his country. Despite the intensity with which Marsh continues to play his cricket, he is philosophic about the records and the honors and the disappointments that have tracked his cricket career since he slammed a brilliant ton in his first representative match for Western Australia against the Windies in 1968.

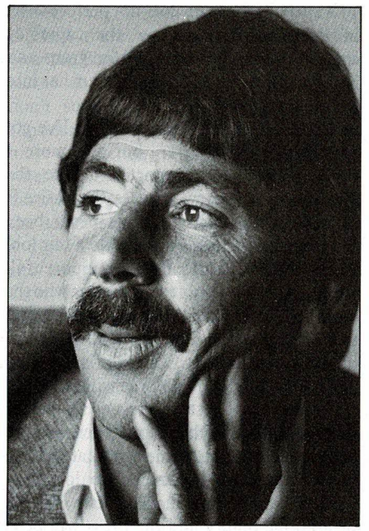
With the possible exception of the MBE, which he and his golfing brother, Graham, were each awarded in the last New Year honors list, he doesn't care a fig for the personal triumphs. He regards every wicket he has taken behind the stumps and every run he has scored merely as his response in the ongoing litany in praise of Australian cricket. Nothing delights Marsh more than an Australian Test victory. And victory over England remains an obsession. Defeat shatters Marsh. He wears defeat like a hair shirt, heaping the disappointment of every other member of the team on to his own shoulders. Personal failure with the bat or a dropped catch affects him in a flood of guilt that he has let the side rather than himself down.

If he has one regret, it is that he has never captained an Australian team in his own right. Surely he has often called the shots on the

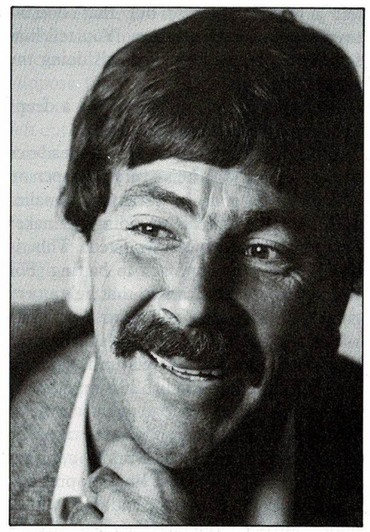
PHOTOS BY PHILIP QUIRK



"I probably captain the side most times anyway . . . I can work out the angles better than anyone from behind the stumps."



"Most of my trouble stems not from the fact that I've done anything wrong, but that I know Ian Chappell well and like him."



"Lillee's learnt so much about the art of fast bowling that all he has to do now to get wickets is to turn up."

field, but it rankles that, despite several opportunities in the past couple of years, the administration has refused to entrust him with the leadership.

And so with Marsh in sight of a staggering 100 Test caps and the old enemy and Australia about to be joined in another battle for the Ashes, we sent veteran PLAYBOY interviewer, ***Russell Deiley*** *on Marsh's trail. Deiley caught up with Marsh on the North Sydney Oval where Bacchus had just completed filming an advertising commitment before packing his bags for the Pakistan tour.*

"The assignment called on Marsh to produce his hangdog look for the before shot in an antihistamine advertisement. Which was just as well because Marsh had been out on the tiles the previous night with his old mate, Ian Chappell," says Deiley. "But after shucking off the cobwebs with a can of Tooheys, Marsh settled down to tell it all. For a cricketer who comes on so strongly and aggressively on the field, he is contrastingly sensitive, even humble, in conversation. That pilot light which flames the fierce nationalism is never snuffed, but there is a gentleness about Marsh that mocks the macho, boots'n'all legend."

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview appears, you will be in the closing stages of a Test series in Pakistan, playing once again under the leadership of Kim Hughes. Can you put the record straight on the captain-player relationship between you and Hughes?

MARSH: Yes. . .there's no problem from my point of view. Having played under Tony Lock, John Inverarity, Ian and Greg Chappell, I guess Kim suffers a lot by comparison as a captain. He's still learning about the game.

PLAYBOY: But you don't deny that you have challenged some of his on-field decisions?

MARSH: I don't agree with some of the decisions he makes and I feel it's my duty to tell him. He listens, but that doesn't overcome the real problem. You tell him something but a week later he's doing the same thing again.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying he has a deep-seated resentment of your advice?

MARSH: No, I don't think he resents advice at all. In many ways he's a very naive person and, like most of us, he works on adrenalin. When his adrenalin is pumping he makes decisions that aren't calculated. This is borne out in his approach to batting. For years everyone has realised that he's a very good technician, particularly on Australian wickets, but so many times he's thrown his hand away. Every senior player he's played with has told him to curb his impetuosity but he still hasn't come to grips with that. It's disturbing for one so talented not to be doing as well as he should. Mind you, I want to make it quite clear that I'm very proud to be playing for Australia and I will play under anyone. But having said that, I honestly would prefer to play under several other players who I think would do a better job than Kim.

PLAYBOY: Considering Hughes' unpredictability and your availability to lead the side in Pakistan, why do the Australian Cricket administrators persist with him? Do they expect him to mature overnight?

MARSH: I think the Board is very reluctant to make one of the Packer boys captain. Greg Chappell has been the obvious exception because he's the best player in the country and the best player has traditionally been made the Australian captain. It appears as though they're very reluctant to make me captain because, for some reason or another, they still think I'm going to dud them. I'm damned if I know how I'm supposed to do that. They're wary of me because I'm a great mate of Ian Chappell. If I were to say publicly that I'm very sorry I joined World Series Cricket and that I think that what the Australian Cricket Board is doing is great for the game, then perhaps I'd be captain.

It seems to me that most of my trouble in cricket stems not from the fact that I've done anything wrong, but that I know Ian Chappell well and like him.

It doesn't really matter who the captain is, the team will support him and that's one tradition I hope will never be lost to Australian cricket.

PLAYBOY: And that you are loyal to that friendship?

MARSH: Yes, and that is the way I'll remain. True friends are hard to come by and I rate Ian as one of my true friends.

PLAYBOY: If the team does not perform well in Pakistan, can you see the captaincy against England coming up for grabs and will you be tempted to throw your hat into the ring again?

MARSH: Personally, I don't think I've got any chance whatsoever, but the more I think about it the more I'd like the Australian captaincy. I guess the desire is there because, officially, I've never been captain and I believe I could do a fair job. And I believe I'd have the full support of all the players. It doesn't really matter who the captain is, the team will support him and that's one tradition I hope will never be lost to Australian cricket. The fact is we're all Australians and we're at war with whoever we're playing. I'd say there's every chance that there'll be another captain next season, and, obviously, the prime candidate will be Greg Chappell. Of course, if we do well in Pakistan and Greg is made captain, there'll be a public outcry and the press will be at the Board's throat. If we do badly and Kim loses his job, only the Western Australian press will be upset.

PLAYBOY: As an old team-mate of Greg Chappell, do you think he'll be prepared to play for Australia under the Hughes captaincy?

MARSH: I can't really answer that. You can't talk for another guy. But if I had to make a judgement, I'd put it this way; knowing how Greg thinks about the English, knowing they'll be out here as the holders of the Ashes and knowing how Greg likes to bat, I can't see him not playing. But only *he* can decide that when the time comes. We're certainly a better team with Greg in the side.

PLAYBOY: Some of the critics interpreted your refusal to accept the vice-captaincy in Pakistan and your refusal to act as a member of the tour selection panel as sour grapes. In what position did you place yourself with the Board before the tour elections were made last March?

MARSH: While we were in New Zealand, I was asked by Alan Crompton, a Board member and the tour manager, if I was available to captain the side in Pakistan. I said I was. Hughes was asked the same question and obviously he replied "yes". I also made it quite clear to Crompton that while I was available to be appointed captain, I was not available for the vice-captaincy.

He told me he respected that and said he'd inform other Board members after they had voted on the captaincy. I thought that was kind of him. He could have easily gone in there and said: "Look, Marsh is available to be captain, but not vice-captain." That would have given me no chance to be captain.

When the executive director of the Board, David Richards, rang me to say that Kim would be captain in Pakistan and I would be vice-captain, I really blew my top. I said: "Just wait a minute. . .I gave Alan Crompton instructions that under no circumstances did I want to be vice-captain."

Richards said that although the Board had received that message, it had still decided to make me vice-captain. That made me very angry. I think I deserve a little better treatment from the Board. I've given pretty good service, been on every tour and never pulled out of anything. I've given my all for Australian cricket and it angered me to think the Board members were protecting themselves by making me vice-captain. I was shitty because it was left to me to make the explanations.

The main reason I didn't want to be vice-captain was because there was no point. When it's all said and done, I probably captain the side most times anyway. I've been doing it for years. I'm in the best position to see and I can work out the angles better than anyone from behind the stumps. If I can't, I shouldn't be playing the game. I'm not being egotistical. What I'm saying is that I'd be an absolute slow learner if I couldn't see the angles and feel the game better than anyone.

PLAYBOY: As the senior player in the team, how do you define your responsibility?

MARSH: My first priority is to perform as a wicket-keeper, to hold all the catches that come my way and get as many runs as I can by playing two roles with the bat — as an attacker or defender.

Unfortunately I get those roles mixed up at times — sometimes I attack when I should be defending and vice versa. It's probably a legacy of playing too often against the West Indies. You tend to become a bit shell-shocked after batting against those blokes as often as we have over the past few years.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying it is left to you to decide whether to throw the bat or to defend?

MARSH: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You don't curry advice from the captain as to how you should bat?

MARSH: No. Over the past 10 years, I can't remember receiving batting advice from any captain. I respect that because it means they've given me enough credit to know how I should play.

PLAYBOY: What about your off-the-field role?

MARSH: As the senior player, I accept that my responsibilities go a lot deeper than doing my best in the game. One of them is teaching the game to the younger players. When I came into Test cricket I had two excellent tutors in Ian Chappell and Doug Walters. They never offered any advice on the field, but over a few beers after the game they'd talk cricket and I'd listen. I never commented unless I was asked and I learnt so much just listening to them relating their experiences of playing under different conditions and against different bowlers. I'll always be grateful to those two guys for spending so much time with me. I guess it all amounted to the fact that the three of us have always liked a beer.

PLAYBOY: You sound like you are hankering for the good old days.

MARSH: Well, it's one of the great tragedies of the modern generation of cricketers that very few of the young guys are prepared to sit down and listen.

PLAYBOY: They think that they have it all together?

MARSH: Yeah, I think it's typical of the modern generation that the young aren't prepared to sit down and listen. I'm not saying the young cricketers are wrong in their attitude. Who am I to judge what's right and wrong, but I do believe they're wasting valuable opportunities to gain from an older player's experience. It makes me sad that they should choose to miss out on what I regarded as one of the game's great teaching processes.

PLAYBOY: Are they all talkers?

MARSH: I regard Allan Border as a listener. I think it probably has something to do with his personality. He's a quiet sort of a bloke, but he's also a very aware person. He's very, very capable, a good thinker and a good listener a well.

PLAYBOY: Does this come down to the difference between a good team man and a show pony?

MARSH: No, I don't think so. The one thing you need to be a successful sportsman is self-confidence. All the younger guys playing today certainly have self-confidence. And often, because they're self-confident, they arrive for their first Test match and take over the dressing room. They tell all the latest jokes and the older guys feel that's a bit strange. I was confident enough, but I wouldn't have had the guts. I was so petrified playing my first Sheffield Shield game under Tony Lock that I called him Mr Lock until he told me to call him Tony. I was terrified by Lockey. If Lockey said "jump!" I'd ask: "How high?"

PLAYBOY: You were never lacking in confidence. What you seem to be regretting is the passing of common courtesy.

MARSH: Oh, I was confident I was going to go out on the field and perform, but I realised my place in the dressing room. Right from when I started in grade cricket, I was taught that a young bloke sat down and shut up. You said nothing until you could back it up with experience. Maybe that's a bad thing, the wrong way, but I still feel if the younger players did a lot more listening and a lot less talking they'd be better players.

I was so petrified playing my first Sheffield Shield game under Tony Lock that I called him Mr Lock until he told me to call him Tony.

Then there are the cases of guys like Graeme Beard and John Benaud who have lacked confidence in their own ability. I don't suppose you can say John lacked confidence, but if they had exuded a bit more confidence in themselves, who knows what they'd have been. John Benaud was a damned fine player. But he was playing in the same team as Ian and Greg Chappell and it was orgasmic for him to stand at one end and watch Ian play a hook or cover drive. You could see him saying things like: "If only I could bat like that. . ." The point of the matter was, he could. It's a shame there can't be the right blend of self-confidence and poise within the dressing room.

PLAYBOY: Having said that, titles apart, you virtually captain the Australian side on the field, do you give spontaneous advice or adopt a wait-and-see attitude?

MARSH: When you don't have to make the final decision, it's very easy to be the best captain in the world. But when you're the captain and have to make that vital decision, that separates the men from the boys. I can sit back and think: that's a stupid move. Then all of a sudden it'll pay off and I'm proved wrong. That happens a hell of a lot.

There are certain rules that I follow and if one of those is broken, I'll immediately jump down the breaker's throat — Ian Chappell, Greg Chappell, Kim Hughes or whoever. I believe everyone in the team should be thinking the same way. Eleven heads are better than one. I consider it important for everyone in the team to be thinking about the captaincy. The side works a lot better when you have the guys moving in the field to suit a particular batsman's style.

PLAYBOY: You make it clear that the interests of the team must come first. Have there been times when your loyalty to the team has been pledged at your personal cost?

MARSH: Yes, but I'm not a great believer in figures and records. I get my greatest enjoyment out of winning a Test match. Of course I get immense enjoyment from making a birdie on the 18th at the Australian or making a three on the second at Karrinyup, but it's not as intense as winning a cricket Test. Many years ago, Ian Chappell taught me a little ditty that goes:

Underneath the Southern Cross I stand,
A sprig of wattle in my hand,
A native of my native land,
Australia, you fucking beauty.

Every time we win a Test match I get up on a table and lead the boys in that ditty. It's become a ritual. Without fail every member of the side joins in. We'll drink, play up and get ourselves nice and stitched. That feeling's better than taking a one-handed catch down the leg side or making a hundred. It's better than any other feeling in sport. Those memories, which you can never understand unless you took part in those Test victory celebrations, will remain with me forever. It doesn't matter if I've made a duck in each innings or dropped five catches, I'm delighted when we win. I suppose the main reason why I'm frightened of failure is that it'll lead to me being left out of the team and missing out on those experiences.

PLAYBOY: You have never left any doubt that you have reserved your greatest respect for a captain for Ian Chappell. Has he cast a shadow on your relations with Greg and Hughes?

MARSH: Lillee and I grew up as Test cricketers under Ian. I think Greg feels that we respect Ian a lot more as a captain and it must give him the shits. But he's lived with that pretty well. It's been difficult for him. If Greg had a choice, I'm sure he'd rather be remembered as a great captain than a great batsman. It's a real challenge to him and I get the feeling he's on the verge of meeting it.

PLAYBOY: How's that?

MARSH: Well, after the third vital Test in Christchurch last season, I remember

(continued on page 134)

FOR SPECIAL SERVICES

james bond is back. an exclusive preview of the new 007 novel

THE SUN climbed into a diamond-clear sky, and you could already feel the dormant heat of the day. Within an hour or so it would become scorching: a day for staying in the cool and sipping iced drinks, for lazing and passing the time with a good conversationalist — preferably female, Bond thought. He had not slept for long; an hour had been spent going over the Saab. These people had tricks up their sleeves, but so did 007's Saab Turbo, though he could leave nothing to chance. The Saab had to be perfect. Then even allowing for a highly souped-up engine, Bond was confident that the Shelby-American, driven by Walter Luxor, would stand little real chance.

fiction by john gardner

With the turbo-charger in full operation, a normal Saab 900 can reach a cruising speed of 125mph with ease. Restrictions forbid commercial models to exceed this maximum, and the turbo-charger itself normally limits performance to within the 125mph range.

But increase the fuel-line pressure to wind up the boost, add in the special rally conversion kit, and you get really high performance.

Bond had himself already clocked over 180mph on an open track, after his car was fitted with the new water-injection system, and there was no reason why he should not do it today. He did not fear the possibility of a blow-out or even of a well-placed bullet in a tyre, for his personalised car ran on Michelin Autoporteur tyres, lookalikes of the TRX tyres, which are standard. The Autoporteurs are possessed of properties spoken about only in hushed tones within the motor industry.

No problems, Bond thought as, with air conditioning at full blast, he eased the silver beast along the side road which ran by the outside of the circuit. Markus Bismaquer was plainly visible with Nena and Cedar, in front of the grandstand, which already seemed to be three-quarters full. Bismaquer's staff had obviously turned out — or been dragooned into being spectators for this special occasion.

Bond pulled the Saab into the slip road leading to the pits, coming to a standstill beside Bismaquer's group. There was no sign of Walter Luxor and the Shelby-American.

"James, you look quite the part."

Nena Bismaquer's smile was so natural and all-embracing that Bond could not resist giving her a kiss on the cheek, something which he normally deplored. Then he realised that Cedar Leiter was giving him a hard look.

"Morning, Cedar," he said cheerfully, kissing her on both cheeks. "Twice for luck."

"James, I hope you slept the sleep of the just," Bismaquer roared with his accustomed mirth, slapping Bond on the back just hard enough to make the skin tingle. "Do you want a few practice runs before we start? It looks easy from here, but I can promise you that the chicane and the zig-zag on the far side are real bitches. I know, I built it."

"Okay, I'll take her around a couple of times to get the feel. Ten laps, wasn't it?"

"Yes. And don't forget, the crew's there if you need help. We have track marshals standing by, in case anything big goes wrong."

Did Bond detect something in Bismaquer's voice? A hint? Some sense of expecting something to go wrong? Well, they'd just have to wait and see. In the end it would be the best driver, and not the best car, that would be first across the finishing line.

Bond waved to the group, winked at Cedar and climbed back into the Saab. He pulled on his gloves and adjusted the Polaroid sun glasses.

On the first run, Bond did not go right through the gears into fifth. He kept the engine in check, getting the feel of the track at the relatively low speed.

From the grid to the chicane there was a good two and a half miles of straight track, but once you hit the chicane, both car and driver knew about it. From a distance the track looked as though it merely narrowed, then went through a graceful, though tight, elongated S shape. It was not until the Saab came out into the last curve of the S that Bond realised the chicane ended with a nasty, sudden, sharp lump, like a small humped-back bridge.

The bends proved to be no problem, even at 60mph, calling for only a quick movement of the wheel — left, right, left, right. The Saab's curved spoiler and its weight held the machine to the track like glue. It was only when he hit the hump that Bond realised the danger.

At 60, the car lifted off the ground for a second, as it crested during the final easy curve. For a moment, all four wheels were in the air, and it needed considerable concentration not to go off-line as the spinning tyres touched down, screeching against the metalled surface.

All four wheels were in the air, and it needed considerable concentration not to go off-line as the spinning tyres touched down.

Bond exhaled, releasing all the breath from his lungs, realising the dangers the hump might create at real speed. He held the car out of the turn and into another mile of straight track, before the more obvious, vicious, right-angle bend.

He came out of the bend with the clock smack on 70 miles per hour. There was half a mile of straight in which, when flat out, he could again build up speed. Resisting temptation, Bond kept her to the 70, going up to fourth and hitting the nasty Z-bend with a change down to second, at which the speed dropped drastically to 50.

The Z was, indeed, nasty. By rights, it crossed Bond's mind, he should have allowed himself more time to practise. You really had to haul the wheel around; and, even at this speed, it was not possible to get her up again into fourth, and a steady acceleration to the 70 mark, until the last sharp point in the Z was behind you. That would need watching.

The rest was easy: three miles or so of straight track, followed by a very gentle right-hander; another mile and a half, then the second right-hand bend, and so into the final mile, back to the grid.

A mile from the stands, Bond slid into fifth gear and began to pile on some speed for the second run. He touched 100, as he saw the raked grandstand blur past: and held it until half a mile from the chicane.

He went into the gentle turns at 90, slowing to 70 on the final curve and hitting the hump — for which he was now ready — with the needle still hovering just below the 70 mark. The Saab took off from the top of the hump, arrow straight, with Bond waiting for the thump as all four wheels hit the track. They landed as one, Bond easing the wheel to correct any slewing.

He came into the last straight at 90, allowing the speed to drop away steadily until the stand and pits seemed to drift towards him. Forty; 30; 20 . . . slowing to a stop.

Through the windscreen he saw Bismaquer's face, a small crease of concern between the eyes. Walter Luxor, who had now appeared, fully dressed in racing overalls, decorated with the Bismaquer insignia, took no notice. He busied himself with the Shelby-American, which was getting a final going over from his crew.

Bond stayed in his seat for a moment, watching the vehicle that had been matched against his own, trying to recall all he knew about the car.

The original competition Ford Mustang had been exceptionally successful in its day: first and second in the 1964 Tour de France touring car class, where its many variations showed fine performances. The GT 350, as Shelby-America's derivation of the Mustang was designated, had sleek body lines of the old fastback variety, the most obvious outward alterations being a large air scoop on top of the bonnet, and rear-wheel air scoops. The earlier versions usually had fibreglass construction around the bonnet and there were a multitude of possible combinations of engine and transmission, together with the necessary special-handling package to stop the alarming roll experienced on cornering with the stock Mustang suspension.

From what he could recall, Bond thought the car lighter than its parent Mustangs but capable of speeds well in excess of the 130 mark. The one he looked at now, through the Saab's windscreen, seemed at first sight to be an original. But, the closer he viewed the car, the more uncertain Bond became. The bodywork had a very solid look to it — an indefinable depth. Steel, he thought. Like a Shelby-American, but only in its lines. The tyres, he could see, were heavy-duty, and Bond would have bet now that he was much more than evenly matched. Certainly the design had to be a stress factor at very high speeds; but it would have been nice to look under that bonnet. Bismaquer, being the man he was, would be unlikely to match a standard, souped-up car like this against a Saab Turbo. Whatever engine they had hidden away, it would almost certainly be, like Bond's, turbo-charged.

Sliding from the driving seat, Bond walked quickly towards the car, calling out within a couple of paces of the machine to attract Luxor's attention.

Bismaquer moved with unexpected agility in an attempt to cut Bond off from getting too close — a move which finally succeeded, but not before Bond managed to get a hand on the bonnet. It was stressed steel all right. The feel was there under his palm. From the one quick downward push Bond managed, the suspension also seemed very firm.

"Good luck, Walter . . ." Bond began, as Bismaquer cut him away from the Shelby-American. "I only wanted to wish Walter good luck," said Bond with a scowl, as though offended, feeling Bismaquer's large hand around his arm literally pulling him away.

"Walter doesn't like to be distracted before a race, James," Bismaquer growled. "He's an old professional, remember . . ."

"And this is a friendly race, with an important side bet between us, Markus." Bond sounded cool, though concern had already begun to nag at the back of his mind.

Bismaquer probably had a car capable of a higher performance, but he could not know about the water injection, or the increased boost, on the Saab. Bond was in no doubt, though, about Luxor. He was up against a man who really knew racing, and — in addition — a man who knew the Bismaquer track backwards.

"Okay, Markus. You tell your professional from me that I hope the best man wins. That's all. Now, can I juice up the Saab?"

Bismaquer looked at him blankly. There was something dreadfully sinister about the gaze, for the eyes were blank and the mouth sullenly slack — no hint, or trace, of the expansive buffoon. Bond recognised the look with a certain coldness in the pit of his stomach.

It was the expression he had seen many times, the dead expression of a professional hit man. A contract killer, about to do his job.

As suddenly as the look came, it vanished, and Bismaquer smiled, his whole face lighting up.

"My boys'll do it all for you, James."

"No thank you." Bond preferred to see to everything himself — petrol, oil, hydraulics, coolant.

The final check took around 20 minutes, after which Bond walked over to Bismaquer who chatted amiably with Nena and Cedar.

"I'm ready," Bond announced, allowing his gaze to take in all three of them.

There was a pause, then Bismaquer nodded. "If you'd like to come and draw for positions on the grid . . ."

"Oh" — Bond laughed — "let's keep it friendly. Surely we can just toss for it here. I'm sure Walter won't mind, you . . ."

"James," Bismaquer said softly. Did Bond detect menace? Or was he merely edgy, jumping at verbal shadows? "James. You must understand about Walter. He takes this very seriously. I'll see if he's ready."

Left alone with the women, Bond did not even attempt small talk. "I'll say farewell now, ladies," he said, allowing his lips to break into a winning smile. "See you after the race."

"For God's sake, Bond, be careful." Cedar walked with him for a moment, speaking low. "The bastards are out to get you. Don't take any risks. It's not worth it. Please."

"Don't worry." Bond waved cheerfully, turning to see Bismaquer approaching with Walter Luxor.

Luxor was most correct. They shook hands, said may the best man win, and tossed for the starting position on the grid. Bond lost. Luxor took the inside, right-hand, lane.

Bond hoped the impression given, during the two laps' trial run, was that he had pushed the Saab to a point near its limit. Tactics had to be right now, or he would stand no chance.

As he placed the Saab on its mark, Bond made the final decision. He would let Luxor have his head for at least the first five laps. This would give him valuable experience of the circuit at various speeds, and let him see whether Luxor was capable, as he suspected, of blocking any attempt to overtake by using really dangerous manoeuvres.

Providing Bond could match Luxor's skill and the Saab was powerful enough to stay close, he would begin to make his bid at the beginning of the sixth lap. Then, once ahead, Bond could unleash the reserve power and make a run for home. If he drove with a little dash, but within the safety limits of both car and circuit, there was the distinct possibility that he could out-distance Luxor by at least half a lap. That should be his place no later than lap eight.

Bismaquer was looking at him. Bond raised his thumb, and the flag twirled. Luxor's engine fired with a roar, denoting more power than would usually be under the bonnet of a Shelby-American.

The Saab grumbled quietly, and Bond glanced around, noting the distance between the two cars and, at the same moment, catching Luxor's sunken eyes. They seemed to bore into him with an expression of intense hatred.

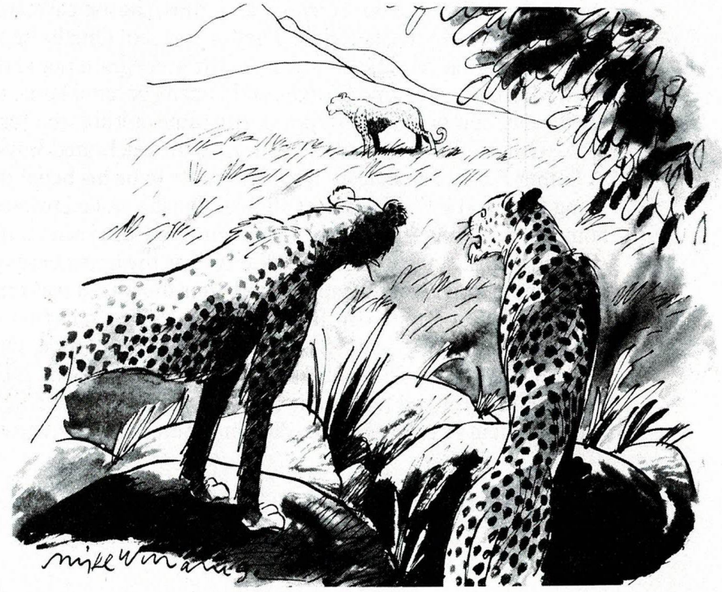
The flag came down.

The so-called Shelby-American shook its tail as it streaked away from the grid. With such a fast start, Luxor was out to thrash him completely. As Bond started to build up power, he realised that Bismaquer's driver intended to put a lot of distance between them, in the shortest possible time. He kicked down hard on the accelerator, bringing the turbo in quickly, watching the speed rise.

Already, Luxor must have been averaging 100 on the straight before the chicane. Bond kept piling on the pressure, hearing the turbo whine like a jet engine as he thrust the gears into fifth, passing the 120 mark, which brought him close up behind the sloping fastback of Luxor's car.

It was a matter of feet now, and Bond was forced to decelerate and change down to hold 100, riding directly behind Luxor. He saw the brake lights flicker, as they came up to the chicane. Bond changed down again rather than use his brakes, easing the car through the sashay of the chicane, the speedometer showing around 70 as Luxor seemed to become airborne over the hump.

(continued on page 118)



"And as far as I'm concerned, at zero to 70 in 9.4 seconds, she can stay a virgin!"

THE BOMB & BEYOND

to the leaders of the u.s. and russia, the idea of nuclear war is a weapon in itself. the rest of us are afraid it's an idea whose time is coming

The appearance of people was. . .well, they all had skin blackened by burns. . .They had no hair, because their hair was burned, and at a glance, you couldn't tell whether you were looking at them from in front or in back. . . They held their arms bent like this. . .and their skin — not only on their hands but on their faces and bodies, too — hung down. . . Wherever I walked, I met these people. . . Many of them died along the road — I can still picture them in my mind — like walking ghosts. . .They didn't look like people of this world. . .They had a special way of walking — very slowly. . .I myself was one of them. — A GROCER IN HIROSHIMA

AT ALMOST the exact centre of the United States, vibrant with pride in being at the heart of the heartland, lies the city of Omaha, Nebraska. Lewis and Clark paused here before the city was even founded, and so did the Mormon caravans searching for salvation in the wilds of Utah. Omaha was created in 1845 by some land speculators in Council Bluffs, Iowa, just across the Missouri River, who named it after a dispossessed Indian tribe and touted it as the prospective capital of the newly-created Nebraska Territory and, thus, the logical starting point for the main railroad centres to California. They succeeded. Omaha became one of the great rail centres of the Middle West, one of the great grain markets and cattle stockyards. With commerce came finance, and Omaha became home to a large number of insurance companies. With prosperity came culture, the Joslyn Art Museum and the Omaha Symphony Orchestra. Also the celebrated Boys Town, operated by Father Edward Flanagan, who declared it to be his belief that "there is no such thing as a bad boy". To protect all that, Omaha looked toward Fort Crook, long the home of the 22nd US Infantry Regiment. Over the years, military systems changed. During World War I, Fort Crook served as the home base of the nation's first air unit, the 61st Balloon Company, and after the war, it was renamed Offutt Field in honor of First Lieutenant Jarvis J. Offutt, Nebraska's first air casualty, who had been killed in 1918 while flying for the Royal Air Force. During World War II, Martin B-24 and B-29 bombers were manufactured here, including the Enola Gay, which dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima; and in 1948, the newly-independent Air Force established in Offutt the headquarters of its Strategic Air

article by otto friedrich

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD

Command. Omaha is, thus, at the centre not only of the United States, not only of grain and cattle and life insurance, but of the planning of World War III. When the Columbia Broadcasting System decided last year to devote five prime-time hours and about $1,000,000 to a documentary report titled *The Defence of the United States*, it seemed logical to begin by simulating (at a cost of $85,000 for one minute's worth of special effects) the devastating consequences of a 15-megaton thermonuclear bomb's landing on Omaha. The narrator's voice recited all the usual statistics — the radius of the blast area, the number of deaths by fire — but what was unforgettable to anyone who saw it was the monstrous image of the mushroom cloud rising over the office buildings of Omaha. The spectacle of a nuclear fireball rising over the Empire State Building in New York would probably have looked like another Hollywood epic, like *King Kong* or *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms*, but the sight of that cloud over the office towers of Omaha made the viewer feel, as one feels at the onset of any commonplace disaster, an automobile collision or a heart attack, *So this is the way it is.*

If the Gallup Poll is to be believed, most Americans now think that World War III may break out during the Eighties, that they themselves may not survive the atomic attack and that they would rather not think about the prospects. Specifically, a representative sampling of 671 adults was asked about the likelihood of an all-out nuclear war between the United States and the Soviet Union within the next 10 years. Thirty-eight percent, the largest group, thought there was "some chance it will happen"; 24 percent foresaw "a good chance"; and six percent thought it "almost certain".

And what did the respondents think their chances were of living through a Soviet atomic attack? Good: nine percent; poor: 43 percent; just 50-50: 43 percent.

As for their own attitudes, 47 percent, the largest category, subscribed to the view that "while I am concerned about the chances of a nuclear war, I try to put it out of my mind".

Despite the widespread desire to avoid thinking about an impending catastrophe, that sense of catastrophe itself exists mainly in the popular imagination. No nuclear-armed strategic missile has ever been fired, after all, though both of the superpowers have actually possessed for many years the weapons capable of inflicting the destruction that so many people dread. The varying intensity of public anxiety, therefore, varies not according to changes in Soviet military power, nor even to changes in the East-West political climate, but according to official manipulations of public opinion. The idea of the end of the world has finally become an instrument of international propaganda.

Today, that idea seems strong, yet the students who demonstrate against the threat of nuclear war appear unaware that the threat was probably greater 20 years ago. Soviet and American nuclear tests in those days really did fill the atmosphere with a radioactive fallout of strontium 90 and iodine 131, and those half-forgotten carcinogens really did appear in the food chain, first in grass and cattle fodder, then in the cows' milk destined for babies.

Both sides brandished their new weapons with an almost reckless pugnacity. When Nikita Khrushchev shipped ballistic missiles to Cuba in 1962, President Kennedy threatened to retaliate with all the military forces at his command. There were supporting moves of extreme belligerence. Kennedy not only organised a national bomb-shelter program but urged all home-owners to start building their own fallout shelters in their back yards. The basic purpose was less to protect American lives than to persuade the Russians that Americans were ready to fight.

The strain was too great. Khrushchev backed down, then was deposed and disgraced. But to many Americans as well, the nuclear threats were terrifying, making the risks seem greater than any reward. Swarms of mothers marched through Washington, and there arose a national debate on whether or not it would be justifiable to shoot a neighbor who was trying to force his way into one's bomb shelter. Faced with such public scruples, the Pentagon planners began to fret over the problem of what they called credibility. Of what value was American military strength if the Soviets did not believe Washington would use it?

Students who demonstrate against the threat of nuclear war appear unaware that the threat was probably greater 20 years ago.

During the Vietnam war years, that question was tested at a lower level of danger — the level of infantry combat — and both sides kept accumulating nuclear weapons. Critics of those gigantic arsenals periodically observed that each superpower had enough atomic bombs to destroy the other 10 times over, or 100 times. But in that swollen excess of destructive power —about 8000 or 9000 strategic warheads on each side — the generals saw a kind of stability, which they named with one of their most apt acronyms: MAD, for Mutually Assured Destruction.

Behind the apparent stability of MAD, however, the American defeat in Vietnam caused new uncertainties about whether or not Washington could ever bring itself to use its nuclear weapons. Everything that reassures Americans that there will not be a nuclear war reassures the rulers of Russia that they have relatively little to fear from Washington, so when the Russians sent troops into Afghanistan early in 1980, they were surprised at President Carter's show of indignation.

But Carter seemed to lack either the means or the will to use force. Apart from scrapping the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT) that he and the Russians had recently signed, he limited his indignation to such gestures as restricting wheat sales to Russia and boycotting the Moscow Olympics.

Washington once again felt a need, then, to persuade the world that it really was preparing for nuclear war. If MAD were no longer credible — and was it ever really credible that the United States could protect itself by threatening suicide? —then Carter wanted it known that he was altering US policy by aiming American missiles at the Soviets' military bases rather than at their cities. The implication of Presidential directive number 59, officially approved in the summer of 1980, was that Washington was ready not simply to deter war but to wage it.

And since the Minuteman missiles were reputed to be vulnerable to surprise attack, Carter asked Congress to approve a 34-billion-dollar program to build 200 mobile M.X. missiles, as well as a series of huge "race tracks" in Utah and Nevada to disguise the missiles' location. Although Carter did not go so far as to replenish the crackers in the bomb shelters, he did ask for two billion dollars to plan the evacuation of American cities in case of attack.

Ronald Reagan's defeat of Carter in 1980 cancelled all those manoeuvres, for Reagan wanted to begin manoeuvres of his own. The ridiculous race tracks were cancelled as too expensive, but to the M.X. missile itself, Reagan added a long list of other weapons, a revival of the B-1 bomber that Carter had abandoned, further work on the so-called neutron bomb, even the demothballing of the battleships of World War II. He also requested four billion dollars for a highly publicised revival of civil defence. Washington announced that that showy rearmament would cost more than a trillion dollars over five years, but as a deteriorating economy brought large budget deficits, it remained uncertain how many such military moves would ever be completed.

None of those measures had much effect on the essential danger, which had remained basically unchanged for many years, but Reagan, like his predecessors, did his best to impress the world with a rhetoric of strength. He talked loudly of Soviet threats and let it be known that he could imagine a limited nuclear exchange in Europe. His excitable Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, said there was a NATO

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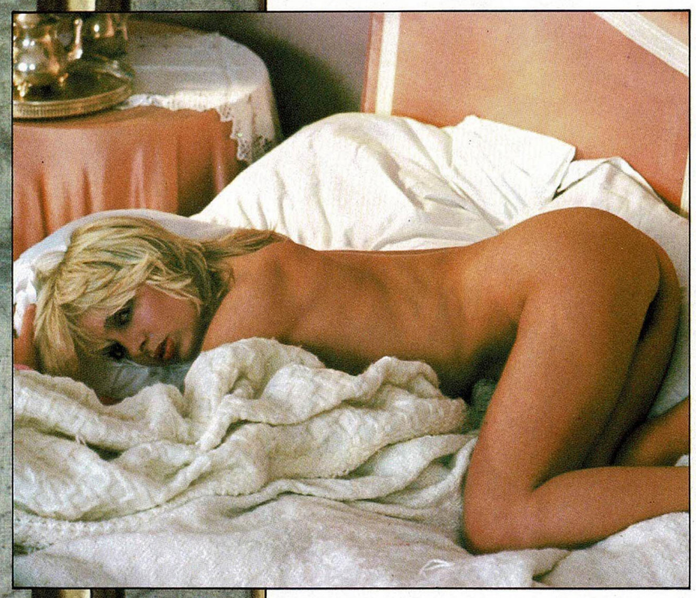
PRICELESS PENNY

She's blonde, beautiful, and a much sought-after model. She's Penny Wells, and we took her to the Cote d'Azur for a look at both sides of the coin!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

Men, nothing but men!'' exclaims the lovely Miss Wells. ''My telephone rings 99 times a day. The man from the fashion show. The man from the cosmetics company. The man from the modelling agency. But all of these calls are only about work. The man for me never calls.''

At least it's all easier to bear on the Cote d'Azur,'' she says. ''It makes one feel like a true star, but I know that in a few days I'll have to leave this paradise and go back to London. Back to the phone — and the men. The man from the fashion show. The man. . .''



No matter how much they devalue the British pound, we know of one Penny worth its weight in gold. We're referring to London model Penny Wells — definitely our idea of a perfect mint.

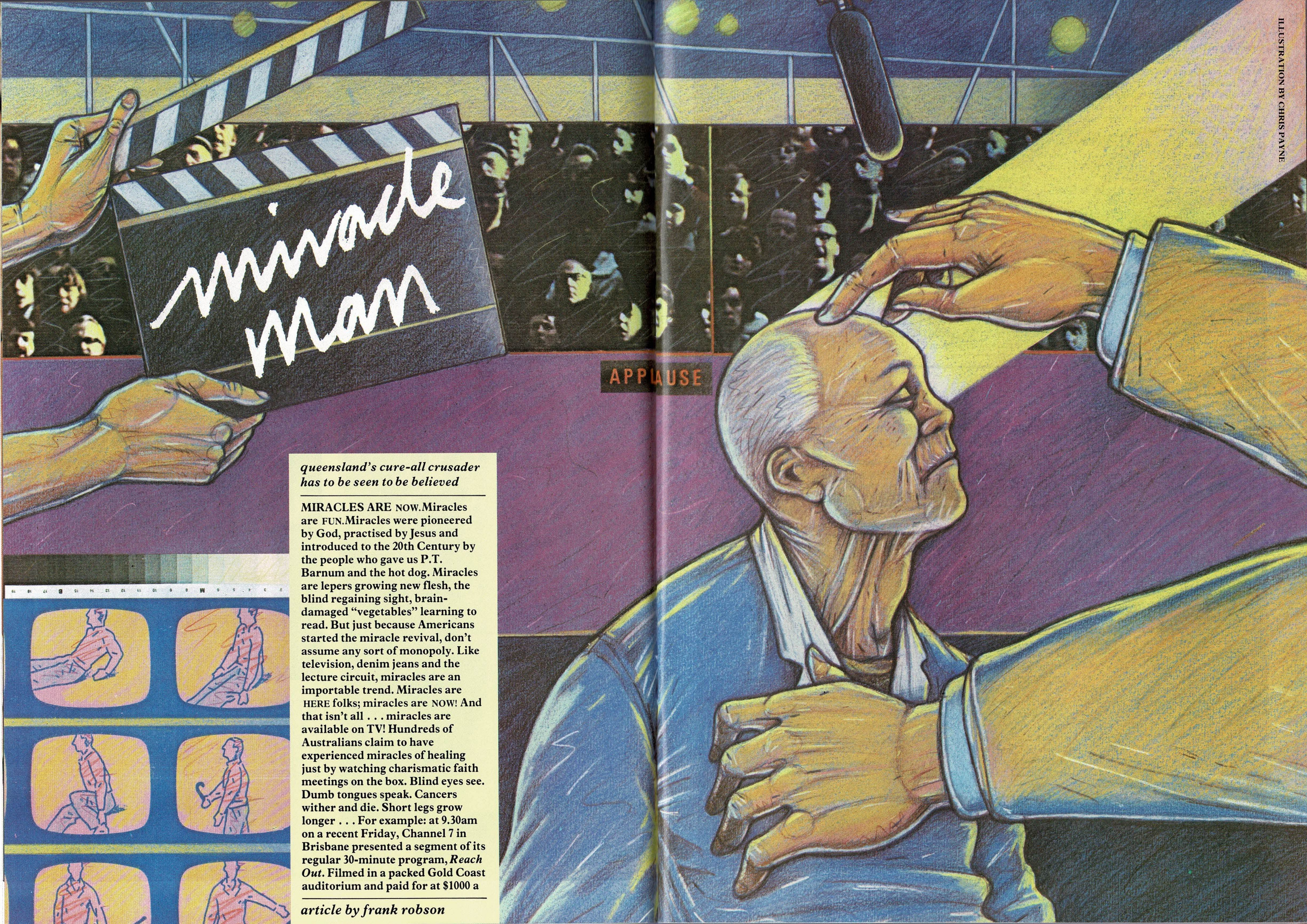


ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

queensland's cure-all crusader has to be seen to be believed

MIRACLES ARE NOW. Miracles are FUN. Miracles were pioneered by God, practised by Jesus and introduced to the 20th Century by the people who gave us P.T. Barnum and the hot dog. Miracles are lepers growing new flesh, the blind regaining sight, brain-damaged "vegetables" learning to read. But just because Americans started the miracle revival, don't assume any sort of monopoly. Like television, denim jeans and the lecture circuit, miracles are an importable trend. Miracles are HERE folks; miracles are NOW! And that isn't all . . . miracles are available on TV! Hundreds of Australians claim to have experienced miracles of healing just by watching charismatic faith meetings on the box. Blind eyes see. Dumb tongues speak. Cancers wither and die. Short legs grow longer . . . For example: at 9.30am on a recent Friday, Channel 7 in Brisbane presented a segment of its regular 30-minute program, *Reach Out*. Filmed in a packed Gold Coast auditorium and paid for at $1000 a

article by frank robson

week, *Reach Out* is the televised ministry of a reformed bank robber called Steve Ryder. A sort of born-again Bert Newton, Ryder is the emerging darling of charismatic revivalists — a straight-talking former street fighter who, under different circumstances, would almost certainly have been offered a TV games show.

As it is, paid for or not, Ryder's TV program beats Bert, Mike, Derryn, Don and all the others cold . . . and Ryder's ministry is almost certainly the only one whose miracles are confirmed by a practising GP, a doctor who not only provides his name, but claims to have himself been cured by God.

Here's what happened the morning I watched Ryder's fascinating show. After hymns and segments of Ryder criticising the ritual-bound closed minds of some historic or mainstream denominations, healing began. Dozens made their way to the front of the hall where Ryder, cherubic but muscular, learned of their illnesses. Then the miracle-seekers lined up and Ryder moved swiftly among them, imploring Jesus to cure complaints that had defied modern medicine and, in some cases, the prayers of less well-connected evangelists. Two assistants positioned themselves behind each sufferer. Ryder laid hands on the person and spoke directly to the afflicted area — kidneys, heart, back, etc.

"Lord!" he said, "let your healing power be upon her. Satan! LOOSEN her in Jesus' name! LOOSEN!" And over they went, backwards into the arms of the assistants, like skittles . . . until the floor was strewn with bodies. Ryder helped them up one by one.

"How's that back feel, great? Amen! Next! Leg feeling better now? That's wonderful. Next! Pain gone? Thank you Jesus. Want to throw away that hearing aid? Great! Next! . . ."

Miracles before our eyes! A miracle production line! How the blazes does Ryder work this spectacle? And there they go . . . healed, walking sticks abandoned, hearing aids cast aside, gammy legs striding. In slacks and open-neck shirt, Ryder stands among them, hands raised for a bit of shush . . .

"We gotta short leg here," he says urgently, "from an accident. Isn't that good? Half-an-inch short in the left leg for 15 years." He takes hold of the woman in question. "Lord, let your power be upon her! Fill her Lord! Infirmity, LOOSEN her in Jesus' name! Amen."

With a smile, Ryder passes the woman a chair and asks: "You wanta stick around and watch your leg grow?" After a delay, "Here it comes! Thank you Jesus! Father, just heal her and make her whole right now! Lord, let that healin' just begin! Here it comes. I knew it would!" To the woman: "Did *you* know it would?" Woman mumbles. "You wasn't sure, eh? Well, it's sorta comin' past at the moment. See that? It's gone right past . . ."

A silence, then Ryder says: "We've made a mistake! Ha, ha! Hey Sue, lookit that! It's half-an-inch too long now! Laughter and applause. "But it'll be alright, there now. Thank you Jesus! How do you feel? Not sure, eh? Well, bless you anyway . . ."

Miracles are FUN. Miracles are ENTERTAINING. Miracles have a sense of HUMOUR. Sure they do. Here is what a woman called Marj Almond said about her miracle in Steve Ryder's own publication, *Faith Magazine* (No.4): "Today I can walk!!! PRAISE THE LORD!!! . . . I was involved in a motor vehicle accident and sustained a mashed leg and split sternum."

Marj Almond describes attending a Ryder healing meeting: ". . . my heart pounded and I realised that I could take a deep breath for the first time in seven months without pain. THE LORD HAD SPOT WELDED MY SPLIT STERNUM!!!"

Astounding. The Lord had spot welded her split sternum. But we know, don't we, that such claims are nonsense? I mean, whoever heard of anything so daffy? Even if the Lord *did* perform miracles on TV, He is not a panel-beater. A little decorum, Marj Almond, please. If any of us were *serious* about our worship, would we allow an ex-bank robber to pull our short legs and spot weld our sternums? This is heresy, a massive con, an ecclesiastical *That's Incredible*, a trap delicately set to separate soft minds from hard cash.

Ryder passes the woman a chair and asks: "You wanta stick around and watch your leg grow?" After a delay, "Here it comes!"

If it is, someone forgot to tell the healed: cancer victims whose tumors have disappeared, cripples who have bounded from their wheelchairs and a thousand sufferers of a million assorted pains who have stood weeping before Steve Ryder — and others like him — thanking the Lord for lifting Satan's illnesses from their bodies.

Are all of them self-deluded? Why can't doctors explain how incurable conditions are seen to disappear? Why does every third person you meet seem to belong to a charismatic ministry? Is *your* soul hungry? Is the faith boom a prelude to what doomsayers call End Time?

As an agnostic sinner unstained by the blood of the lamb, my response to all these trifles was the same: who cares? But something changed. Watching men like Ryder on television was so entertaining that five years ago, I attended a healing and prayer meeting at Brisbane's Christian Outreach Centre.

For an hour, a rangy former Methodist minister called Clark Taylor romped about in a safari suit drawing wild analogies between cars and people. "When my Holden gets sick," he bellowed, "I take it to a GMH garage 'cause that is its maker. The same thing applies when you get sick . . . your maker is the author of health — as surely as old Satan is the author of sickness!"

For miracles Big Clark made Ryder seem introverted. He spread his long arms wide and rained miracles on the flock like confetti. He stood on their chests (to prove the pain had gone) and ran up and down stairs arm-in-arm with startled ex-cripples whose walking aids formed a pile by the dias. I didn't believe any of it. My feeling was that Taylor was dealing with psychosomatic conditions in generally low-intelligence people — even before Jonestown, most of us had some idea what faith, fear and love could ultimately achieve.

Taylor was unable to help a young girl with brain damage and when I quizzed him about it, in an adjoining car park after the meeting, he said it was because her lack of understanding prevented the necessary degree of faith. So I returned to the newspaper office where I worked and did a heart-felt hatchet job on the big preacher. The response: a flood of angry letters from readers who had been cured through him.

"If you don't understand God's ways," wrote one woman, "at least keep your ignorance to yourself." And Taylor's ministry grew wildly — today he claims 7000 worshippers "under my banner".

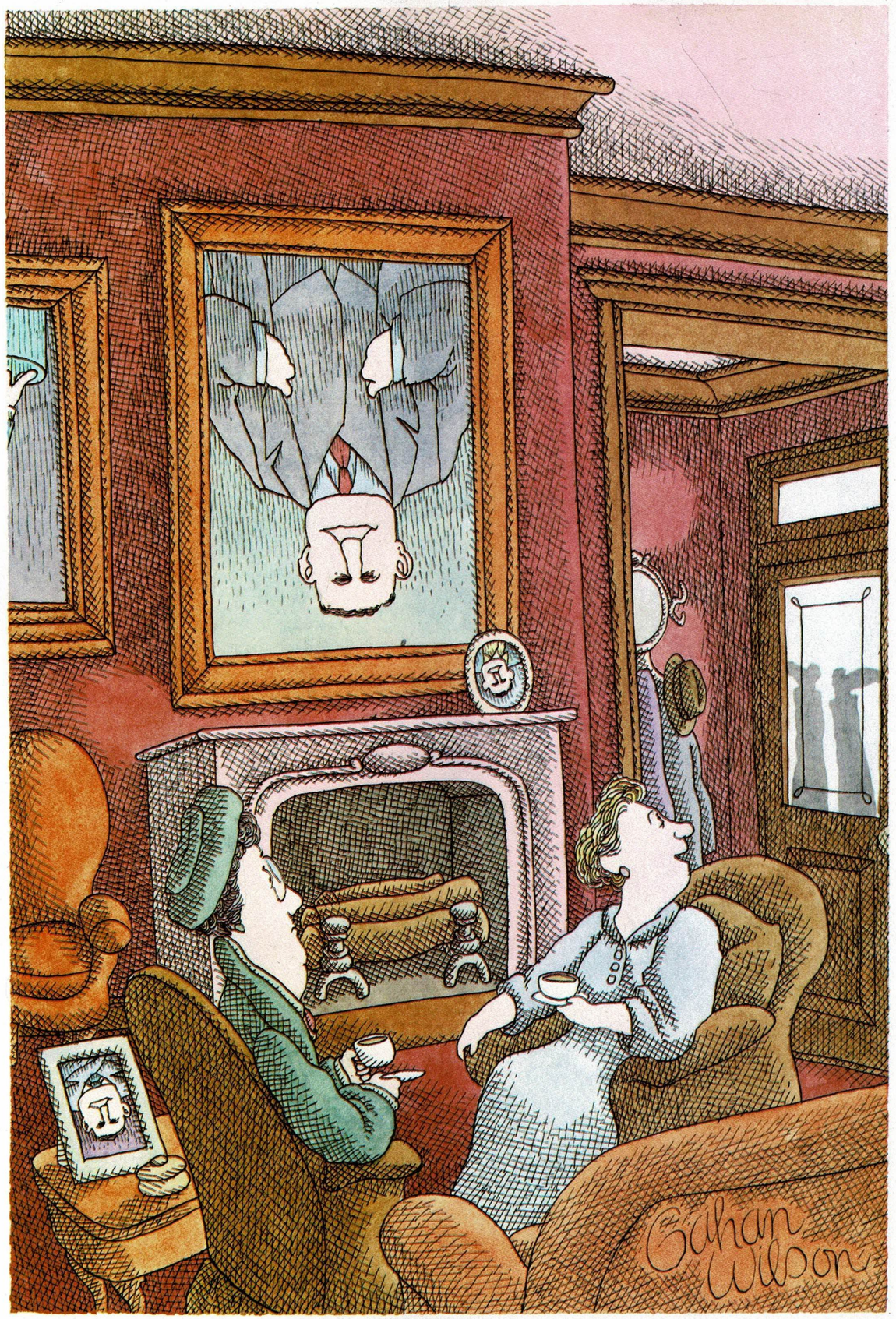
This made me feel less of a crusader, naturally, but in spite of myself, the fascination with the faith revival remained. More televised ministries appeared — mostly syndicated American performers with dynamic routines — and Queensland began to emerge as the launching place for supernatural revivalists in Australia.

Hardly surprising, because faith is adaptable and from the top down Queenslanders have faith in almost everything. Premier Joh Bjelke-Peterson, a strict Lutheran, is said to have been cured of polio by a faith healer as a lad — and he maintained the tradition by having immense faith in cancer quack Milan Brych, the hydrogen car, Yohichiro Iwasaki at Yeppoon and dimly-remembered political pawn, Albert Patrick Field.

His flock — the rest of us up here — have faith in near-perpetual sunshine, the resources boom and Papa Joh himself. Joh is no charismatic . . . but when Brisbane's Christian Life Centre invited him to a revivalist prayer breakfast two years ago, a morning when parliament adjourned at 3am, Joh arrived well before many leading born-again businessmen had struggled from the sack.

But piety alone does not a faith boom make . . . in fact crusaders like Steve Ryder heap scorn on smug preconceptions held by

(continued on page 146)



"Here comes Howard, now!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLAN MOULT

20 QUESTIONS: PETER HILLARY

A world class mountain-climber describes the thrill of reaching the top, and why he tries

THE BLUE EYES blaze like glacier ice from behind a shock of lank blond hair. Peter Hillary is talking about mountains with quiet, obsessive enthusiasm. At 27, he has an impressive array of mountain scalps hanging from his belt. As you read this he'll be standing on top of Mt Lhotse — at 8470 metres, the fourth highest peak on the planet. The climb will have been made with three companions in alpine style, and without oxygen . . . the same method he used on his ill-fated 1979 attempt on Ama Dablam (6900m). That time an ice avalanche at 6200 metres killed a team-mate, and shattered Peter's left arm and right ankle. That experience has not seared his adventuring spirit, and last year he spent 10 months on a 5000-kilometre high-altitude traverse of the Himalayan range — from Sikkim in the east to K2 in Pakistan. During his recent hectic lecture tour of Australia, Peter took time out to explain the lure of the Himalayas to Contributing Editor **Allan Moult.**

1.

PLAYBOY: Your father climbed Mt Everest before you were born. When did you become aware of what he had done?

HILLARY: Ever since I can remember. It has certainly been an important part of our family life.

2.

PLAYBOY: You first went to the Himalayas when you were 11. What did they mean to you then?

HILLARY: It was an extraordinary adventure. It was really like going back in time. I remember being incredibly excited and in awe of the mountains.

3.

PLAYBOY: What was the first peak you conquered?

HILLARY: It was New Zealand's Mt Aspiring. I was 16.

4.

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings today about Everest and your own attempt in '84?

HILLARY: I suppose a lot of people might look at it as you've got to follow your father's footsteps. . .your father's a doctor, you've got to become one, too . . . but I don't see it that way at all. I was brought up in an outdoor family and I've learned to love the outdoors — and mountaineering is an important part of that. I think if you're an ambitious person there's all sorts of ambitious mountaineering things you can do.

5.

PLAYBOY: Why do you climb?

HILLARY: Mountaineering is an incredible activity . . . exhilarating, exciting, a test. It's a challenge. In many ways, especially extreme mountaineering, it can be compared to things like Formula One racing; your decisions really do matter, and your life hangs upon it. Anything that is an adventure involves risk, and often the greater the risk, the greater the adventure, and the greater the profit and experience.

6.

PLAYBOY: I spoke to Reinhold Messner recently about how he felt on top of Everest, and he said: "I really had no feelings." What do you feel on top of a mountain?

HILLARY: I suppose the first thing you feel is pretty tired, because it's been a lot of work getting there. I think a lot of my pleasures when I get to the top are retrospective. When I get to the top there's basic relief that I've made it, I have a good look around, enjoy the fabulous view, but my mind is already switched on to the descent.

7.

PLAYBOY: On Ama Dablam, the mountain nearly claimed your life. What happened?

HILLARY: We were attempting the West Face, a large and very steep face where there are some objective dangers like ice cliffs, and we were making an alpine-style attempt, moving quickly up the face. We had reached 21,000 feet — it's about 22,500. We were planning to stop early that day and chop out some sleeping ledges on a part of the face which wasn't quite so steep. We were feeling pretty good, we'd got over the major obstacles. Then all of a sudden there was a great crack up above and a block of ice about the size of a house came straight down at us. It killed one of my friends and bashed me up fairly badly. We then had three rather horrendous days sliding and abseiling down our ropes to reach the glacier below.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your next climb, Mt Lhotse, as a warm-up for Everest?

HILLARY: Anything you do prepares you for what you do later, so in that context, yes, it is going to be beneficial for my attempt in 1984. But it's a magnificent mountain, one of the world's highest and most spectacular peaks, and to that end I want to climb it. I suppose I'm just keen to climb a number of the 8000-metre peaks, and Lhotse's one of them.

9.

PLAYBOY: Your 5000-kilometre Himalayan traverse last year took 10 months. Was it planned to take that long?

HILLARY: It was expected to take eight or nine months. I was even hoping we would do it in six or seven months. But weather, the usual logistic problems, and Asian bureaucracies, foiled that plan.

10.

PLAYBOY: What was the original appeal of that trip?

HILLARY: Actually, the idea of traversing the world's greatest, and highest, mountain range was in itself very appealing. My knowledge of some areas of the Himalayas, its peoples and villages, attracted me, and it doesn't take much imagination to extrapolate that to encompass the whole range.

11.

PLAYBOY: Surviving seems to be an art in ice and snow. What scares you the most in that environment?

HILLARY: Avalanches and crevasses. I have a horror of crevasses. I did all my initial alpine climbing in New Zealand's Mt Cook region and there are some giant crevasses up in the high glaciers. It was always the thing that put the wind up me. You're wandering along, off to do a big climb, having left camp early in the morning or even in the middle of the night to catch the main freeze so that the snow wouldn't be soft, and all you'd see of these crevasses would be this great black void in the snow. On the way back in the afternoon you could see right down into them. They weren't much clearer — they were bottomless.

12.

PLAYBOY: Do you get lonely?

HILLARY: I think I do, especially on a trip like last year's, when for 10 months I'm away from family and friends. It is a very difficult thing for me. Carrying on for 10 months, day in and day out without these people, and being totally within myself, is

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PRIME TIME

wherein the last word in game shows is upstaged, and tony hairdresser faces the wrath of reg underpants

THE OLD MAN sat under a tree on a green deck chair, his elbows resting on a yellow card table patched together with masking tape and string. Tacked to the tree was a large hand-painted sign — "Maps to the TV Stars' Homes — Every one a Logie Winner!" He sat up straight and shuffled the pile of Xeroxed maps on the table as a battered Holden station wagon pulled to a stop. "Howdy doody dere — can I help you sir?" he asked the driver as he walked to the window of the car, straightening the lapels of his blue lame sports coat. "Er yeah, can you tell me how to get to Video Land from here?" the driver, a man roughly his own age, asked. "Video Land, straight down the road, but wouldn't you rather go on a tour of the stars' homes? See where Don Alleyway first played tennis, walk on the very footpaths where Glenda Groaner exercised her fighting ferrets." "Na," he said, gesturing to some kids fighting in the back seat, "grandkids wanna see Video Land. No one's interested in TV anymore." He put the car into gear, then paused as a look of recognition came to his face. "Say. . ." he said, "I know you. Why you used to be that guy on telly, yeah, you're um. . .um. . ." "Tony Hairdresser," the old man said, smiling modestly. "Yeah, that's it. . . Tony Hairdresser. Look, kids. . .it's Tony Hairdresser," the driver said, turning to the back seat. Only the eldest stopped fighting long enough to eye him up and down. "Never heard of him," he said. "Come on Grandpa, let's get to Video Land, I'm hungry." "See what I mean?" the driver called as he sped off. Tony Hairdresser bowed his head and shuffled back into the shade. "Never heard of 'im," he mimicked then looked at the disappearing car. "Listen kid, I used to be so big I had to put on a fake beard to take a leak. Never heard of 'im, eh? Well, you will kid, you will." He pulled down the sign and threw it into the bushes, then kicked over the table and watched the maps scatter in the wind. Reaching behind the tree he pulled

fiction by mike colman

out a battered briefcase, then walked to the kerb and started hitch-hiking into town.

It took him two hours to reach the city — no one seemed to want to pick up an old man in a lame coat carrying a briefcase, but the arduous trip seemed all worthwhile when he finally stood looking up at the large Reg Underpants Building.

How well he remembered the last time he had visited the offices of Reg Underpants Productions — only to be told his show had been axed.

"Who needs you, Reg. I'll go to Kerry Storeman," he had shouted before storming out and jumping into his gold Thunderbird, stopping only to make a date with a secretary and sign some autographs.

But Kerry Storeman hadn't wanted him either. Times were bad. Storeman had lost a bundle on World Series Bushwalking. The public hadn't gone for the innovations he had spent millions to perfect — microphones in the walker's dixies, personalised knapsacks and even the greatest gamble of all, night bushwalking, had failed when the floodlight towers on the Three Sisters had proved unstable in strong winds.

With Storeman unwilling to back him, Hairdresser had sunk fast — the night-club brawls, paternity suits and front page claims of drug running, white slavery and murder took their toll. When the RSPCA took him to court for selling his daughter's Shetland pony to a glue factory, it was the last straw. Tony Hairdresser, one-time quiz show superstar, Ken Doll of the varicose vein set, was all washed up.

●

The sexy young secretary looked up from doing her nails as he limped into the outer office.

"We ain't buying," she said, pulling out a small mirror and plucking an eyelash.

"No, no my dear," he said politely. "Perhaps you would be good enough to tell Mr Und. . .er, Reggy, that Tony Hairdresser is here."

"Mr Underpants ain't seein' no one today, perhaps if youse'd be good enough to retoin at a more satisfactory time," she said, popping a stick of bubblegum through her bright red lips.

Tony Hairdresser clutched the briefcase firmly, his freckled knuckles showing white against the handle. Inside was his meal ticket, a plan for the greatest television show since *Skippy Gets Caught In A Bushfire* had peaked at 43.2. He knew it was his last chance, he'd sold maps for too long, felt the pitying stares as he played violin outside the Logies presentations, seen his statue pulled down and replaced by a petrol station. He'd felt the lows, he wanted the highs — oh Lord, how he wanted those highs.

He turned to the secretary, and with all the charm left in his gnarled body said: "Darling, I realise I don't have an appointment, but I do need to see Reggy urgently, and if you don't get me through that door in 10 seconds I'm going to thread your left breast through the roller of your typewriter."

There's something very threatening about an 80-year-old man in a blue lame sports coat.

"Mr Underpants will see you now," she said, searching for her mascara.

●

He burst through the door confidently, the once famous 100-watt Hairdresser smile as bright as ever.

"Reggy, darling. . ." he cried, offering his hand in the time-honored greeting.

"Piss off, Hairdresser," said Underpants in the time-honored reply.

Unperturbed, he continued.

"Ah, still the same old Reggy, always joking. Great to see you, Reg, how long's it been? Ten, 20 — no let's not upset ourselves with the cruel passage of time, let's just thank our lucky stars that fate brings us together again and that I'm able to offer you positively the greatest show ever screened. Reg, believe me, this one's gonna put us back on the map — it's sensational. Reg, I'm telling ya this is the one that's taking us back to the top."

Tony Hairdresser, one-time quiz show superstar, Ken Doll of the varicose vein set, was all washed up.

Reg Underpants pushed a button on his intercom.

"Gloria, could you please call the loony bin? There's been an escape."

Then to his guest: "Hairdresser, you gotta be kidding. I wouldn't touch you with barge poles — nobody would, you're finished. Now get out, I've got enough problems."

"You sure have Reg, you haven't had a hit since *Nude Romper Room* in '89, but I can change all that, just let me show you what I got here — it's the greatest quiz since *Sale Of. . .*"

"Quiz? Now I know you're crazy. No one goes for quizzes any more. They want action, intrigue, violence. . ."

"And that's exactly what we're gonna give 'em Reg, with this."

Hairdresser pulled a black folder from his briefcase and dropped it on the desk. Underpants looked at the title, "Greed" and, with a bored expression on his face, opened the cover. An hour later he closed the folder. His eyes shone, his wrinkled face was split in half with a pearly grin. Sweat poured down his cheeks and when he spoke, his breath smelt of money.

"Tony, baby," he said standing up and offering his pudgy hand, "can I get you a drink?"

It was late when Gloria poked her head through the door to tell her boss she was leaving. Cigar smoke filled the office, two empty bottles of champagne lay on the floor, and the two men glared at each other across the desk.

"Ah, Gloria," said Underpants, "forget the call to the loony bin, get me the police, this man is trying to rob me. Tony, I'm tellin' ya, there just ain't that much money in the industry. It's good, sure, it's sensational, yes, but Tony really, 75—25? You gotta be kidding."

Tony Hairdresser stood up unsteadily and brushed the cigar ash off his lapels.

"I take it," he said with dignity, "that Storeman is still at the same address?"

"74-26?" pleaded Underpants.

"Done," said Hairdresser breaking into a 60-watt smirk. "But just one other thing. I want Roxanne."

"Gloria," said Underpants, his head sinking to his hands, "what happened to that call to the loony bin? Roxanne McCorquodale? Tony baby, okay, so you used to be partners, but have you seen Roxanne McCorquodale in the past 20 years? I'm telling you, one false move and she'll flatten the set if not the entire studio."

"I want her, Reg."

Underpants sighed, then thought again of the contents of the black folder.

"Okay, Tony, you want Roxanne, you got her."

Roxanne McCorquodale: 40 years earlier, the mere name had caused involuntary ejaculation. Roxanne McCorquodale, the Barrel Girl's Barrel Girl. When Roxanne had bent over to pull an envelope from the barrel, TV tubes from Wagga Wagga to Perth had flickered and died. Public bars had hushed to hear her dulcet tones as she stumbled over ethnic names and mispronounced suburbs. In Mt Isa, a miner had been battered to death after breaking wind while she was whispering her famous farewell: "Goodnight, everyone." (An all-male jury had ruled justifiable homicide.) Inflatable Roxanne McCorquodale T-shirts and "If you're a man you love Roxanne" badges had sold in their millions. The Navy named an aircraft carrier after her, there were Roxanne Vitamins, Roxanne Training Bras, Roxanne Ice Creams and Roxanne Bed Pans.

But then, as did Tony Hairdresser, Roxanne found that the public is a fickle beast. After the canning of their show she found it hard to get work. First of all, it was the talk shows, then telethons and endorsements in disreputable magazines, and finally live shows where the famous Roxanne McCorquodale loins were bared for all to see. Within a couple of years she, too, was all washed up. When the aircraft carrier sunk off Novia Scotia even the headline, "1200 Sailors Go Down On Roxanne", failed to raise an eyebrow.

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Tony Hairdresser pulled the folds of his

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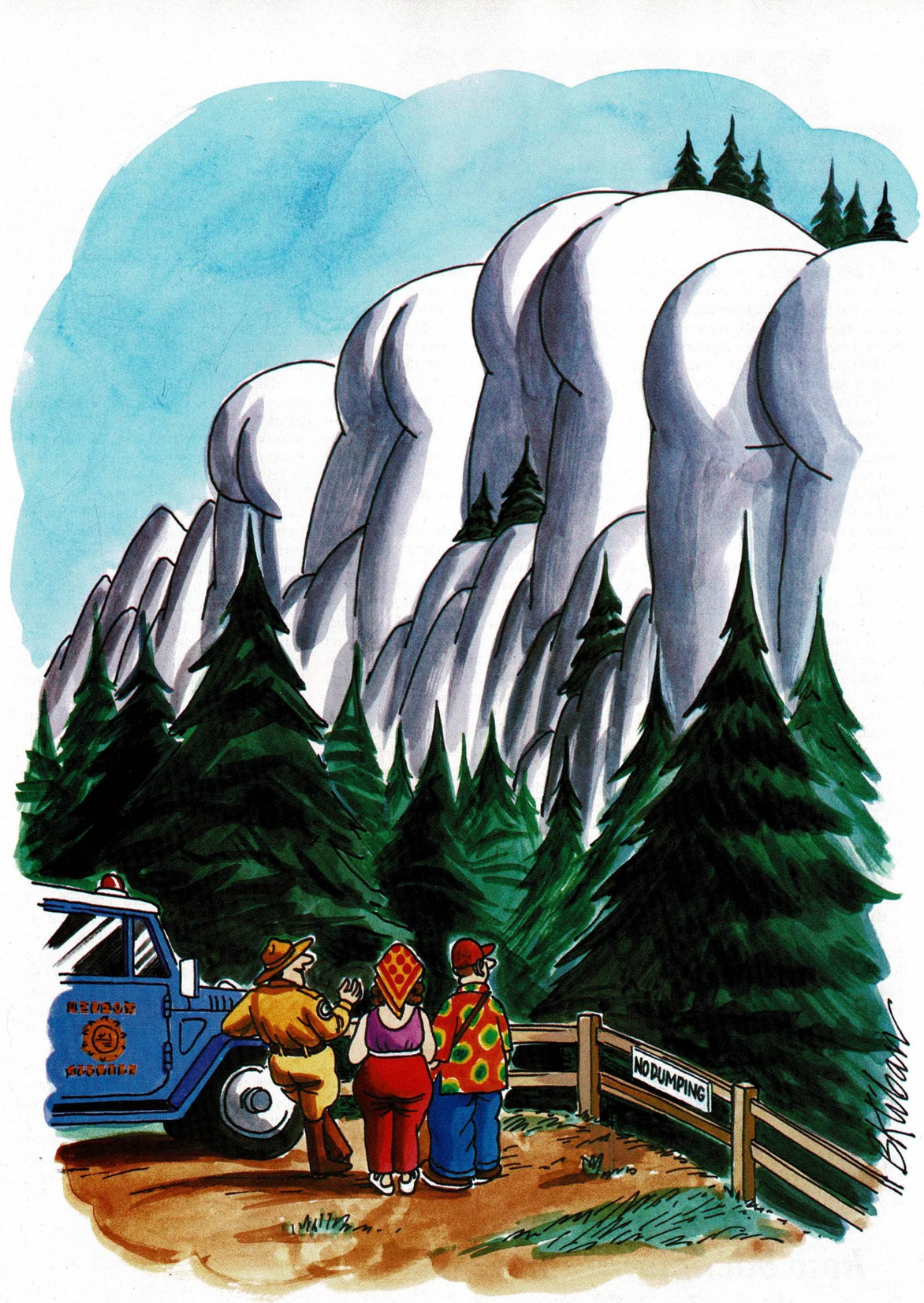


"Actually, not too many people get to see this side of the mountain."

BEATING THE BOARD

how backgammon's champ knocks off the odds

article by p.d. jack

IN A BACK corner of a Kings Cross nightclub, one of Sydney's soon-to-be (they hope) top bands is blasting out megarock, and in another the shake-rattle-and-roll is being done to a different rhythm.

Oblivious to the noise assailing them, the players bend over the long skinny triangles of the backgammon board. The only noise they hear is the rattle of the dice and chuck-chuck of the penny-sized counters being moved over the brown baize.

They rarely talk: a grunt here, a "yes" there. At some of the tables, four or five men and women gather, swapping seats wordlessly, while someone scratches away at a score-card.

Occasionally a player will stand up, reach into his pockets for a wad of twenties, and peel a few off. Sometimes a lot. Sometimes quite a lot.

"You can drift along half the night for 10 and 20-dollar games, maybe 80 a point, and then bang! I've had a game for $1280. Lost it too."

And he puts up the ante with a shrug.

James Dodd is thin, fair, and 24. He's been playing backgammon for almost two years. In June he won the J&B Australian Championship: 11 grand and a trip to Monte Carlo to try for a $100,000 first prize.

"I'm a better pool player," he says. "But there's not the money in pool that there is in backgammon. Backgammon is the game."

The kid from Sydney's suburban Coogee Bay has discovered Double Bay.

Backgammon became a fashionable game in the Seventies, and it is played for big stakes by the rich and idle. There is enough luck involved to encourage hope, and enough skill required to allow a better player to win more times than he loses.

"Some of the professionals say it's 20 percent luck, but I reckon it's more like 75," claims Jim.

Maybe. Certainly there's a bit of luck running when Jim takes over a game which already has been declared unwinnable and does a Lazarus. And a bit more luck when he does it again. But *again?*

One night at a Double Bay backgammon club, I saw him repeatedly win the game after an original player had thrown in his chips; and getting back quickly enough to be able to double the odds within a few moves. And these weren't mugs he was playing. One had won the J&B two years earlier.

It wasn't a big game. Ten dollars a point. In two hours he had 34 points. It was past midnight so he went home. Reckons he doesn't like to play when he's tired. Not bad for quarter of a night's work: $340 richer. And perhaps the same for Friday and Saturday nights, too.

"I don't count the odds — I sort of guess 'em. It's either a fair enough chance, or it's not. If the odds are there, I'll do it. If not, I'll leave it alone. I go wherever the odds are. When they're in my favor."

Perhaps somewhere deep within his fine-boned skull, a subconscious computer converts it all to mathematics — he was good at maths at school — but consciously he can't put numbers on the chances.

It's just that some things are obvious. You don't need a probability theory to work that out. James Dodd has honed his sensibility of the differences between good and bad chances. And it is inevitable that, man against man, the one who goes nearest the border line between good and bad risk, will, over time, beat he who strays across this line. Like skiing near cliffs: you've got to have your glasses on. But people who go near cliffs sometimes develop a cavalier attitude to heights: that's if they didn't have it already. And James Dodd, backgammon champion, is basically a gambler.

"I'll bet on anything. Horses, dogs, football, anything I reckon is a chance. We play tennis, golf for money. I even bet on me running a mile race once. You know, anything I win at backgammon usually goes at the track."

Born in Bondi, Jim was raised by his mother. His father, a businessman-plant-operator-carpet-salesman, lived in another city. When James was eight, his father bought him a small pool table. He is now one of the better players at ex-bookmaker Terry Page's Coogee Bay Hotel.

He reckons he's nigh unbeatable there. He knows that table upside down, and claims to even have beaten the reigning Australian snooker champion out of a dozen games on it.

"There's other guys there better'n me though," Jim continues. "The best was Skinny Jeff. But, well, he was into it, y'know, heroin. Killed him. But boy, he could really play — especially if he wanted to get it on. He was unbeatable then."

He admits that the people who play pool haven't got the bucks backgammon players have. You don't see any Rolls-Royces parked outside pool-rooms. But you do outside backgammon clubs.

Jim used to play the Sydney pub pool competition circuit. He could maybe win one a fortnight which meant $100 and perhaps a few side bets as well. And sometimes something from the euchre between shots. Not much — but it filled out the dole.

"You know they called me in for an interview. The lady said I should get a job — any job. Work in a factory, sandwich bar or something. But I don't want to do that. I know you don't get ahead working for somebody else. You've got to run your own race. And she's giving me all this lecture and advice, and I've just picked up $11,000 for the J&B!"

News of his win also reached other quarters: "There was this bookmaker I owed a heap to, betting on tick. I'd paid off about two-thirds. Well, that's a fair sort of thing — generally accepted as the going rate. I used to see him in the street, and he wouldn't say anything about it. That was years ago. Anyway there's this story about my win in the paper, and he was right on to me, threatening all kinds of things."

When you're hanging around pool tables, an interest in horse-racing becomes unavoidable. Especially in Sydney's Eastern Suburbs, dormitory to Royal Randwick. If there were no other punters or horse trainers in the rest of Australia they could still run Randwick races every Saturday.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Probably even if all of Australia, except the crowd at the Coogee Bay, were destroyed by an A-bomb, you could still mount a pretty fair meeting.

"You wouldn't know what anyone was talking about if you didn't take an interest in horses," comments Jim.

So by the time he was 21, James Dodd was able to provide himself with a fair enough living, winning at pool and losing on horses. He'd worked as a fireman, laborer, factory hand, even in an office. But he wasn't really all that better off, and cripes, why go through that routine when they're laying six to four on Kingston Town?

"You weren't there when Kingston Town won that day?" he quizzes. "I had him for six thousand, and practically everyone else in the stand had backed him. Johnson took him straight to lead and was two in front when they came to the turn. Then he took him four in front and the crowd was doing more than just cheering. Well, they'd all backed him. It was enormous!"

Real champions are, of course, as rare as diamond mines. And champions lose as well. Jim admits to being, well, behind overall.

"Now backgammon, that's different. I can bring home a stack. I'd have seven Ferraris if I didn't back horses."

It was about two years ago that a flatmate brought home a backgammon set. For the first month or so of playing, they didn't really know the rules. Jim found them out from a girlfriend. But he barely lost a step. He met some good players, and beat them. He met some rich players, and beat them. He went to a few clubs and beat some good, rich players.

"They're more aggressive than I am. They'll keep trying to hit you — knock you off the board. I like to minimise the risk, to play safe.

"And I've found in this tournament, playing with these professionals, I'm quicker to double than a lot of others. I come in a move or two before others would, and this puts them off.

"If I see I've got a good chance I'll double them — I confront them. This is a bit sooner than they would have thought. It puts them off. And I get the double points. It's the way you build the points."

Aside from the dice you roll to determine your next move, a backgammon set includes a point die, which is used to double the points the game is being played for. Thus a player confident of his position can offer to double the points being played for; the other player may very well be inclined to double them back. So instead of $10, they're playing for $40. Later on in the game, one player may double again, and maybe even again, so then it's $160. If the other player declines the offered double, he resigns. Obviously then, an aggressive bettor will, as long as he stays on the right side of the boundary between good and bad risk, more quickly amass high points than the timid bettor, even though they both have exactly the same luck with the dice.

"But gee, if it were chess, I wouldn't have a hope," shrugs Jim.

"In backgammon, chance is so important. It's not just knowing how to play, and strategy and that, but it's minimising your risk.

"And going for it when it's there," he adds.

"The good thing about this game," he explains as he retires from the board after only a few moves, "is you can drop when they're on top. But when you're up there, it's. . ." He wrestles an imaginary opponent to the carpet and kicks him.

Jim's a weedy sort of bloke. Played football at Scots College but there's been a lot of late nights and air-conditioned neon-lit rooms since then. His hair is thin and complexion pale. Other backgammon players are the same: they sport a pool-room tan.

He wears jeans and sneakers — Adidas, with the go-fast stripes. He stands with his heels just off the ground. He's toey, but controlled.

"I'm not expecting to win this thing at Monte Carlo. I'm still learning. I learned a lot in the J&B tournament; there's a lot of things about backgammon that I don't know. I've only been playing, what, two years? Y'know that's the game: there's enough luck involved for a bloke like me — a newcomer — to beat the professionals. I don't even know if I'll win any money at Monte Carlo. What I'm hoping is that there'll be a pool table there and I can pick up a bit of money that way."

He agrees that international competition may not be the best place to risk your life savings: "It's a holiday really. I've never been overseas and nor has mum. I got the chance to go to Monte Carlo — and well, it is the home of gambling isn't it — so I'm off. But I don't expect to win.

"We're going to go to Paris and that. It's a trip. Mum used to take out the garbage to get 10 shillings off the rent. She's me best friend, so I'm taking her. She's looked after me, so that's fair enough."

And what of the future? James Dodd, obviously, is not a fool. He's been to the races enough to know which side the money ends up on.

"I've got the contacts, and done a course in clerical work at City Tattersalls.

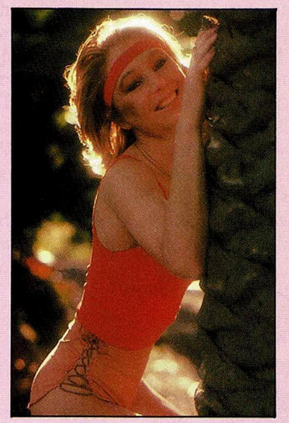
"I'm going to be a bookie."

"The right side of my brain says yes, but I'm waiting to hear from the left side!"

"I hope this isn't going to be typical of the whole day."

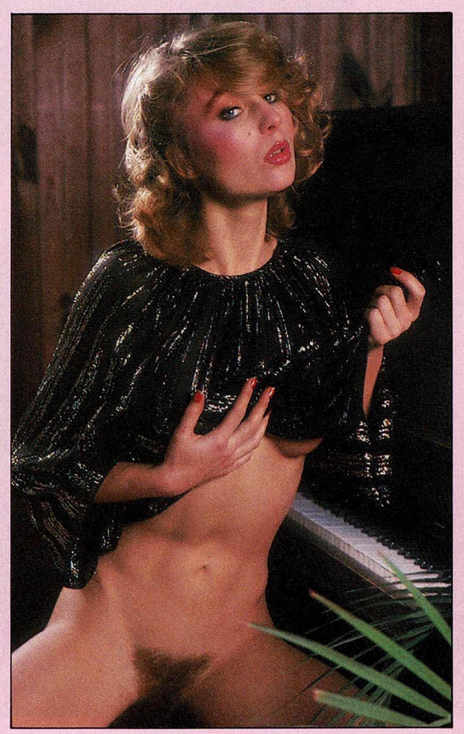
SOPHIE

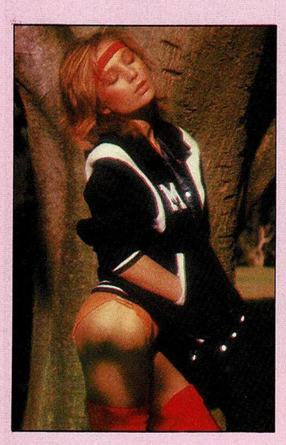
Sophie Canne of Sydney admits she is a very moody girl. "I suffer from high highs and low lows," says the blue-eyed beauty, "so the man in my life has to keep me on an even keel."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

The Playmate of the Month is also a night-owl. "I work part-time at a color lab and as a waitress," she says, "and by the time I finish work and relax for a while, it's around 5am before I get to bed. It's a good life, especially in summer, because I can spend all day at the beach."





Sophie wants to take a course in make-up for television and films, but she has no ambition to work on the other side of the cameras. "The bright lights don't attract me at all," says Sophie. "In some ways I'm a little reserved, shy maybe."

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Sophie Carre

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sophie Carne

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6½ WEIGHT: 51 SIGN: Taurus

BIRTH DATE: 19·6·60 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney

AMBITIONS: to be happy

TURN-ONS: Good food, sleep + sex, clothes relaxing

TURN-OFFS: obnoxious people, drunks, television, Jealousy, stubbornness.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The little Prince, War + Peace and almost everything in between.

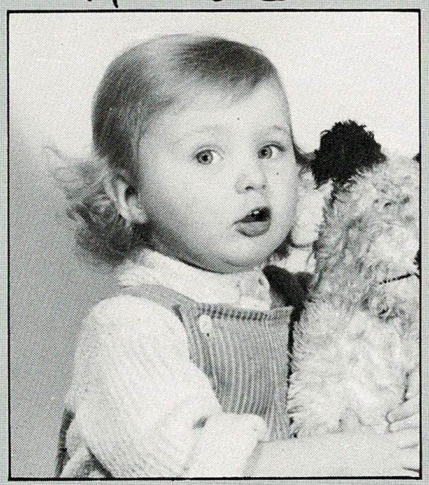
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Keith Strond, Allen Gilbert, Joni Mitchell, Greive, Bette Midler.

FAVORITE SPORTS: horse riding, windsurfing, rollerskating

IDEAL MAN: I'm very moody, so someone who can keep me on a pretty even keel.

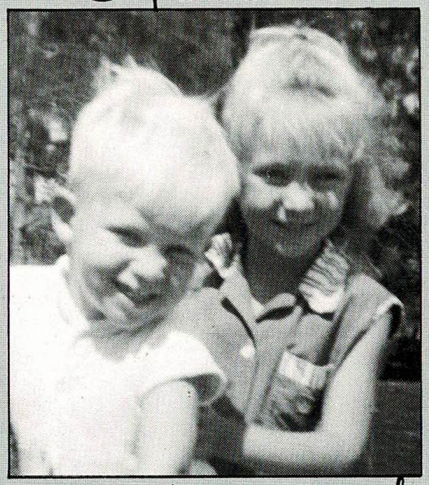
SECRET FANTASY: Sorry to disappoint — none come to mind.

2 years old



love my teddy bear

6 years old



clowning around with my brother

18 years old

little more than a paddlepop stick.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Brace yourself, Kevin," the doctor told the patient on whom he'd performed a horde of expensive tests. "You have approximately six months to live."

"But I don't have insurance, doc," replied Kevin, "and I can't skimp and save enough to pay you in that time!"

"All right, all right," soothed the medico. "Let's say nine months, then."

A *highway-patrol buff named Claire*
Once screwed half a troop on a dare;
And her parts grew so hot,
There was steam from her twat —
So they nicknamed her Smokey the Bare!

Perhaps you've heard about the gay pair who were arrested in a vice raid for riding a bisexual built for two.

Then there was the young man who took his pet duck to the movies but was stopped by the girl at the ticket counter.

"You can't take that duck inside," she warned him, so he went around the back of the building, put his beloved duck down the front of his pants, returned to buy a ticket and settled down to enjoy the show.

Unfortunately, the duck became so uncomfortable that the man was forced to unzip his pants and let his pet poke its head out.

The girl seated next to him nudged her boyfriend and shrieked, "Hey Joe, the guy next to me has his thing out."

"Well honey, he's probably enjoying the movie," Joe replied.

"Maybe," she gasped, "but it's eating my popcorn."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mincing voyeur* as a watch fop.

You're so unresponsive," exclaimed the frustrated husband, "that I wouldn't be surprised if you used cold cream between your legs!"

"And you," cackled his spouse, "must use vanishing cream between yours."

With the sun beginning to rise, the cabin of the aircraft was suddenly illuminated. "Who turned on the fucking lights?" a male passenger, who had been surly since boarding, snarled at a stewardess.

The girl had had enough of this particular character. "These are the breakfast lights, sir," she answered with forced sweetness. "The fucking lights are much dimmer, and you snored right through them."

Two old ladies were discussing the good old days and the dances they used to enjoy.

"Remember the Pride of Erin?" said one. "Oh yes, I remember the Pride of Erin," her friend replied.

They covered many more of the old-time dances until one of the ladies asked, "Remember the Minuet?" "What?" replied her slightly-deaf companion, "you expect me to remember the men I eat? I can't even remember the men I fucked!"

Would you like to hear my sexual philosophy?" the young man who believed in the direct approach suddenly asked his date.

"Well now . . . I don't know . . . I suppose so," the girl responded uncomfortably.

"It can be stated quite briefly," pursued Mr Candid, "in this fashion: Get It Up, Get It In, Get It Off and Get It Out. How does that strike you?"

"I'd classify it," said the girl, noticeably coolly, "as the Four-Get-It system."

A ship-wrecked man came across a beautiful wet-suited female who had been washed up on his desert island. After asking him how long since he'd had a smoke and a drink, she removed a pack of cigarettes and a liquor flask from her amply-filled suit.

"How long since you've played around?" she inquired, and proceeded to unzip her wet-suit.

"Don't tell me you've got a set of golf clubs down there!" he exclaimed.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

"I know the Grand High Warlock does his best, but there'll never be another New Faces."

SUMMER SEX

a consumer's guide compiled by
clyde strange and staff correspondents

YOU WANT to know what it's like to work for a glossy magazine? It's like this: right now it's seven degrees Celsius outside and raining cats and dogs. I'm sitting in my office with the air conditioner on hot heat and my skin shrivelling up and falling off me. It's 7.30am and still dark and in about five hours I have to go out on a boat and pretend it's summer so we can take some pictures for our special summer issue. You know, the

HAMAGAMI

RESORT REPORT

CLUB MED enjoys an enviable reputation for those kinds of swinging resort-style holidays where the action doesn't just take place on the volley-ball court. This outfit is the largest of its kind in the world with over 100 spectacularly-located resort "villages" peppering the globe.

The emphasis at all the Club Med properties is on relaxation within the framework of the many activities available at the village communities. Specialist instructors are on hand to teach you just about anything from skiing to scuba diving, and most instruction is free of charge. You can be as super-active or as slothful as you like: there's no pressure to jog or jazzercise, swim or sail. All that's really expected of you is to have a good time.

The holidays are all-inclusive which also means unlimited wine or beer with meals. The only extras are bar drinks, personal purchases and excursions. There's a $12 joining fee which is renewable on an annual basis for $6, and no tipping is expected.

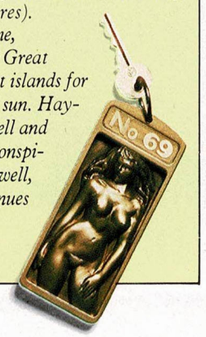
Here's our line-up of favorite Club Med properties in the Pacific:

Moorea, Tahiti: *Write your own chapter of* Tales of the South Pacific. *Idyllic location, little thatched bungalows nestling amid coconut palms and an atmosphere of casual camaraderie. One week from $979; two weeks from $1437 (including low season air fares).*

Cherating Beach, Malaysia: *Real Tarzan territory. The jungle at your back door and the shimmering sea out front. Accommodation in traditional Malay-style buildings crafted from local materials. One week from $960; two weeks from $1420 (including low season air fares).*

Noumea, New Caledonia: *Tropical transplant with ze French accent. The former Chateau Royal has been transformed into a sophisticated high-rise Club Med. Only minutes away from downtown Noumea. One week from $745; two weeks from $1215 (including low season air fares).*

And, closer to home, don't overlook the Great Barrier Reef resort islands for fun in the summer sun. Hayman, Great Keppell and South Molle are conspicuously alive and well, while Heron continues to attract divers doing it deeper.



feeling of summer, barbies on the beach, daylight saving and all that.

I don't want to depress you but last week I turned 31 and by the time you read this I'll be 31-and-a-half. Time marches on when you work on the glossies. The flags will have just gone up all over the country and you'll be off to the beach with Eskies full of beer regardless of the fact that the price of a tinnie escalated dramatically after the 1982 Federal Budget (which hasn't been announced as I write but there are some things in life you can depend on) and they're about to foreclose on all our mortgages and repossess our cars.

Never mind, children of the recession. At least it's warm where you are. At my end of the typewriter it's fucking miserable. But don't let me get you down. Soon Botham and his merry men will be here. Soon nothing much will matter but sun and sand and warmth and waves and those wonderful women of summer.

But, as the man used to say on television, where do you git 'em? Where? Anybloody-where. However, there are beaches and beaches, girls and girls. This guide, compiled by our layabout correspondents in NSW, Victoria and Queensland may help. Well, it can't hurt.

NEW SOUTH WALES

You can't go wrong in Sydney, unless you turn west at the GPO. Beaches to suit all tastes in women.

Harbor Beaches: Rich girls go jogging at Balmoral and Neilsen Park, and take all their clothes off at Reef Beach and Lady Jane. Beware of sharks and Muscle Beach Party types.

Northside: A veritable smorgasbord, ranging from topless, sarong-wearing former hippies at the Palm Beach end to nubile schoolgirls at the Manly end.

Southside: South Bondi on a good Sunday is an eye-popper, while that long stretch of sand from Wanda to Cronulla plays host to women of all persuasions.

Batemans Bay/Ulladulla: Four hours easy drive south of Sydney. The water can be a bit nippy but the women tend to be wild public service types who have driven across the barren plains from Canberra and developed voracious appetites for sunshine and sex.

Coffs Harbor: Fast becoming the Wollongong of the north, but its large population ensures a wide choice in the womanhood stakes.

VICTORIA

Melbourne boasts a selection of playgrounds by the sea peopled by a cornucopia of female flesh ranging from the mega-trendy mums of Toorak to the spunky surf chicks of the Phillip Island beaches.

Fairhaven: Check out sand dunes west of Aireys Inlet lighthouse: lots of cosy, secluded nooks.

Sorrento on the Bay: Playground for the Toorak and South Yarra rich bitch set. Located about 60 minutes from the city. Speedboats and water skiing.

Lorne: On the Great Ocean Road, two-hour drive past Geelong. Well-established resort area. The Pacific Hotel features live bands on summer evenings.

Kerford Road Beach, Albert Park, Port Phillip Bay: Ten minutes from city. Check out left-hand side of pier facing sea. Topless. Popular with advertising, modelling and showbiz set.

Phillip Island beaches: Headquarters of surfing coterie. Spunky chicks abound.

Torquay Beach: Well-established fun-in-the-sun spot. Nymphet daughters of families with holiday homes.

QUEENSLAND

The Sunshine State has it all. Meter maids, mermaids and nymphets waiting to be made.

Surfers Paradise: Holidaying secretaries, nurses and determined Jewish widows. Beware of vacant three-metre beach towels alongside your mark: these usually denote holidaying three-metre footballers.

Noosa: *Vogue* cover models (expensive); zonked hippies (indifferent) and soap opera semi-celebrities. Atmosphere of contrived elegance.

Airlie Beach/Shute Harbor: Globe-trotting loafers, teachers, models, waitresses and rich women on the make. If you haven't a yacht, you haven't a hope.

Cairns: More globe-trotters, teenage runaways, alternative lifestylers, shop assistants and game-fishing groupies. A prevailing mood of casual hedonism.

Thursday Island: Nurses, public servants, Islanders with giant boyfriends and assorted travellers. A wonderfully informal atmosphere. Island girls greet strangers with a business-like public goosing known as the Thursday Island Handshake.

GETTING IT OFF

Here are the bare facts on total tanning around our major capitals:

Sydney: There are two legal nude beaches — Reef Beach (Balgowlah Heights, north side of Dobroyd Head) and Lady Jane (between Camp Cove and South Head) — plus a bevy of others where getting it off is unofficially permitted. Try Obelisk Bay (Middle Head, south of Balmoral); northern end of Balmoral Beach; Eena (eastern side of Port Hacking); south end of Bungan (between Mona Vale and Bilgola) and Thompson Bay (north of Coogee Beach).

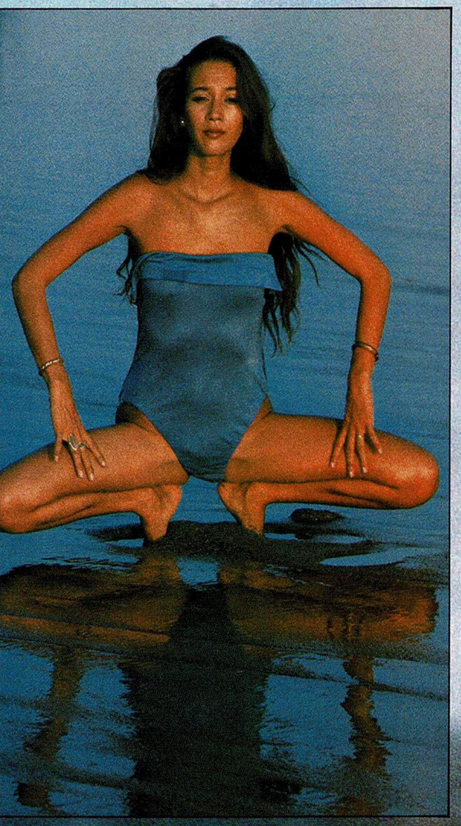
Melbourne: Three nude playgrounds south of the border: Point Impossible (east of Torquay); Somers (near Western Court Bay) and Redbluff (Black Rock area).

Brisbane: Most of the Queensland coast throbs with exposed flesh. Bare, tits to toes, at Granite Bay and Alexandra Bay (Noosa National Park).

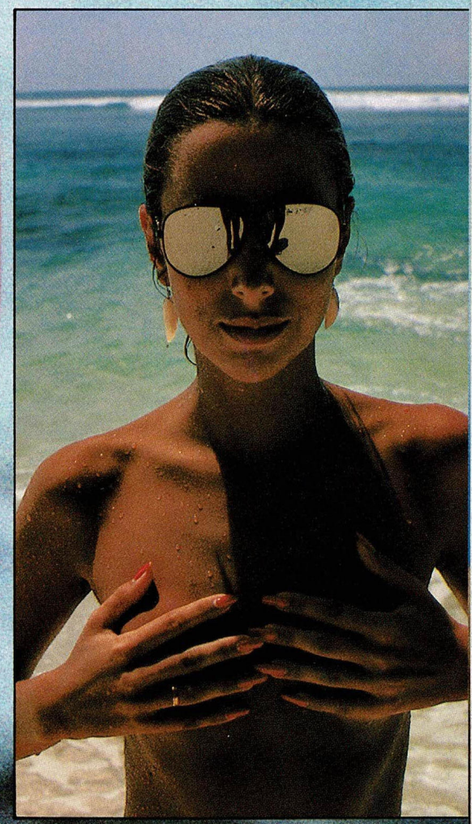
Adelaide: Maslins Beach is the solo spot for nude bathing.

12 GOLDEN GREATS

Summer time, an' the living was easy. Too easy, in fact. So we sent our photographers on a roving assignment. Go to where it's warm, we said. Uncover the early tans. Bring back summer lovelies. And they did.



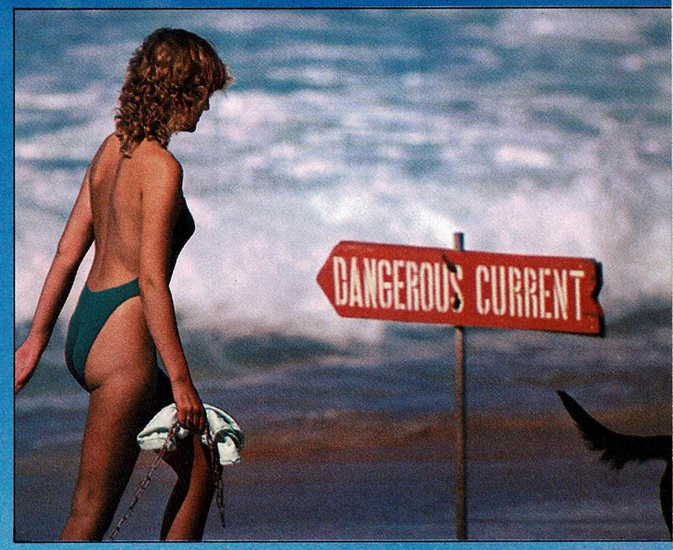
The girls of summer are like a tonic — just looking at them is invigorating. The sight of a perfectly tanned torso is a mental postcard to file away for the rest of the year.



PHOTOS BY PETER CRAWFORD, JEFF HORNBAKER, ALLAN MOULT, ROBBI NEWMAN, BRIAN REID, PETER SIMONS

LIFEGUARD
ONLY

Summer girls are living proof that the female form looks best under sunlight. See how it accentuates the curve of a great arse or shows off those awesome breasts in perfect fashion.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

PLAYBOY'S WIDE WORLD OF Beer

a drinking man's guide to brews from abroad

NOTHING COMES close to beer as the greatest heat-beatin' beverage of them all. When the mercury hits the mid-thirties you can almost sense the nation's mind making the communal lurch towards the sight and taste of an ice-cold beer.

This summer, as the palate poises for the new-season frolic in the liquid amber, the taste buds might do a double-take at the appearance of a few foreign bodies floating in the froth. No cause for alarm. Those migrant types represent an impressively expanding array of beers jostling for shoulder room on the shelves of the local grog shop.

Adjusting the palate can be a painful experience but PLAYBOY's pioneering nature got the better of our innate Aussie conservatism; so we lined up 18 samples of widely-attainable foreign beers and went in search of a tasting team.

We plucked two names from a barrel and came up with a Mr Ian Chappell (whose application stated he had sampled many strange beers in his capacity as a cricket ambassador) and a Mr Mike Gibson (who said during his sporting journalist's career he had sampled similar brews while in pursuit of the likes of Mr Chappell). By coincidence the pair knew each other well from their front line association on the Nine Network's *Wide World of Sport*.

"Welcome to the Wide World of Beers," said the PLAYBOY editor and proceeded to point the tasting team in the direction of the tasting room. It also happened to be the stateroom of a 42-foot cruiser, which might sound a trifle pretentious for a beer-a-thon but was really a subtle ploy to lure Messrs Gibson and Chappell far from shore and the influences (and biases) of their mates. A

article by neil jameson

secondary bait was offered in the shape of an impressive seafood spread notable for its king prawns of flathead proportions. Really, it was simply a magnification of the average blokes who throw an Esky full of tins and three pounds of prawns in the runabout and escape on the bay for a day.

There are several important differences between draught (or tap) and canned (or bottled) beer. The former is what you drink in the pub and it is consumed in the spirit of serious drinking. It's not meant to be mixed with a game of Space Invaders or watching the telly. It's purely for the pleasure of drinking. Now, bottles and cans offer portability — grog to go — and that means you can mix it with a broad range of social activities. . .like fishing, barbecues, sex or a day out at the cricket. We chose an enclosed-water cruise and a full-scale assault on a giant seafood platter as the two social activities we would like to mix with a day's drinking. You should try it yourself; it's *terrific!*

Mixing beers can be a real challenge because of the prospect of surprise with every gulp. If beer (like wine) has personality, sampling foreign froth can be a way of making friends or adding to your list of enemies. It can also be very dangerous. One wandering band of Aussies put their car and machismo into gear at Land's End and declared opening time on a grand pub crawl of England, Scotland and Wales. The ground rules were that they would drink nothing but the local, most popular drop in every pub they visited. In drinking folklore such an odyssey is akin to Scott's march on the South Pole or Hillary's conquest of Everest. The hangovers must have been horrendous.

The PLAYBOY team wasn't briefed to test the frontiers of drinking endurance. We settled on three samples of each of the 18 beer types. That meant one each to sample and one for future reference. The difference between beer and wine tasters is that the practised beer man requires more than a mouthful to form an opinion. Sometimes it takes three or four gulps, but when it comes to splitting straws, a whole can is barely enough. The risk is that judgement can become a trifle blurred at the end of an intensive tasting session, and for this reason, we instructed Mike and Ian to sample beers at random. They are listed in alphabetical order below but the accompanying chart portrays the order of merit. Just like beer's *New Faces.*

Budweiser

It's no fluke that some of the world's greatest beer-makers are of Germanic extraction. They've always been revered as makers of great lagers and the tradition has travelled. Bud is dubbed (by its makers) as the "King of Beers" and is a byword in the US market.

Brewed by the giant Anheuser-Busch group at any one of its 11 plants, Bud lager makes it on patriotic packing, with its traditional red, white and blue can. Not as popular in Australia as Fosters is in the States, Bud still has a good pull on expatriate Americans and converts.

IAN: I quite enjoy American canned beer. It's less gassy than the Australian product. When I first went to the States, I drank Budweiser and enjoyed it. When I go back to America I'll still be drinking it. A good drop — I rate it an eight.

MIKE: I'm not as rapt in it as Ian because I think the Yanks make one or two better beers than Bud. Americans adopt a more social attitude to their drinking and their beers aren't as heavy as ours. You can stand around and drink them all day. That appeals to me. Seven.

Cardinal Special

Straight from Switzerland for all those who can yodel and drink at the same time. Like many international brews, the can offers an English translation. For the non-linguistic, "hell," "blonde" and "chiara" says nothing about the contents save that it's a light ale.

Brewed by Cardinal Fribourg, who could be a wayward monk but is really a large brewer, Cardinal Special traces its history back 200 years.

IAN: I usually enjoy European beers but I wouldn't put this one high on my list. It's got traces of that distinctive European taste

"If I want to eat caramel, I buy a Caramello. If I want to drink beer, I don't drink Newcastle Brown."

but it certainly lacks the quality of the finer makes. A borderline effort — five.

MIKE: I'd rate it higher than that. To start with, I see the brewery was founded in 1788, the same year as Arthur Phillip landed. That gives it an automatic Australian association. Seriously, it's not a bad drop at all. Seven.

Carlsberg

The Danish makers bill it as "beer deluxe", and they're serious. Carlsberg is brewed and bottled by the Carlsberg Brewery at Copenhagen and the label suggests that if you're ever invited to a piss-up by the Swedish or Danish royal families, Carlsberg is what they'll be serving.

The gold label and slim brown-green bottle hint at refinement and it is chic to swill it out of the bottle or serve it in those distinctive slim-line glasses. You'll find it at any class hotel, decent bottle shop or international airline.

IAN: When I first went to England in '63, the lager wasn't cold enough so I drank bitter and mild. The lager was colder in '68 and although I drank a lot of draught, I still had plenty of the European product in bottles and cans. Carlsberg was, and still is, one of the best. Eight.

MIKE: I was in the UK during the early Sixties and found I couldn't drink the Pommie beer. I drank the European lagers which were a bit more expensive but a whole lot more palatable. Carlsberg was one of my favorites. Worth a seven.

Dortmunder Union

This brew might be one of the better examples of the German brewer's art. Not yet as popular in Australia as throughout some European countries, Dortmunder's famous squat, brown bottle with tinselled cap is destined to become a familiar sight in Aussie liquor outlets. It is distinctly different from the Bavarian beers yet it is a taste that travels well.

IAN: Ah, that typical European taste. Bitter with a bite. That might sound strange coming from an Adelaide boy because most South Australian beers are sweeter. But I enjoy the Dortmunder flavor. It sits well. Seven-and-a-half.

MIKE: Have you seen the Dortmunder Union six-pack? Now, that's my idea of what to take to a party if you don't want to look like an *oik*. Great packaging for a great beer. It's worth an eight.

Harp Lager

Any Irish export, save for the magical Guinness, is liable to be the target for twisted humor. Many globe-trotting lager lovers will have tried Harp from the tap and found it a passable potion. The cynical might say that the Irish would do better if they confined their attention to stout.

The canned Harp lager widely available in Australia is "specially brewed for export, ships and aircraft", which is one way of saying that it is intended to please all, but runs the risk of satisfying none. It is brewed by the Harp Lager Brewery at Dundalk, Ireland, and is packed in a blue (not green) can.

IAN: I've had a bit of draught Harp lager and didn't mind it too much, but I'm not impressed with this at all. It's like drinking water. Give it a two.

MIKE: This might have been a fair drop back in the Sixties, before color TV. I think the average bloke who enjoys a beer would want something better nowadays. There are beer types the Irish do better than lager, but if you lump Ireland and the UK together it must be said the Irish go closer than the rest to making a decent lager. Six.

Heineken

Arguably the greatest traveller of them all, and certainly the best known, Heineken started picking up awards soon after its appearance in 1873.

Brewed and canned by Heineken Brouwerijen B.V. in Amsterdam, it has a reputation that defies gimmick packaging. Suited for all climates but best served cold, Heineken is a fine table lager. It's still up-market enough for pool or canal-side parties but not too pretentious to take to the cricket or footy.

IAN: It's just a matter of deciding what runs second to this. When the Australian team stayed at the Waldorf in London, we used to drink at a bier keller nearby. I was into the Lowenbrau served in the one-litre steins. But that was before I discovered Heineken. I'd have no worries about rating it as the best canned beer I've tasted. It deserves a nine.

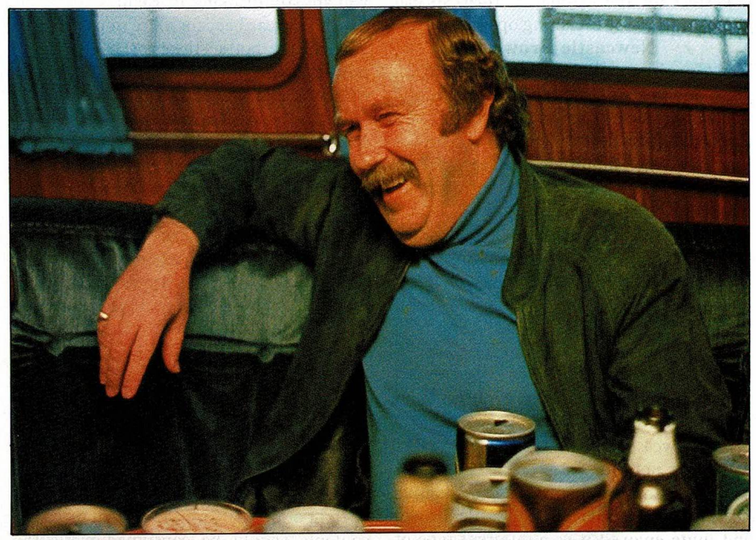
MIKE: I talked the boss at Mosman Rowing Club into stocking Heineken, primarily because I loved the stuff. He came back and complained because he couldn't get anyone else to drink it at first. Now, they're all drinking it. I can't imagine any lager lover not putting Heineken at the top of his list. I've tasted beers from just about everywhere, but few come close to this. Maximum points — 10.

Keo

Keo is a pilsener made in Cyprus and despite its apparent obscurity, it sells surprisingly well in Australia's larger cities. There is a maxim that says the further south you go in Europe, the worse the beer gets, but Keo is not as vicious as some of the brews of the Mediterranean. It's brewed by Keo Limited of Cyprus and comes in an unpretentious khaki-colored can.

IAN: Having tasted and enjoyed a few European pilseners, I must say this is not among the best. It usually takes a bit of adjustment to appreciate the switch from lager and you might find that the more you drink, the better it tastes. I rate it a five.

MIKE: That sounds like the old yarn about the best part being in the bottom half-inch



"I like a beer to have balls and the best way of evaluating that is by the quality of the burp it produces."

of the can. I don't have to drink that much to know the old Keo's got very little going for it. One.

Knickerbocker

The makers, Ruppert of Philadelphia and Cleveland, call it Knickerbocker Natural and it's one of the more popular US beers. The anaemic, no frills packaging put it about as down-market as you would want to go. Its popularity has more to do with availability than quality.

MIKE: I give it one — because it's wet.

IAN: Two.

MIKE: Ah, I see — because it's cold *and* wet!

Lion

Mention of this South African lager might prompt a stream of Tony Greig gibes but anyone who has been to the Cape is bound to have opinions on its quality. There are 14 different can types, each depicting a South African wildlife scene, so don't make the mistake of assuming the giraffe's is any different to the rhino's.

Lion is brewed by Ohlsson's Breweries Ltd of Newlands, Cape, South Africa and can be found in most countries still trading with South Africa.

IAN: Lion is not unlike many Aussie beers. I tried it when I first went to South Africa but we must have bought it from Pommie publicans because it was never cold enough. When I went back, they'd either got better fridges or learned how to make the beer colder, so I drank a bit more Lion. I wouldn't call it a favorite of mine but it's worth a six.

MIKE: It's not a favorite of mine, either. Perhaps the animal pictured on the can is the best guide to the contents. There are many beers better than this. Four.

Magnum Ale

Molson's is probably the best known of Canadian beers but Magnum is almost as widely available in Australia. It's brewed by Carling O'Keefe Breweries in Toronto and comes in a gold can with blue and white trim.

The intrigue of Canadian beers is whether they are American clones or whether they embody the French-European influences.

IAN: Very much like a US beer but there is a definite European trace. It's got elements of what I enjoy about American and European beers but it seems to be neither one nor the other. Quite passable. Six-and-a-half.

MIKE: Very drinkable. It's not the sort of beer you might go looking for at your neighborhood bottle shop but it will surprise a few people who might not rate Canadian beers. Not a bad drop, at all. Seven.

Michelob

Aussies who spend time in the States claim Michelob as one of the more appealing US brews. It is made by Anheuser-Busch which puts it in the same stable as Budweiser. The makers would be the first to say the two are very different beers with Michelob's lighter appeal and distinctive gold packaging aimed a little more up-market than Bud.

IAN: I prefer Bud when I'm in the States, but Michelob is just as enjoyable for different reasons. It's not too gassy and for that reason it's the kind of beer you could keep drinking. Eight.

MIKE: I like the American idea of those beach parties where they cook up crabs and seafood and keep the food and beer coming all day. I drank Michelob at one of those parties. Started in the morning and was still going strong after sunset. It's one of those beers. Very civilised, take it anywhere and it's one the girls would be happy about drinking.

Perfect for the up-market turn, special occasion or Larry Pickering opening. Nine.

Newcastle Brown

The Geordies might label it an elixir of the gods but to its detractors this ale is aptly named for the destruction it might wreak on that hardest-to-destroy animal, the brown dog. To the uninitiated a session on Newcastle Brown can be the ultimate masochistic trip.

In the bottle it looks like lifeless black tea and a Geordie will tell anybody it's really brewed from the sludge of the River Tyne. Newcastle Brown is made by Scottish and Newcastle Breweries Ltd and is tellingly packaged in a bog-brown can.

IAN: They say it tastes a bit like caramel and they're right. If I want to eat caramel, I buy a Caramello. If I want to drink beer, I don't drink Newcastle Brown. Two.

MIKE: It's not the sort of beer to be served cold and it should be judged as a distinctive beer. I've had draught Newcastle Brown and quite enjoyed it as a different type of ale. I didn't think it would travel well in a can, but it has. Here's a surprise: eight.

IAN: Good grief!

San Miguel

Found in almost any port where Spanish is the spoken tongue and most others where it isn't. The most popular San Miguel served in Australia is The Philippines' product and they've a right to be happy for their efforts.

It comes in a chunky, brown bottle and in restaurants it goes down well with spicy Asian food. Outdoors, it's chic to swig straight from the bottle or admire its color and life through a long, clear glass.

IAN: San Mig must be one of the great exceptions to the rule that the Europeans make the best beer. I've had plenty of it in Asia and while travelling. Definitely one of my favorites. It's the sort of beer you'll have before a meal and find at the end of the night you are still drinking it. Eight.

MIKE: A great beer for all reasons. It looks good in the bottle, the taste is one of the most pleasant of all and it is the right beer for any social activity. I rate it a nine.

Sapporo

It could be said that as beer makers, the Japanese produce a good drop of sake. Sapporo is not as well known as Suntory, but like the more popular product it reflects the Japanese trait of attempting to reproduce Western products. It is a lager brewed by the Sapporo Breweries in Tokyo and is most popular in its blue aluminium can.

IAN: This doesn't cut it for me. It has no distinctive flavor and is one beer I could very quickly forget. No thanks. Four.

MIKE: Ah, the Japanese — forever the great imitators. They haven't done a very good job imitating the world's best lagers but this is not *too* bad. I see the can can be read upright or upside down. Does that mean the contents should be consumed while the drinker is in a horizontal position? Worth a pass. Six.

Stella Artois

Belgium's popular brew was relatively unknown outside Europe until the early Seventies when the international boom in lager sales gave the Continental brewers export impetus.

The brewing name was supposedly founded in 1366, but Aussies who first discovered its appeal might have been just as captivated by the British marketing ploy of a bouncing blonde fronting the catchline: "Stella's for the fellas who love their lager." Stella Artois is brewed and canned at Leuven, Belgium.

IAN: It's usually the rule that each European country makes at least one fine lager. It appears that Stella is Belgium's contribution. Eight.

MIKE: I like a beer to have balls and the best way of evaluating that is by the quality of burp it produces. Stella does not have a strong burp rating. I make it six.

Tennent's Lager

There are many things the Scots are noted for but the manufacture of lager is not among them. The Tennent Caledonian Breweries have been making beer for more than 400 years but this special export brew would not rate among their more prized products. It is exceedingly popular with Australian-based Brits but it is a mystery why they might prefer the lager when Tennent's reputation has been built on other lines.

IAN: This is like many of the English-type lagers I've tasted. It is too thick for me — not mild at all. Four.

MIKE: One thing the Scots do *not* do well is make lagers. This is not typical of their brewing industry so perhaps we are not judging them on their merits. Two.

Tuborg

Like Carlsberg, Tuborg comes in a brown-green bottle with gold labels and is brewed in Copenhagen. Tuborg is a great traveller and rates among the princes of European beer. Like its rivals, it is on the grog list of a couple of European royal courts and its broad appeal means the boulevard cowboys are just as happy to be seen drinking it straight from the tinsel-necked bottle.

IAN: This rates right up there among the better European beers. I've been in a few places where they've had a number of European beers to choose from, and I've usually gone for something else. But I enjoy it. Seven-and-a-half.

MIKE: For quality it is very close to Carlsberg in many ways. Not truly exceptional by some standards and possibly over-rated in different circles. But it comes with a bit of style, looks fine for any occasion and the taste is very appealing. Seven.

Watneys Export Lager

It says on the can that Watneys Export Lager is not for re-sale in the UK. There are obvious marketing reasons for that but it cannot be denied that lager manufacture is not the British brewer's strong point.

Made by Watney Mann in London, the export lager is something you just might be trapped with on a British Caledonian flight to the Algarve. Ask for the wine list.

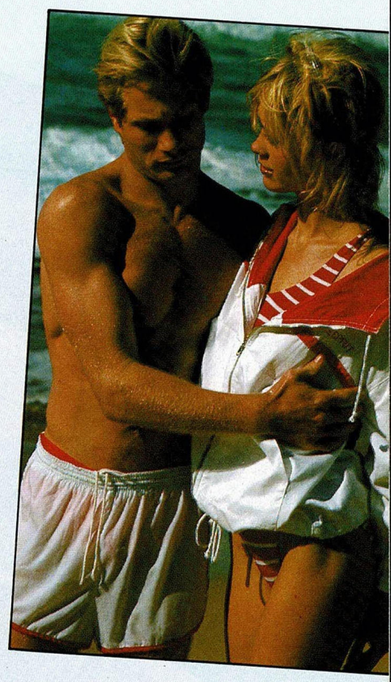
IAN: This is one can I definitely won't be able to finish. Two.

MIKE: I can see why they export it. One.

Boat courtesy of Clipper's Anchorage, Akuna Bay. Seafood courtesy Akuna Bay Seafood restaurant.

HOW THEY RATED

	IAN	MIKE	TOTAL
HEINEKEN LAGER (Holland)	9	10	19
MICHELOB (US)	8	9	17
SAN MIGUEL (Philippines)	8	9	17
DORTMUNDER UNION (Germany)	7.5	8	15.5
BUDWEISER (US)	8	7	15
CARLSBERG (Denmark)	8	7	15
TUBORG (Denmark)	7.5	7	14.5
STELLA ARTOIS (Belgium)	8	6	14
MAGNUM ALE (Canada)	6.5	7	13.5
CARDINAL (Switzerland)	5	7	12
LION LAGER (South Africa)	6	4	10
NEWCASTLE BROWN (England)	2	8	10
SAPPORO (Japan)	4	6	10
HARP LAGER (Ireland)	2	6	8
KEO (Cyprus)	5	1	6
TENNENT'S LAGER (Scotland)	4	2	6
KNICKERBOCKER (US)	2	1	3
WATNEYS EXPORT LAGER (England)	2	1	3



Left: His red lycra costume, $15, by Speedo. Her red and white striped cotton leotard, $34, by Esprit. Above: His white cotton shorts, $25, by Esprit. Her red and white striped bikini, $40, and white cotton jacket, $60, by Esprit. Available from major stores and selected boutiques.

Far left: His striped cotton T-shirt, $25, and grey cotton shorts, $38, by Plot. Her pink lycra one-piece, $23, by Speedo. Left: His grey and white striped cotton top, $50, and white shorts, $50, by ACC. Grey leather shoes by Najee, from Najee, Sydney. Her white cotton playsuit, $56, by Esprit.

THE BOMB

(continued from page 44)

The subterranean capsule that contains the two missile officers is little better than a prison cell.

contingency plan to detonate a nuclear bomb somewhere in Europe as a warning.

US officials pressed a project of deploying more than 500 new Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe, and Europeans responded by starting a wave of protest demonstrations. When a resumption of arms-control talks was finally announced this summer, much of the world reached a state of acute anxiety.

For some, the anxiety was not new. The prestigious *Bulletin Of The Atomic Scientists*, which had expressed its concern over the years by publishing on the cover of each issue a clock with the hands nearing the midnight of doomsday, moved those hands forward at the beginning of 1980 from nine minutes to seven minutes before midnight. In January 1981, it moved them forward again to four minutes to midnight. "Both sides wilfully delude themselves that a nuclear war can remain limited or even be won," it said. "In 1980, both sides officially declared nuclear war 'thinkable.' "

I saw blue phosphorescent flames rising from the dead bodies — and there were plenty of them. These were quite different from the orange flames coming from the burning buildings. . .These blue phosphorescent flames are what we Japanese look upon as spirits rising from dead bodies — in former days, we called them fireballs. And yet, at that time, I had no sense of fear, not a bit, but merely thought, Those dead bodies are still burning. — A NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER IN HIROSHIMA

Would it now be possible to see an actual missile? The much-discussed and much-feared thing itself? What does a nuclear-armed Minuteman Three, ready for launching, really look like?

The US Air Force would like to oblige. It welcomes the inquiring visitor to the Minot Air Force Base, in Minot, North Dakota, and offers to demonstrate all its capabilities. Minot has a large new hospital and a base library with 30,000 books and a nine-hole golf course. The actual missiles, unfortunately, cannot be seen. Each of them is hidden away in an underground silo that is 90 feet deep, and each silo is plugged with a concrete "door" that weighs 110 tons. Only about once a year, says the Air Force spokesman, is the door opened by a compressed-air pump, so that maintenance men can check whether or not the missile is still in working order. The snows are heavy in North Dakota, and sometimes water seeps into the silos.

For inquiring visitors, however, the Air Force has built a Potemkin missile inside a Potemkin silo. It looks exactly like a real Minuteman Three — color photographs of it appear occasionally in national magazines — but it is harmless. It is an optical illusion, a trompe l'oeil. But come and look. Underneath the concrete door, propped open now on a large ratchet bar, is a second stopper known as a B plug. It weighs seven tons and it takes 30 minutes to open — long enough, according to Air Force calculations, for the Air Police to catch any saboteurs or terrorists who might try to open it. The Air Force is acutely sensitive to the idea of saboteurs interfering with its plans, and there is talk of electronic sensors and savage guard dogs, though no one can recall an actual sabotage attempt.

The tip of the missile, which has no warhead, has a silvery sheath. The bottom section, 60 feet below, is made of concrete and is painted apple green. Steel scaffolding encircles the missile, and teams of electricians labor over its wiring with screwdrivers, shining their lights into the innards of the vehicle, occasionally calling out instructions to one another. The gigantic missile is a strange and impressive object, but it does not arouse any emotion. It is there only to be looked at. It cannot fly. It cannot kill. Would it then be possible to see, if not a real missile, a real missile man? One of those legendary officers who sit in an underground command post, eternally waiting for the message that will order them to insert the key in the lock and send the missiles on their way?

Ever obliging, the Air Force provides a helicopter to carry a visitor across the flat, bare brown fields of North Dakota. It is fertile land, scarred by the marks of the harrow, but in May, there are still patches of snow under the trees, and greenish puddles reflect the sky that bears one northward toward Manitoba. About 40 miles north of Minot, the helicopter reaches a little encampment designated as Oscar One. A high chain-link fence surrounds a plain one-story wooden building painted in the familiar apple green. Nearby stands a garage with a basketball hoop screwed into its side. There is no other building in any direction as far as the horizon. The 91st Strategic Missile Wing has 15 such units scattered over 8000 square miles of farmland. (Each Launch Command Facility [LCF] controls 10 missile silos from three to seven miles away. Each LCF and its 10 missiles form a flight; five flights make a squadron, three squadrons a wing.) Inside Oscar One, there is a lounge with a pool table on one side and a few small pots of philodendron in the window. "The boys do what they can to make these places look different," says the colonel who is guiding the tour.

Has anyone ever gone mad here? The colonel smiles and shakes his head. (How many times has the question been asked?) All precautions have been taken. The missile men have been tested again and again, questioned, examined, reassessed and reassured. Once here, says the colonel, anyone who develops a "personal problem" is immediately transferred. Anyone who wants to leave the missile program for any reason whatever is not only permitted but requested to do so. There is no Catch-22 here in Minot.

So strong is the Air Force's image of efficiency that one expects the subterranean command post to resemble a gleaming Martian headquarters in a science fiction movie. But it is almost reassuringly decrepit. It resembles not a Martian headquarters so much as the basement of some elementary school that one attended long ago, a place where the janitor kept old rags and half-empty cans of paint behind the asbestos-covered heating pipes. The elevator that creaks slowly downward to the command module has the scissored gates of an antique freight elevator in an abandoned warehouse. At the bottom of the shaft, a sergeant gives a heave and an enormous eight-ton blast door grudgingly swings open.

The subterranean capsule that contains the two missile officers is little better than a prison cell. One enters past a toilet, unscreened by any wall, and a cot with a khaki blanket. Here, about eight times a month, the two men must serve a 24-hour shift, each man taking a turn on the cot while the other maintains the vigil. They usually cannot sleep more than four or five hours a night, but they can read or watch television. They can even study for an MBA degree under a program specially worked out for them by the University of North Dakota. Their two red easy chairs, from which the men must simultaneously insert their keys into the locks that control the missiles, stand exactly 12 feet apart, because the Air Force has determined that no demented or traitorous missile officer, having overpowered his partner, could dash the 12 feet from one chair to the other within the two seconds that the Air Force seems to have thought of everything. But the red chairs are rather worn and shabby, and each one is missing an arm.

The two officers, a captain and a lieutenant, are of average size, though perhaps a little heavy, as uniformed men in confined spaces tend to be. They both wear around the neck a kind of orange foulard scarf, designed as a gallant emblem of *esprit de corps,* but the foulards are pre-tied, like a waiter's bow tie and dickey. Both officers look about 25 years old. One forgets that wars are fought by one's children.

This is undoubtedly not the first time the captain has received official visitors. Poised and articulate, he recites the drill, the series of steps he will take as soon as he receives an order to launch his 10 missiles. First, the order must be elaborately corroborated and confirmed. "We format it," he says. The message must come by several different systems — by telephone, by computer print-out, by high-frequency and low-frequency radio. There must be a "launch vote" — corroboration by another missile team.

"Then what?" a visitor asks as the captain pauses.

"Then we would perform our function."

If any part of the countdown violates any of the myriad regulations, the missile is not fired: everything must go exactly according to plan. The plan leads inexorably toward one action: the insertion of the key.

"Where is the key right now?" the visitor asks.

"Over there, in that red box," the captain says.

The box has two padlocks. Each of the officers has one combination. The combinations are changed whenever a new shift comes on duty. The lock into which the key fits is sealed with blue and white tape.

One cannot resist asking, finally, the obvious question that has been asked again and again: what do they think they would think at the moment the launching order came? The captain is ready with his answer. The question has been part of his training from the start. Each new officer is made to sign a statement declaring that he knows what his task will be, that he knows what is involved, that he will push the button when ordered to do so. At the end of his training, he signs another statement declaring once again that he understands what he is to do and agrees to do it.

But has he actually tried to imagine what the moment of decision would be like?

"If you had a lot of time, you'd probably think about it; that's only human," the captain says, then pauses. "But we're trained not to think about it. There are lots of things that have to be done, and you concentrate on that. You're trying to do the job."

He turns to the lieutenant and asks him if he has anything to add.

"I assume that if the launch order were given, it would be a matter of national survival," the lieutenant says, "I'd have no qualms."

My daughter. . .had no burns and only minor external wounds, so I took her with me to my country house. She was quite all right for a while, but on the fourth of September, she suddenly became sick. . .She had spots all over her body. . .Her hair began to fall out. She vomited small clumps of blood many times. Finally, she began to bleed all over her mouth. And at times, her fever was very high. . .We didn't know what it was. I thought it was a kind of epidemic — something like cholera. So I told the rest of my family not

OUR NUCLEAR TARGETS

ON RUSSIA'S LIST of options of how to conduct a nuclear war against the West there is certainly a plan to strike at Australia. Entry to the Bunker Club of probable nuclear targets was achieved by Australia's willingness to accommodate sensitive US communications bases on the southern continent. Ironically, a succession of Federal Governments traded off Australia's "splendid isolation" for a place on the nuclear map in the belief that a strong US alliance would pose a formidable deterrent to any aggressor. The folly of such policy is evident: it has turned Russian missile attention toward Australia, making this country more vulnerable than ever. The absurdity of the commitment suggests we know so little about the US bases that Australia could be included in World War Three without ever knowing why.

North West Cape, in Western Australia, was described by the American magazine, *The Reporter,* in 1963 as "a priority target in any nuclear war". The US naval communication station is one of the most vital links in the US global defence system. It ranks with Jim Creek, Washington and Cutler, Maine as the largest and most powerful very low frequency (VLF) station in the US submarine communication system. Its principal task is to provide communication for the US Navy's nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarine fleet.

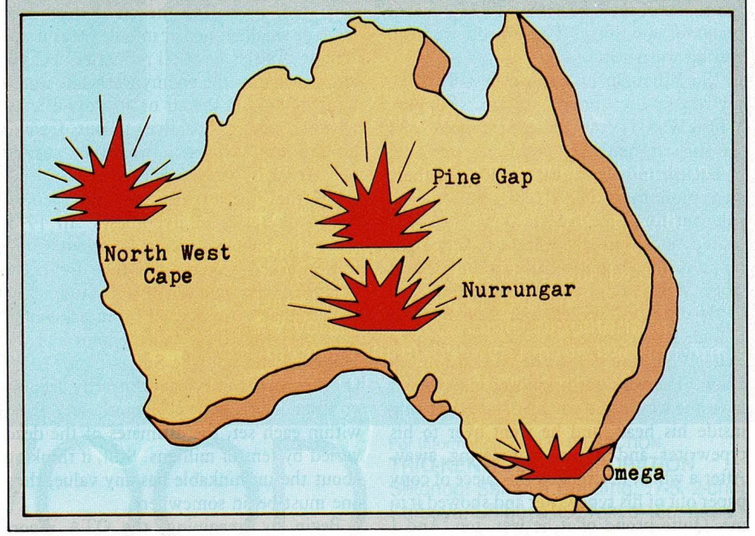
The secrecy which surrounds **Pine Gap** (near Alice Springs) and **Nurrungar** (500km north-west of Adelaide) accentuates their strategic importance. They function as defence satellite ground facilities and are part of the most sophisticated intelligence-gathering system ever devised. They monitor the early-warning satellites which are beamed to tell the West if the Bear has hit the button. They also keep tabs on CIA satellites sent into orbit for the specific purpose of peeking in other people's back yards. These photographic reconnaissance and electronic intelligence satellites can chart almost any on-ground military deployment or installation. This function reputedly was utilised to prepare intelligence reports for the bombing of Cambodia during the Vietnam War. The Pine Gap Base is presumed to be involved in the interception of Soviet military communications, and is currently undergoing a multi-million dollar upgrading to improve its tracking capabilities.

The recently-completed **Omega** navigation system at Darriman, East Gippsland (Victoria) provides a radio-navigation system for aircraft, ships and submarines. US authorities have denied its use as an adjunct to the ballistic missile submarine fleet, but as Omega is the only radio-navigation aid that can be used by a fully-submerged submarine at sea, the US claims must be treated with scepticism.

But would it be necessary for the Soviets to solve the problem with overkill? Would they adopt a nuke-to-neutralise attitude? Probably, yes. Anything less than a nuclear attack could not guarantee a first-strike success; and, let's face it, there may be no second chances in World War III. The sheer weight of their atomic missile arsenals gives both sides the means to destroy every potential target many times over. In short, Australia is considered fair game and Russia, at least, has the know-how, reason and resources to do something about it.

[Source: *A Suitable Piece of Real Estate — American Installations in Australia* (Hale and Iremonger), by Desmond Ball]

— NEIL JAMESON



to touch her and to disinfect all utensils and everything she used. . .Even the doctor didn't know what it was. . .After ten days of agony and torture, she died. . .I thought it was very cruel that my daughter, who had nothing to do with the war, had to be killed in this way.

— A MANUFACTURER IN HIROSHIMA

When one talks with military men for any length of time, one realises that they speak a unique language. It is partly the language of bureaucracy, freighted with acronyms and technical terminology, and those who use it tend to use jargon for even the most ordinary concepts. "In the 1976-type time frame" is simply an Air Force officer's way of saying 1976. Another one says: "You can go to a stand-off mode" when a civilian would say: "It's a draw." Quite often, though, military men use military terminology to avoid the words that would convey the realities of nuclear warfare. LUA means Launch Under Attack, and DE means Damage Estimate. "The enemy-threat area" means Russia. "The button-up period" is the POI or Period Of Interest, during which the survivors of a nuclear attack would be huddled in their fallout shelters. Such word games are natural enough to people who play war games and who use the language of games to describe even real wars. "It depends," says an officer at Minot, "on what kind of war you're playing."

"But it's not just those military words that don't mean anything any more," says a middle-aged journalist with a red moustache, back in New York. "The real words we keep using for that kind of disaster — holocaust, apocalypse, doomsday —what do any of them mean?

"About 20 years ago, I used to write for the foreign news section of *Newsweek*," he goes on, "and every week I had to describe whatever happened that week as momentous, epic: 'History changed last week.' There was a lot of atomic strategy going on in those days, and I began to get the feeling that none of the epic stories I wrote meant much of anything. The words were all getting worn out.

"So I thought up a sort of test. I said to my boss, the foreign editor, 'Suppose World War III really started right now, and the Russians and the Americans fired a lot of nuclear missiles at each other and there were more than 100,000,000 dead on each side but for some reason, New York was spared, and *Newsweek* wanted to keep right on publishing and you had to write the lead story. What would your first sentence say?

"He sort of smiled and hesitated, as though he suspected a trick, and then he said, 'What would *yours* be?' I said I didn't know. Then he got a kind of glassy-eyed look, the way he did when he started writing inside his head, and he went over to his typewriter and began hammering away. After a while, he cranked this piece of copy paper out of his typewriter and showed it to me. Quite proud of it he was, too. And I looked at it, and it was just like any other *Newsweek* lead, the kind of thing I wrote every week. I still remember, it began: 'At last, it had happened. The unthinkable tragedy that mankind had feared for so long. . .' And so on and so on and so on."

I climbed Hijiyama Hill and looked down. I saw that Hiroshima had disappeared. . . What I felt then and still feel now I just can't explain with words. Of course, I saw many dreadful scenes after that, but that experience — looking down and finding nothing left of Hiroshima — was so shocking that I simply can't express what I felt. . .Hiroshima didn't exist; that was mainly what I saw. Hiroshima just didn't exist.

— A HISTORY PROFESSOR IN HIROSHIMA

It is difficult for the nation's official experts to confront the menacing prospect of nuclear war without attempting to predict what would actually happen. How many would die in the first attack? How would the survivors survive? Would they help or prey on each other?

The streets would be a mass of rubble, from tens of feet in downtown Detroit to a few inches in the outer ring.

Large amounts of information have been fed into various computers and many re-emerging statistics have been weighed and puzzled over.

The answers are largely guesswork, of course, because even the simplest results of the first attack would depend on a large number of variables. Who can predict whether the attack would be large or small, aimed at missile bases in the remote prairies or at oil refineries near big cities, whether the enemy warheads would be detonated in the air or at ground level, whether the radioactive fallout from a ground-level explosion would be carried near or far by various winds?

All that the experts can do, then, is suggest a series of hypotheses. In 1978, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee asked Congress' Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) to study "the impact that various levels of attack would have on populations and economies of the United States and the Soviet Union", the OTA experts somewhat arbitrarily decided on four basic sets of hypotheses. Even within each set, the estimates of the dead varied by tens of millions. Still, if thinking about the unthinkable has any value, then one must begin somewhere.

Begin by imagining, the OTA report says, that the Soviets decided to retaliate against some unspecified provocation by attacking just one American city with just one of their thousands of warheads. Imagine Detroit, to be specific, hit by a one-megaton weapon — a relatively small weapon but still about 50 times the size of the Hiroshima bomb. Imagine that it exploded at ground level, at night, in front of the civic centre at the intersection of highways I-75 and I-94.

Where the civic centre now stands, there would be nothing but a crater about 200 feet deep and 1000 feet wide, surrounded by a rim of highly radio-active earth. Out to a distance of .6 miles from that crater, the OTA says, "there [would] be nothing recognisable remaining, with the exception of some massive concrete bridge abutments and building foundations". From .6 to 1.3 miles out, there would remain only "a few strongly constructed buildings. . .with the interiors totally destroyed". About 1.7 miles would be "the closest range where any significant structure [would] remain standing". That 1.7-mile ring, encircling the area that would be subjected to blast pressure of more than 12 pounds per square inch (psi), extends from Grosse Point Park in the east to Ferndale in the north-west and River Rouge in the south-west. By day, there are about 200,000 people at work within that ring, in central Detroit; by night, when the hypothetical attack occurs, the number drops to 70,000. Of those, says the OTA report, "there [would] be virtually no survivors".

The OTA provides estimates of what might remain outside the 12-psi ring, as the blast pressure decreased. Between 1.7 and 2.7 miles from the explosion, pressure would drop to five psi. Although most walls would be blown out, "at the greater distances, the skeletal structures [would] remain standing". The streets would be a mass of rubble, from tens of feet in depth in downtown Detroit to a few inches in the outer ring. About 250,000 people live there by night, and the OTA estimates that 130,000 would be killed, 100,000 injured. Most of the deaths would be caused by collapsing buildings, but there also begin the deaths from burns and radiation. Those casualties would vary widely according to the time of year and the weather conditions, which would alter the number of people caught out in the open. Eventual deaths from burns could range from 1200 to 30,000. Many fires would start in the rubble, but most would die down after the blast wave had passed.

From 2.7 to 4.7 miles out, under a pressure of two psi, the nature of the destruction would change considerably. The planes and the hangars at the Detroit City Airport would be destroyed, and such major industrial buildings as the Cadillac plant would be severely damaged. Of the 400,000 inhabitants about 20,000 would be killed and perhaps 200,000 injured. Only about five percent of the buildings would

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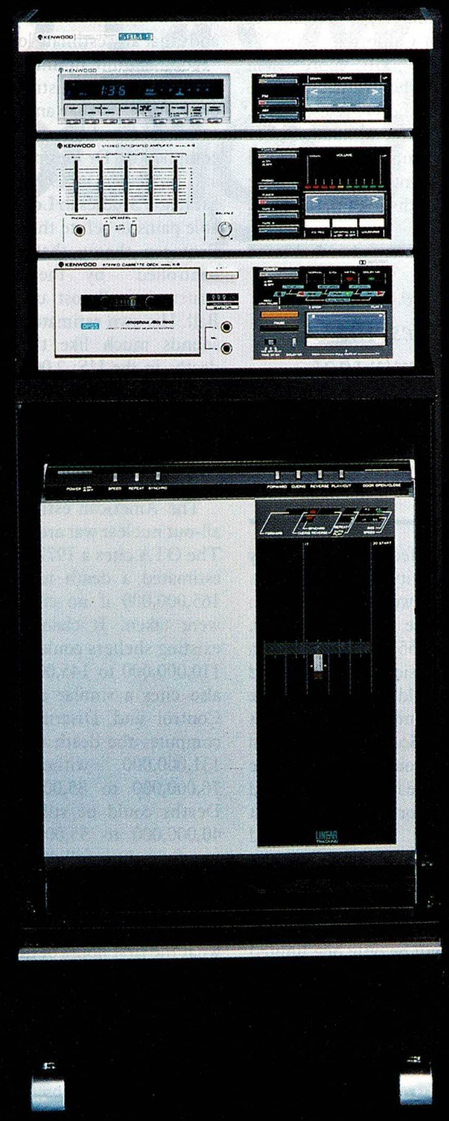

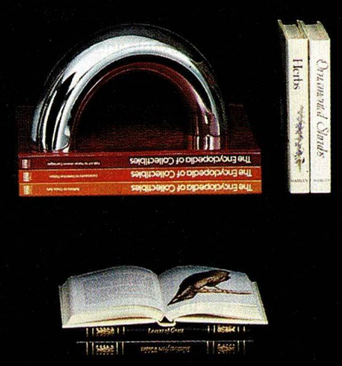

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catch fire, but the fires would spread much more extensively through the surviving buildings than through the devastated central areas of the city. The fires would go on spreading for at least 24 hours and would destroy half of all the buildings. In the outermost damaged areas, up to 7.4 miles from the centre, there would be "only an insignificant number killed", but about 150,000 of the 600,000 inhabitants would be injured. Damage to buildings would be "light" to "moderate," and "fires would be comparatively rare".

All in all, the OTA portrays a scene of almost unimaginable devastation, and yet not one of apocalyptic annihilation. Of Detroit's population of 1.3 million, some 220,000 would be dead, 430,000 injured and 670,000 uninjured. The question, then, is how the survivors would remain alive in the ruins. Very few of the injured would ever get to hospitals. In Detroit, specifically, Wayne, Macomb and Oakland counties have 63 hospitals containing about 18,000 beds, but more than half of them would be destroyed. But as the OTA experts try to predict the over-all process of recovery, they sketch a surprisingly optimistic picture. Electricity would immediately be cut off throughout the city, but the main electrical power plants at Grosse Point Park and Bug Island should receive "only superficial damage". Power could be restored as far as the one-psi ring within 24 hours, to the two-psi ring within a few days. The water supply should remain usable and service could resume as soon as the electric pumps were restored to duty.

Such estimates of recovery, however, are based on several implausibilities: that the Soviets attack only Detroit, in some kind of symbolic reprisal and with only a single one-megaton warhead, that radioactive fallout would be correspondingly limited and that the surrounding regions stand ready and able to provide help. The OTA would not disagree about the unlikelihood of those circumstances.

I kept screaming, "Mother!" very loudly, and then I saw my mother staggering toward me. . .She pulled the debris away from my body and then there was a hole I could crawl out through. . .But my mother was very weak and began to collapse and fall on her side. So I helped her up and tried to drag her along. But the road was cluttered with pieces of destroyed houses and I couldn't move her at all. . .The fire was all around us. . .I was suffocating from the smoke, and I thought if we stayed like this, then both of us would be killed. . .I found a neighbor and told him my mother was lying in there and asked him to please fetch her. . .My mother [was] found dead, face down in a water tank, very close to the spot where I left her. . .If I had been a little older or stronger, I could have rescued her.

— A STUDENT IN HIROSHIMA

Imagine now a slightly more plausible scenario for Soviet attack. Imagine that instead of limiting themselves to one city, the Soviets decide to cripple the entire US economy by destroying one essential industry. The OTA picked the oil-refining industry, since it is highly concentrated and highly vulnerable. It arbitrarily hypothesised that the Soviets would launch that "limited" attack with 10 intercontinental missiles, each armed with eight one-megaton warheads. It also assumed that the Soviets would aim at only the refineries, without attempting either to kill or to avoid killing civilians. The 65 principal refineries are all located near major cities, however, so the 80 Soviet warheads would devastate the New York-Philadelphia area, the Detroit-Chicago area, the Kansas City area, the Gulf Coast from New Orleans to Houston and most of California.

The attack would kill more than 5,000,000 people if the warheads were detonated in the air, the OTA estimates, and slightly more than 3,000,000 if they were detonated at ground level. It would also destroy 64 percent of US refinery capacity for many months. Again, the OTA tries to illustrate the effects of the attack by concentrating on one city — Philadelphia. There, two warheads would land near an Exxon refinery on the Schuylkill River. About 135,000 of the 155,000 people within two miles of the explosion would be killed immediately; so would 410,000 of the 785,000 within five miles. The oil fires would be disastrous. "Some oil tanks would rupture and the oil would leak on to the rivers or harbors, where it would ignite and spread fire," the report says. "Fires at refineries could not be extinguished because of intense heat, local fallout, an inadequate supply of chemicals to use on petroleum fires and roads blocked by rubble and evacuees. . ." Again, that scenario assumes that there will be only one limited raid and that the survivors will care for the casualties and repair the damages.

Combing the various Pentagon studies, the OTA concludes only that civilian deaths would total between one million and 20 million.

Most US official planners believe, however, that a "limited" Soviet attack would be aimed not against economic installations but against American strategic forces, the missiles and bombers that threaten Russia. They call that a "counter-force attack". In one of OTA's rare ventures into making judgements, it reports that "some observers" believe such a counter-force attack would be "the least irrational way of waging strategic war". The Pentagon has already attempted several studies of a raid against its 48 strategic-bomber bases and eight intercontinental-missile bases, scattered across 34 States, plus the nuclear submarine base at Charleston, South Carolina. Some cities, such as Charleston and Little Rock, would suffer major damage, but since most of the bases are in fairly remote areas, the deaths caused by the blast waves would be fewer than in an urban attack. Since more missiles would be used, however, fallout casualties might well be higher. That would depend on variables ranging from wind conditions to the amount of shelter available. Combining the various Pentagon studies, the OTA concludes only that civilian deaths would total betwen 1,000,000 and 20,000,000 but it adds that any estimate lower than 8,000,000 "requires quite optimistic assumptions".

The most optimistic of all assumptions, once again, is that any limited attack will remain limited. One authoritative study, compiled by Dr Desmond Ball of Australia and published in 1981 by the Institute of Strategic Studies in London, took considerable pains to refute that idea. The standard Pentagon theory that "escalation can be controlled" by the military-command structure is "most unrealistic", says Dr Ball. His own estimate of deaths in Europe sounds much like the OTA figures on deaths in the US: 2,000,000 to 20,000,000. But that would be only in the "unrealistic" case of the military's maintaining restraints. An unrestrained nuclear war in Europe, says Ball, would kill 200,000,000 or about one third of the population.

The American estimates of death in an all-out nuclear war are hardly less nebulous. The OTA cites a 1977 Pentagon study that estimated a death toll of 155,000,000 to 165,000,000 if no civil-defence measures were taken. It claimed that the use of existing shelters could reduce that figure to 110,000,000 to 145,000,000. But the OTA also cites a similar analysis by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency that computes the death toll at 105,000,000 to 131,000,000 without shelters and 76,000,000 to 85,000,000 with shelters. Deaths could be still further reduced to 40,000,000 to 55,000,000, the Pentagon suggests hopefully, if civilians could somehow be evacuated from major cities.

Having cited all its statistics, the OTA study makes a modest attempt to portray what the first hours of nuclear attack would be like: "Fires will be raging, water mains will be flooding, power lines will be down, bridges will be gone, freeway overpasses will be collapsed and debris will be everywhere." It even attempts to speculate on the social chaos that would follow: "While some degree of law and order could probably be maintained in localities where a fairly dense population survived, the remaining highways might become quite unsafe, which would reduce trade over substantial distances. . . There is a possibility that the country might break up into

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THE CREAM OF CAR CARE.

several regional entities. If these came into conflict with one another, there would be further waste and destruction. . .Such an attack would place in question whether the United States would ever recover its position as an organised, industrial and powerful country."

After considering all those official assessments, the only conclusion that one can safely draw is that the reality would be much worse. Statistics on millions of deaths come to seem abstract — "acceptable" is the military term — unless one can imagine one's own children with their faces burned away, and one cannot. As is clear in the words of Hiroshima survivors, collected in Robert Jay Lifton's book *Death In Life,* the shock of nuclear attack surpasses anyone's capacity for comprehending catastrophe. The mutilated and the uninjured seem equally unable to realise what has happened to them. They wander about in a numbed state of near madness. Even several decades after the explosion, they are still haunted by guilt and anxiety. And the scars of their burns have not healed.

Yet one must keep remembering that the Hiroshima bomb was a little thing, about 1/50th the size of the one-megaton weapons that are the smallest to figure in the OTA report. No less important is the fact that Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the only cities attacked and that the rest of Japan stood ready to help. Doctors and ambulances soon arrived from other areas. Hiroshima's electricity was partially restored the day after the raid and train service to the city resumed on the day after that. In all disasters, the knowledge that help is on the way, that there is normal life outside the disaster area, provides critical support to the victims. In an all-out nuclear attack on the United States, the victims could know only that they were helpless.

Some of them would take refuge in fallout shelters, but Pentagon statistics on the value of such shelters give no idea of what life there would be like. Many of the shelters that now exist have neither sufficient food nor adequate ventilation. Many of the victims seeking safety in those overcrowded dens would already be suffering the effects of radiation, including nausea, vomiting, bleeding from the mouth and the rectum, diarrhoea with large amounts of blood in the stool. Whether the people jammed into such pestilential places for days on end would help or attack one another is impossible to predict. The prediction depends heavily on the forecaster's philosophy of human nature, on whether Rousseau's view of life was truer than that of Hobbes, on whether or not men are animals. Presumably, the circumstances would vary considerably. After the first major New York City blackout, in 1965, there was much self-congratulation about the altruism and the aplomb with which New Yorkers had reacted to the crisis; during the second blackout, a decade later, looting was epidemic. And those were disturbances of only a few hours' duration with nobody injured and the full police force in action.

Thinking about the unthinkable usually includes one final illusion: that the generals in charge of the missiles would themselves be thinking. While popular fantasies sometimes predict a total extermination of the human race, virtually every official scenario of World War III has assumed that after one or two nuclear exchanges, the firing would stop. Both sides would then try to figure out who had won, or else declare a ruinous stalemate and begin the process of recovery. It seems just as plausible, however, to argue that if the generals were that rational, they would never fire the missiles at all. The mentality required to launch a nuclear attack does not by any means necessarily imply a cool ability to cease firing. On the contrary, it is at least as easy to imagine that once one's own side had suffered millions of casualties, a general who controlled some of the remaining missiles might well consider it his sacred duty to continue firing at any remaining sign of life.

Evacuating major cities in a time of crisis is absurd, but if such evacuations may save millions of lives, then the absence of any such plan is absurd.

I tried to take some things out of the house, but everything was buried. . .and so, carrying only the baby's diapers. . .and myself wearing only a panty and slip, the three of us — a mother with two children — what should we do? In what direction should we escape?. . .I had no clear destination, but I felt we had to run away. . .The eight-year-old began to complain that her stomach was hot, and she threw up — a dark liquid, like coal tar. . .and then the baby began to throw up also. . .I tried to go over a nearby bridge, but it was on fire, so we couldn't go that way. . .And then I lost consciousness. . .It was not so much my bodily injuries but the feeling of helpless desperation. . .the things I saw around me. . .I didn't know what I could do about caring for my children, what would happen to us. . .

— A HOUSEWIFE IN HIROSHIMA

Just as the prospect of a major nuclear war is inherently absurd — a contradiction of any goal that might inspire it — all reactions to it are also absurd.

It is absurd, to begin with, for governments that spend billions of dollars on the weapons of destruction to spend almost nothing on defending their own citizens from attack. Bomb shelters are absurd, but the lack of bomb shelters is also absurd. The idea of evacuating major cities in a time of crisis is absurd, but if such evacuations may save millions of lives, then the absence of any serious evacuation plan is absurd. It is absurd that the US Government claims to have built anti-missile missiles that can destroy all incoming warheads, but it is equally absurd that such purely defensive missiles are the only ones now forbidden by Soviet-American treaty. According to the logic of strategic thinking, any effective defensive measure, such as the building of defensive missiles or bomb shelters, is by definition provocative and threatening. It implies a dangerously increased readiness to fight, because it reduces, no matter how slightly, the absurdity of war. In absurdity, therefore, lies safety. That statement, too, is absurd.

And what is to become of Western civilisation? In 1954, a number of nations gathered at The Hague and signed a convention for the protection of cultural objects in case of armed conflict. The US did not sign — though it had signed a similar treaty in 1935 — but West Germany was among 70 nations that did; and after the Bundestag finally ratified the agreement, about 100 German officials and experts began, in 1979, the process of listing, labelling and, where possible, duplicating some 15,000 objects that were considered essential parts of the national heritage. The selections included the Cologne cathedral, the Arnsberg monastery, various medieval tax records and the speeches of Adolf Hitler. Such efforts to save old buildings and records in the midst of a nuclear war seem absurb, but so does the reckless willingness to leave the treasures of civilisation lying exposed to ruin on the battlefields of the future.

Since both Washington and Moscow seem unwilling to renounce their nuclear weapons, various eminent citizens have felt themselves obliged to protest and demonstrate against official obduracy. Peace marches and newspaper advertisements have made the same impassioned arguments for many years, but each new demonstrator needs to believe that his gesture of protest is the one that will finally have some effect. Dr Howard Hiatt, dean of Harvard's School of Public Health, used data that had been compiled nearly 20 years earlier to warn a Harvard symposium in 1981 of the infectious diseases that would follow a nuclear attack. And speaking of his own efforts to organise doctors and scientists against nuclear weapons, he said: "We didn't have the luxury of simply doing nothing." The implication was that he had done something, achieved some purpose. To protest is absurd; not to protest is absurd.

Since protests seem to have as little effect as disarmament conferences, a number of citizens have decided in recent years to undertake absurd protective measures of their own. They call themselves "survivalists", and they have built little fortresses for themselves in remote areas of the country, filling their cellars with canned food and medicines and guns.

It is clear that the survivalists are not really preparing to defend themselves against a Soviet missile attack, much less against a Soviet army of occupation, but rather against their neighbors. It is the neighbors who threaten, in a struggle for survival, to become the enemy. The actual outcome of such a confrontation might well be that a horde of neighbors would strip the survivalist of his guns and his food and then tear him limb from limb. But in all the public anxiety, it becomes apparent that the impending disaster we call World War III may not, finally, be a nuclear war at all. In the nightmares of the would-be survivors and of many others who have done nothing in particular to save themselves, the anticipated catastrophe takes a number of forms, all reflecting in one way or another the dreamer's own anxieties. To some, Armageddon will be a racial conflagration, a final orgy of hatred and revenge. Others imagine a total economic collapse, the loss of all savings and all security, the ruin of all conventional values (hence, the need for stored supplies). Or some vast natural disaster, a new flood, a new earthquake, a new epidemic, a new poisoning of air and water, some recurrence of those mystifying scourges that modern technology only seems to have conquered. "Something," says Roger Oie, who moved 110 miles north of Phoenix to find shelter on a 12-acre ranch, "has to collapse."

Those who survived the atom bomb were the people who ignored their friends crying out in extremis *or who shook off wounded neighbors who clung to them, pleading to be saved. . .In short, those who survived the bomb were, if not merely lucky, self-centred, in a greater or lesser degree selfish, guided by instinct and not civilisation. . .and we know it, we who have survived. Knowing it is a dull ache.*

— A DOCTOR AT NAGASAKI

PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION, reads the sign at the entrance to the Strategic Air Command, just outside Omaha. The headquarters building itself is a nondescript rectangle of brown bricks, surrounded by an expanse of neatly clipped crab grass. It could be a post office or a public library. On a concrete platform outside the front door stands a Minuteman One missile, bright-white and sleek as Brancusi's bird. It is obsolete now, a relic; the missiles waiting in their silos are called Minuteman Three. A small brown rabbit incongruously hops out from behind the missile, pauses for a moment, nibbling, and then hops away. Peace is our profession.

It is a sunny Sunday morning in May. It is, in fact, Mother's Day, and the Strategic Air Command is welcoming the mothers of its men to Offutt Air Force Base. At the club, just across from the headquarters building, the line of mothers and men waiting to get their breakfast extends almost the length of the building. Behind the club, there are a swimming pool and a golf course and a neatly trimmed field reaching all the way to the highway. T.S. Eliot comes to mind: "And the wind shall say: 'Here were decent, godless people,/Their only monument the asphalt road/And a thousand lost golf balls.' "

Despite its pastoral surroundings, the interior of the SAC headquarters building is closely guarded. There is an elaborate protocol of signing in and receiving an identity card, which must be affixed to the lapel.

The military police, heroically outfitted in berets and white braid, watch closely at each check point. The guide leads the way downward, three storeys underground, through a maze of bleak corridors. Food and supplies for 30 days have been stored here, the guide says, though the headquarters building itself has never been "hardened". A warhead anywhere nearby would obliterate it. The survivors in some other headquarters would have to carry on.

In the control centre itself, finally, the commanding general's easy chair dominates a long balcony overlooking banks of computers. A sign in front of the vacant chair announces the commander's official identity: CINC SAC. A touch of awe enters the guide's voice as he pronounces the title: "Sink Sack." Would the visitor like to sit on the throne for a moment? The visitor would. In front of him now stand the CINC SAC's seven telephones. The news of the apocalypse would come in on the yellow telephone and go out on the red one.

On the far wall, four clocks announce Omaha time, Zulu time (Greenwich time), Moscow time and Guam time. The wall's 20 giant video screens can provide, in seven colors, any kind of information the CINC SAC would like. Within a minute, for example, the Air Force can produce a report on weather conditions anywhere in the world. Would the visitor like to test the system? Would the visitor choose a place, any place in the world?

The visitor chooses Guam. In about 20 seconds, letters flicker on to one of the screens to announce that the temperature is 84 degrees in Guam.

As a last touch, the Air Force would like to present its PACC, which stands for Post Attack Command Control. The voice now speaking on the telephone is that of General W., who greets the visitor by name and reports that he is calling from an airplane now flying "somewhere over the central United States". Ever since 1961, every day and every night, a plane of that type has been circling somewhere over the US. There is always a general on duty, like the Flying Dutchman, waiting at the controls of the devices that could launch the missiles from their underground silos. That means, says the general, that even if an enemy surprise attack destroyed Washington, even if an enemy surprise attack destroyed Omaha and New York and Chicago and Los Angeles, there would still be a general circling through the skies, ready to perform his function, to retaliate.

After explaining his mission, the general politely asks if there are any questions.

"No, thanks," says the visitor.

"Well, goodbye, then," says the general, "and happy Mother's Day."

"Believe me, doctor, I know *my wife's body will reject any organ from my body!"*

PHOTO BY RICO METTBACH

WELL-HEELED WHEELS

status is the final word in top-shelf motoring. rob luck reviews the prestige car market's best

SHIFTING SOCIAL values have cast a whole new buyer profile in the prestige car market, from the bottom end to the top. It used to be old money that bought the upper-market status symbols, comprised chiefly of British thoroughbreds — Rolls Royce, Daimler, Aston. The nouveau riche now account for almost all the market, greatly expanded to cover vehicles valued from $20,000 to $220,000. Or more. True, the real identities of most owners are buried in the leasing plans of the pty ltds that front the majority of purchases in the upper luxury market. But the signatories that authorise the chunky monthly bank drafts are reflected by the more visible

buyers, that growing handful of cash and alternative-finance customers who frequent the luxury car showrooms. They are developers, dealers, superstars and super-salesmen, investors, small successful businessmen, small hopeful businessmen, winning gamblers, social climbers, professional people and professionals, sportsmen, executives and credit stretchers.

Neither do the vehicles fit snugly into neatly-defined market slots any more. The motor industry in Australia holds that a variety of sedans, coupes, sports coupes, pure sports cars, and four-wheel-drive machines belong in the statistical upper luxury market. These may be variously and confusingly classified as luxury, upper luxury or prestige cars. Some authorities will admit only to European cars under these terms, while others allow that stretched Australian family cars and purpose-built specials are part of the standard scene.

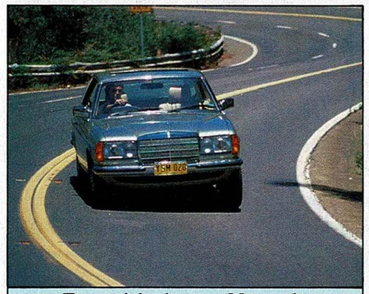
There is great gamesmanship practised in the art of interpreting market penetration, too. Despite standard-issue statistics based on actual registrations from a single industry-accepted organisation (Adaps), the combatants produce an imaginative range of figures to support particular sales arguments. For example, print-outs from three contenders in the upper luxury market ranged Volvo's market penetration between 7.7 and 33 percent. Similarly one distributor argued Mercedes' penetration was "falling drastically" against a backdrop of year-to-date figures up 28 percent and annual total sales which haven't varied by more than the fingers on one hand in about three years.

Much of this is due to the fact that the industry has proven incapable of drawing demarcation lines to qualify the status of certain vehicles. Even so, it's hard to see how the numbers-jugglers can usher Range Rover through the turnstiles and then put a "house full" sign up for Ford Bronco, even Jeep Cherokee. You can also dive behind the wheel of two tons of Australian kitsch, and $30-$60,000 worth of German two-door grand-tourer. But you apparently can't get into the prestige car park with a Datsun 280ZX, which with a single model sells more than all the variants in the Teutonic camp put together.

Classification, numbers and statistics are less impressive than the dollar-value of the big guns in this end of the market place. For example, Mercedes sold 2600 vehicles in 1981, which represents barely half of one percent of the total passenger vehicle market.

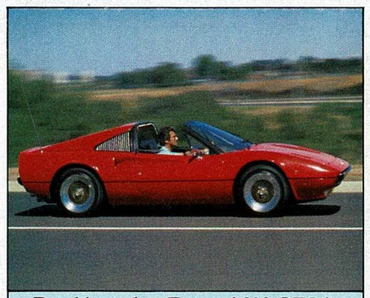
But in retail turnover, it is roughly the equivalent of more than 14,000 $8000-value cars. Hmm.

In Australia, the total luxury market (considered to kick-off around the $12,000 mark) corners a bit under 10 percent of the sales volume, a figure not inconsistent with the British experience, higher than that experienced by most European countries,



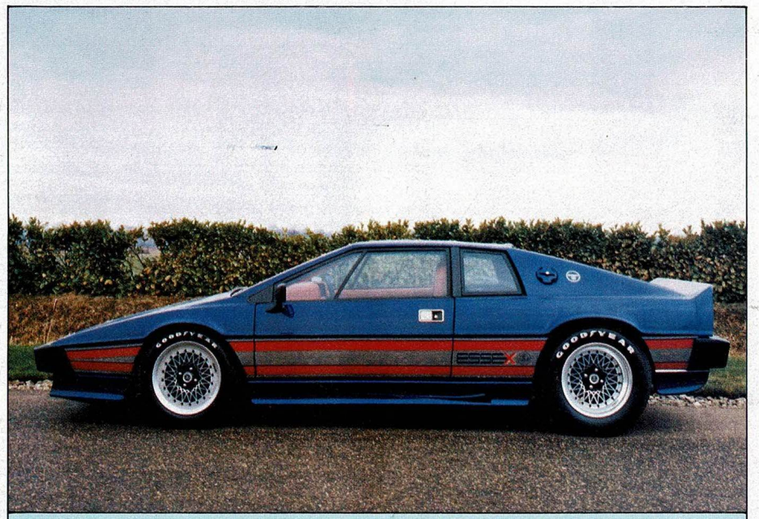
Fast with class — Mercedes 280CE Coupe

The Italian Stallion — De Tomaso Longchamp GTS

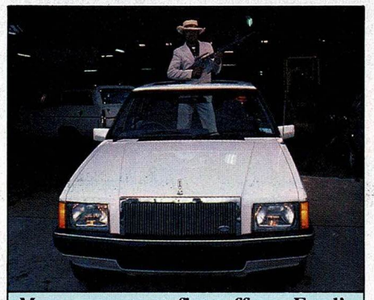


Bred in red — Ferrari 308 GTS in trad livery

Low-profile Swede — Bertone's chop-top Volvo coupe



The Bondmobile — 007's Lotus Turbo Esprit



Move-over — mafia staff car. Ford's kitsch-trim LTD

Baretop is better — BMW's controversial Baur 323i drop-top

and not far short of the American profile. But considering that the majority of the "really truly" prestige market is fully imported — and thus assailed by massive transport tariff and tax (about 98 percent of original value), plus local marketing costs (including sharkish profiteering by some of the local purveyors) — we have an astonishing appetite for the exotic.

Almost everything available "over there" floats down here sooner or later, although we have seen precious few of the more bizarre Replicars, coach-built variants of the classics, and European specials. In recent times, the Department of Shipping and Transport drove a barrier across the supply lines of Yank tanks in the form of local safety requirements. These US vehicles have been rendered substantially uncompetitive, to the chagrin of the three-flying-ducks and purple-chenille bedspread brigade.

A quick perusal of the dozens of offerings reveals that most countries have a desire to produce their ultimate symbol of luxury, and most are stamped indelibly with the national identity. The prime offerings from Britain (Rolls Royce, Jaguar) Germany (Mercedes, BMW) and France (Citroen, Peugeot) are exemplary in this exercise. Fortunately we are spared the notable excesses from the equally nationalistic industries of other countries. Czechoslovakia's Tatra, Yugoslavia's Zil and LWB, the USSR's Gaz and Chaika (like a '53 Caddy), Japan's Mazda Luce and Nissan President (we had one here, it continues there almost unchanged 15 years later, which is why it is still not admitted here) are examples. There are worse offerings from Korea, Argentina, Brazil and Peru.

The sales pitch is of prime concern to the local purveyors of the exotic machinery, since it is not polite to scratch, kick and bite to win customers in the manner of the trashy end of the marketplace. Consequently, the market has developed a language all its own to establish "meaningful dialogue" with the target audience. The object of this particular carspeak dialect is to convince the likely individual that he is the most fabulously intelligent, discriminating, demanding person, and then to insert the appropriate product into the clinch phrase.

This talk-up technique is generally based on "clevertech" — ahead-of-our-time concepts in safety, performance, handling, comforts and systems that seek to illustrate a general edge for a particular product. An unfortunate aspect of recent efforts of many organisations in this area is that the hype gets in the way of facts, and clouds the market values.

This is happening right now at the top end of the market. Mercedes, for example, concentrates on superior body design and dynamics for its mainline range to gloss over a bit of a tired, (but dead-reliable) old lump of iron under the hood. BMW wisely slants attention towards its up-to-the-minute mill and mechanicals to divert attention from its dated topline body. On the other hand, Jaguar does an automotive hara-kiri and sells pricecuts and service to veneer the lack of significant product progress for 10 years or so. Rolls Royce, seemingly as unassailable as Greenwich Mean Time, mooches along in a time warp of models ranging from the anachronistic to the confused. Aston Martin, as if stuck with menopaused management, offers something so joltingly anti-conservative it effectively narrows its market to Luke Skywalkers, Darth Vaders and reluctantly-retired astronauts.

Millions of words, vast amounts of money, and countless fibs and fantasies have been advanced to justify, analyse and define the prestige car market. But one word says it all: status. Whatever clever rationale is applied, it is clear that social manouevring is a key element in purchase motivations of every sector of the upper luxury car market. Despite evidence of selective and concerned purchase on grounds of safety or technical expertise, the final rub for many is the name on the badge, which could be underlined, "I have arrived".

Even so, there is a particular satisfaction to be gained by most buyers from the real finesse with which quality cars execute the various functions of motoring. For many, there is also an important sense of security attached to riding in a product that is perceived to have been conscientiously thought out in both preventative and secondary safety. Most of the products on the lists qualify within some of these parameters. A good many fulfill almost all of them.

But these are esoteric issues in motoring — especially compared with the fundamental objectives of mass-motoring requirements, forever summarised as point-to-point transportation. So there have to be strong influences pushing demand up, even in times when barriers to the purchase of even lowly vehicles are increasing. There are. And they are reasons that are not to be found amongst the various cases supporting the purchase of more mundane transport.

A key one is retained value. Many of the vehicles in the upper luxury sector retain almost all their original purchase price throughout their lifetime. Mercedes claims to be able to advance figures to demonstrate that, across the board, their model range retains 98 percent of its original value up to six years or more down the road.

The same would have to apply to Porsche and a recent feature of BMW's strong performance in the market-place is the increased trading value of its "pre-owned" vehicle market. This translates directly into common fiscal sense. Essentially, it means that the first purchase of one of these exotics is the first and last significant investment. Subsequent up-trading can almost be achieved without further outlay in many cases. Reflected into the leasing aspect, which accounts for at least 70 percent of most of the more expensive products, it means that monthly repayment drafts can be steadily geared over a protracted period, adjusted more to variations in the money market than changes of model along the way.

Similarly, a cash customer who spends $35,000 this year, is likely to get more back in five years' time than he originally spent. In some cases it offers a hedge against inflation sufficient to elevate the buyer to the next model. Of course, there are no long-term guarantees, but firms like Mercedes work hard to maintain this position, against formidable assaults. For example, in the last two years a large number of "pirate" Mercs have been introduced to Australia by private traders. Mercedes Benz Australia moved swiftly in establishing a used-car warranty that clearly locks the buyer of a renegade out in the cold. Resultant problems are likely when such vehicles come from countries with operational hazards (producing rust etc), and are introduced here by individuals who pay scant attention to local registration or safety requirements. There are no guarantees on service of the vehicle, or accuracy of its papers.

Here is a mini-review of the field, starting at the top-cost end:

Rolls Royce

There are those who feel that the advent of digital electronics, which silenced that infernal ticking of the clock, have eroded a sizeable chunk of the Roller's mystique. Once the preserve of royalty and the independently wealthy, invariably chauffeured from teak desk to long table, it is now coveted by minders, car super-salesmen, rock stars, even band molls. Performance, quite clearly ordinary, is still backed by undisclosed engine output data. If bhp has traditionally been described in automotive folklore as "adequate", then price might be described as "appropriate". Expect anything between $165,000 for the Silver Shadow and $110,000 for the two-door Camargue. Still an idol, flawed but not fallen. Rates 11 out of 10 for status. Does anything else really count?

Mercedes

If it is argued that none of the new pretenders will ever achieve the prestige of Mercedes, then it must also be acknowledged that only the collapse of Rolls Royce could give it the real number one slot. Despite this, it earns the right in every other way. Several models are exemplary. The 230E, at a heady $33,000-plus, is probably the most outrageously-priced four-cylinder car in the world. But one of the best. It has taken over 20 percent of the local Merc market and earned every notch with reasonable acceleration, outstanding cruising ability and economy, and the usual Merc qualities. The 280CE coupe, approaching 50 big ones, is pure class, the best boulevardier in its market. The 380SEC is the state-of-the-art in sedan-coupes today, an ultimate development of

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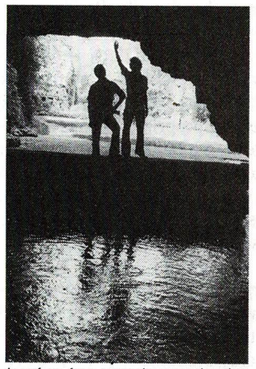

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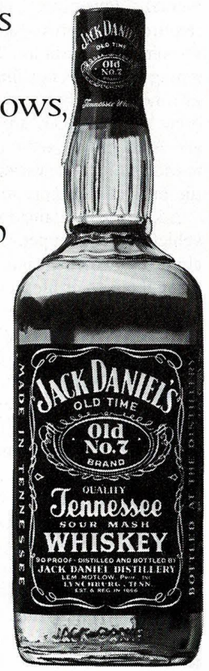

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the S-class sedan which is virtually the same status in sedan cars. Mercedes has won more Car of The Year awards over the past year than most other manufacturers in a lifetime. It has earned all of them. Rated for status, it scores a maximum 10 out of 10; ditto for engineering excellence. Tick all boxes for performance, comfort, specification, safety, etc. Add bonus points for the ABS braking system; I know people who live today courtesy of this device.

BMW

A company and a car type at the crossroads, faced with a possible change of direction, backed by a brilliant growth-history. BMW is built on a base of performance. BMW vehicles do with verve what Mercedes do with panache. It is almost inconceivable that a sport-oriented driver would buy a Merc in preference, or a chairman of directors would opt for a Bavarian bomber. But the values are overlapping. BMW has a rock-solid bottom-end (3-series), and has shored-up its mid-range with the new 5-series up-date. The 6-bodied coupe is practically a classic, but the 7-series sedan is a bit of a worry, excellent though it is. The most impressive thing about BMW in this country is the reinforcement of its warranty, service, and second-hand value, and the push towards a stronger dealer network. Products have been purpose-specified for this country, and there is evidence of additional flair and zest in marketing special models. A company and a product that in this country can only go upwards, if correctly steered. Status nine out of 10; performance nine-and-a-half; effort 10.

Jaguar/Daimler

On its day, the finest product in the luxury car sphere. Unfortunately, it has off-days. A fine re-start on the difficult problem of marketing this difficult product was made with bits and pieces up-date in the Olde Dart, eliminating many of the service complaints. Despite the full confidence of the Brit management, and the ostensibly excellent Mastercare warranty program, there is a credibility gap with the local customers. A price drop won't solve this either. Leyland would be better advised to take the money and inject it into local problems. Subtle updates have improved the product, and a five-speed transmission option has enabled the car to successfully straddle the combined Mercedes-BMW markets for particular patrons with sporting inclinations. It is a pity Leyland panicked and pulled the plug on the V12 except in the XJS and Daimler Sovereign, but apparently the decision was based on research and homework. For status, seven; ride/handling 10.

Volvo

The Swedes wrote the rules for launching a new product into the luxury market (some of which the Japanese are now copying further down the scale). The flexibility of promotion of the product image (safety, long life, sporting character, and now driver education) is only matched by the enormous variety of applications the marque enjoys. The latest is admission to the ranks of hire car firms as a prestige limo. Wow! Volvo has four and six-cylinder contenders in the $20,000 and above or upper luxury market, and it is of some concern that the fours do almost everything as well as the six, and most things better. This vehicle excels in the barbecue belt because of its solid practicality as well as indisputable status at that end of the market. It has capacious interior and boot, good specs, some evidence of luxury in furniture and fixtures, good performance and handling and a tough structure. Sherman tank styling doesn't seem to have detracted from its success, and indeed enhances a safety image already a shade overblown by hype. Unarguably at the top of its own particular status tree, it gets full marks here: 10. Performance, ride/handing, eight; strength, durability, nine.

Rover

Considering its advanced body design, interesting use of interior space and good engineering, it's not surprising that this car has been able to compete pricewise almost head-to-head with the Australian offerings despite the costs of getting it here. Of course the 3.5 litre V8 engine, now fuel-injected for extra surge, is nowhere near as responsive as the local bangers, but nowhere near as thirsty either. Hard city running will get 20mpg. Country cruising can yield 23mpg. You can go as much as half as far again on the same tankful as the local lumberers. Rover's problem has been a feeling of stodginess: it has long been regarded as an automotive geriatric. The constructive work to engine, body (with the front spoiler) and other mechanicals could turn this image around with the new SE model. Aided by a five-speed gearbox enhancing fuel economy. The price has got a bit over the top, but is strangely compatible with its imported competitors. Status, seven; performance, eight; handling/ride, nine; sense of style, imagination, 10.

SAAB

If reducing the price on the Jaguar range reads like a tactical blunder, it is the opposite for the SAAB, newly knocked down by up to $3000. The reason is that the market has always found it hard to come to terms with the somewhat bland styling/appointments, and suspected the prices were pumped up. Consequently, the topline Turbos at $26-27,000 make more sense, even if their tuning levels don't to most people. Problem is that the SAAB is specified for European motoring conditions, and turbo-boosted performance comes in high up the range. In fact, it is possible to drive the car all day in the suburbs and never use the boost. Good for economy and 20-25mpg round town is possible, 35mpg on the open road, but out of step with Australian GP driving from the stoplights. For those who can kerb their impatience, an excellent and practical option. Some well thought-out marketing approaches now evident from the national group. Status, six; ingenuity, nine.

Audi 200T

A specialist in this field, offering an interesting alternative to the Rover-Merc-BMW mob. It's almost as luxurious as the Rover, almost as sporty as BMW, and has that Merc-like, Teutonic feel. Definitely a car for a sporty buyer, specified as it is with front-drive, sports-style turbo tuning and obvious sporty suspension package. A possible alternative to the Alfa Romeo GTV V6, not reviewed again here, because it has been previously covered so comprehensively. Hard run, the car produced just under 14mpg in the country, 18-plus more kindly treated and similar around town. The turbo is dialled into the engine's mid-range power spectrum to give superior economy for low-speed work and superior performance for cruising/overtaking. Has all the nice trick options like stereo, cruise control, and a quite luxurious feel inside. Status, six; performance, seven; effort, nine.

The locals

The enduring image of the US-bred limo is of a lumbering juggernaut that falls to one knee in the corners, or skitters through with a hind leg cocked in the air. It goes like a skyrocket, and falls flat on its face under brakes. The local offerings, standing at the kerb, look like they fit into that mould. They don't. The local suspension engineers are amongst the world's best at setting up suspensions for Australia. These cars ride tight and firm, without being hard. In their field they project luxury, arguable though it is. Their bodies are overblown, and space utilisation is less than impressive. Exterior boot dimensions, half as big again as some cars, produce less than the usable space inside. Overhangs are a dirty word. Fuel economy is just best not mentioned. There is no question the Ford LTD has got the Statesman on the run in this category. Hardly surprisingly, on the basis of exterior styling and interior appointment (image, not gadgetry) alone. The fact that these cars are produced about as well here as is possible is not something of which we need to be particularly proud. If we ever mature automotively, we will do it completely differently. Hopefully. Status in its class, eight for the Statesman Caprice, nine for the LTD; real status five out of 10 for both.

The enduring image of the US-bred limo is of a lumbering juggernaut that falls to one knee in the corners.

Porsche

A star-performer on the sales charts, Porsche is notable as the only sporty car manufacturer to be readily admitted to these hallowed portals. Individual evaluation of the models is unimportant for the product line has been sensibly rationalised over the years into a fine range of 91 and 92 body sporties, offering the options of front and rear-engines. If there is a dubious note in Porsche's program it is the insertion of a high-power engine such as the Turbo 3.3 litre into the tail of the 911 body. Otherwise the name and product represent the art of status-engineering at its best, as well as providing a fine luxury-sporting form of motoring. Status, 10. Other considerations: not for discussion here.

There is an endless list of other worthy contenders in the upper luxury car market: ultimate exotics like the Lamborghini, Ferrari and, lately, Aston Martin (three models priced between $165,000 and $220,000). And base examples like the Mitsubishi Starion, a turbo 2-litre two-door sports coupe which gets there chiefly on price.

Range Rover has established a 10 out of 10 rate for image in the field of four-wheel-drive sedans, recently amplified by the introduction first of automatics, then of four-door models. Given time, Bronco (and Cherokee) could conceivably be regarded in the same light.

Then, there are some interesting specialists: Alpina, the specially modified BMW range is notable. Now marketed through half of Australia via BMW dealers, it portrays a short-term success story. A new Victorian distribution, with a strong Melbourne dealer, offers ultimate conversions on 3, 5 and 7 bodies and can do the 6 body too. Zyfert and Muller, trading as Alpina Australia, put the deal together from their Edgecliff, Sydney, establishment.

De Tomaso, the Italian Stallion, is another tearaway success story. Ken Mathews offers a comprehensive range of sports, GT and sedan cars from the revived Italian specialist. We've tried the GT4 in these pages, and the GTS sedan is an outstanding goer.

The Deauville, based on a design that resembles the Maserati quatroporte, now also produced by De Tomaso (who own Maserati), is an excellent sedan. De Tomaso Australia appears to have good support-service backing.

Citroen should get an honorable mention. Few cars are so well suited to our terrain and conditions, but have so lacked the backing of a sizeable organisation. A sometimes-complex automobile, Citroen could be competing with SAAB or even Volvo in different circumstances.

It's one of the living contrasts of the upper luxury car market, a sales place where however important engineering finesse and mechanical sophistication may be, that status, image and prestige are the real elements of sales response.

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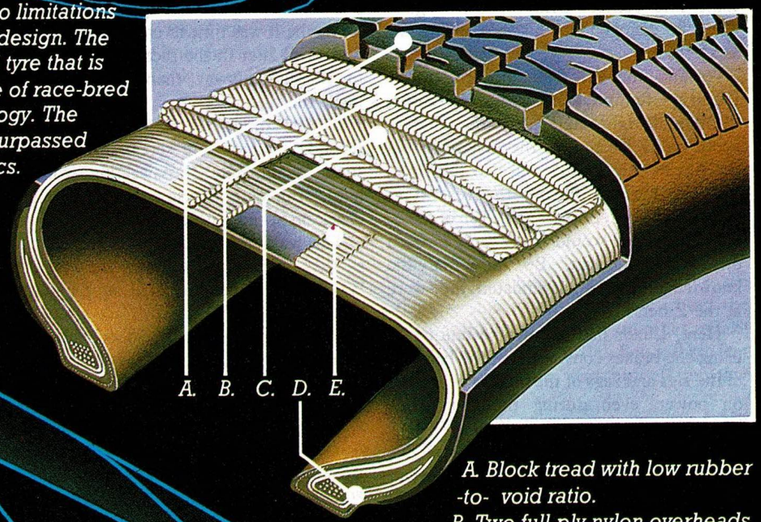

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SERVICES

(continued from page 41)

Bond was aware of a sheet of flame surrounding the car, engulfing him, and then dying away.

Bond hit the hump at just under 70 miles per hour, leaving his hands loose on the wheel, until he felt the solid jar as the Saab came into contact with the track again. Then he changed up, his foot toeing the accelerator.

Around the full 100 appeared to be Luxor's safe limit, and Bond followed him through the right-angle turn without letting up on speed. He allowed the Saab to drift in the Shelby-American's wake to the right, then hard right, feeling the rear tyres protest as they kept their grip. Ten of those, and the rubber would really start to burn off, Bond thought. By the time the knowledge had been assimilated, they were at the Z bend.

Here, Luxor had his own technique — using the brakes constantly on the hairpins of the zigs and zags of the bend, but putting on power, even during the short runs between.

Through, and into the next straight, Bond realised they must have taken the Z at a minimum of 70, rising to 80. Luxor was undoubtedly not only a confident, technical expert, but a man with steel nerves. Yet, on this long straight, he hardly took the little silver car above 100.

Before they reached the first of the two final bends, Bond decided that Luxor cruised at around 100 miles per hour, with a possible 40, maybe 50, in reserve for the straights when he needed it.

It was good technique. The circuit called for accuracy in speed, and hard work as well as concentration. Out-think him, Bond whispered to himself. If he read it correctly, Luxor was going to keep up the pace until the last three, possibly four, laps and then — sure that Bond was both tired and running the Saab flat out — he would push down and surge ahead, using his maximum speed.

They flashed past the stands. Bond, at a glance, saw that the head-up display speedometer was showing a fraction above 100. Luxor had drawn slightly ahead.

Maybe it was time to change tactics, not wait until later in the race. Stick with him for this one anyway; then decide when to make the first pass.

By the time they had negotiated the second lap and were screaming past the stands again, Bond was sweating, working hard, still loath to use brakes, keeping a check on speed with gears and accelerator.

This would be the ideal place, he decided, as they whined on towards the chicane. When they ended the third lap he would have a go.

The Saab was less than six feet behind the square tail of Luxor's car as they came out of the final turn on lap three. Now, he thought, watching Luxor drift slightly to the left. Not really enough room, but, if he obeyed the rules, Luxor would have to let Bond through.

A fraction of pressure on the wheel and the Saab slid to the right, coming very close to the Shelby-American. Further to the right Bond saw the edge of the track too close to his front wheel, but he pressed on, up into fifth gear and a hard kick down. The turbo reacted, and he felt the push of power, like a jet engine. The Saab's nose was reaching out, halfway down Luxor's chassis, unmistakably clearing to overtake.

Then, with a jarring horror, Bond saw Luxor veer over at an angle, cutting across to stop him, increasing speed so that Bond almost had to stand on the brakes to avoid slamming into the other car's side. In a fraction of a second, the Saab was behind again, losing ground. Bastard, Bond snarled to himself. He changed down, dropping speed to negotiate the chicane. Once through, he put his foot down again, closing so that they went on to the right-angle bend almost locked together.

This time, Bond felt considerable drift, the Saab sliding over to the left during the final moments of the turn. He glanced at the head-up digital figures of the speedometer and was not surprised. They registered 105; and, by the time he was aware of the speed building to 125, the zig-zag of the Z bend was on them.

Try him on the far straight, Bond thought. Force the bastard off the road if need be; the Saab had the weight to do it.

They came out of the Z bend, Luxor still accelerating and Bond determined not to lose an inch, trying to position for a breakthrough.

Then it happened.

He knew he would be able to prove nothing later. The blame would be put firmly on an overheated turbo, or some other excuse. At the time, however, he saw both the manoeuvre and the action quite plainly.

Luxor accelerated slightly, moving ahead by a few feet — three or four at the most. As Bond curled his own toes on the Saab's accelerator, he saw distinctly the small object drop away from Luxor's rear bumper. For a fraction of a second, he thought Luxor was in trouble: that stress was causing a break-up of some rear component. But the whooshing noise under the Saab made the truth plain enough.

Luxor had jettisoned some form of incendiary device, set to ignite as it hit the track.

All Bond was aware of after that was a sheet of flame surrounding the car, engulfing him, and then rapidly dying away.

They were about midway to the penultimate bend, and James Bond at first thought the bid had failed. The enveloping flame could only have been there for a second, and he had probably outrun it at this speed. Then he experienced the same sense of shock as the fire warning buzzed and the red light began to blink on the dashboard.

One of the last things Bond had fitted to the Saab was the new DEUGRA on-board, fire detection and extinguisher system, marketed in Britain by Graviner. Fixed-temperature detectors — set high, and at a very fine pitch for the Saab — monitored the engine and underside of the car, especially those areas adjacent to the fuel tank. The guts of the system were situated deep within the Saab's large boot. In a protected bed sat a seamless chrome and steel container, filled, under pressure, with the most efficient of extinguishers. Halon 1211. From the container, spray pipes ran to the engine compartment and around the car, particularly along the underside.

The extinguisher automatically fired when the detectors signalled a fire warning; while the whole system could also be activated manually from a thump button on the dashboard. The light and buzzer warnings were also automatically operated the moment heat set off the sensors.

In the present case, fire had engulfed the car, catching the underside, thereby activating the system without further help from Bond.

Literally within seconds, 10 kilograms of Halon 1211 engulfed the Saab, sweeping from underside to engine compartment, extinguishing the fire immediately and leaving no damage in its wake, for the properties of Halon are non-damaging to engine components, electrical wiring, or humans. It is also non-corrosive and, once the fire had been extinguished, the evaporation rate was so fast that no residue remained.

Bond, very much aware of what was going on, changed down, braked, and took the last two bends at a moderate 65. It was only when he was into the long straight — past the stand — knowing that he was entering the fifth lap, that Bond opened up the car again, relieved to feel no change in engine response.

Luxor, however, was well away — a good two miles ahead, just entering the chicane. Deep within his head, where anger boiled, Bond willed coolness. Luxor had deliberately attempted to burn him to death on the track — expecting the incendiary device to blow the Saab's petrol tank and probably the turbo-charger at the same time.

Settling himself firmly, Bond did not let his eyes waver from the road ahead. His hands ran through the gears as he increased power, roaring along the straight towards the chicane. His speed rose to over the hundred until the little green digital figures on the head-up display steadied at 130.

One hope in a thousand; a risk which could end in disaster. They slid through the chicane.

Bond changed down, but still took the chicane at his highest speed yet. The Saab rose like an aircraft, rotating on take-off, then bounced on its rear end first, almost out of control. Bond wrestled with the wheel. The screen of trees off the edge of the track slewed into vision. He heard the tyres protest until he brought the car back on line, pouring on a little more speed, then slowing as the Z bend approached.

From then onwards, it was a question of using speed on the straights, without trying to push the Saab to its full stretch, in order to gain on Luxor, who was going all out now, clinging to his lead.

It took another two laps before the Saab came within striking distance of its adversary. Then, nose to bumper, they crossed the line once more — into the eighth lap. Bond searched for his chance, jinking and pushing hard, while Luxor piled on more and more power.

Walter Luxor was rattled, Bond decided. The more he pushed, the more Luxor began taking chances. His driving was still immaculate, countering every move Bond made, but speed appeared to be his blind spot. He risked going through the chicane, the right-angle and Z bends, with the narrowest of safety limits.

Lap nine. Whatever the consequences, there had to be some way of overtaking Luxor. The idea germinated fast. One hope in a thousand; a risk which could end in disaster. They slid through the chicane, Luxor slowing this time as he hit the hump. Perhaps the driver's nerves were, at last, getting ragged. Now the killing, dangerous, right-angle bend.

Luxor lined himself up, keeping far to the right — his wheels almost touching the grass at the track's edge — in order to take the punishing bend at 100. Bond, three feet or so behind him, was himself pushing almost 100.

Luxor went into the turn, holding to the right, fighting the strain, to stay close to the verge for as long as possible, before pressure and speed forced the car over to the left. He reached the maximum point of turn and the car, under the stress of angle, speed and torque, started to slide outwards. A touch of the brakes slowed him fractionally.

It was the moment Bond had been waiting for: that second before Luxor was dragged to the left and forced to slow. Bond took his final opportunity.

Instead of following directly in Luxor's slipstream, the Saab suddenly went out of line, flicking to the left. Bond checked the turn on the wheel, feeling the stress hauling

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the Saab even further to the left than he intended, correcting with the wheel, steering right, and knowing that, if the wheels locked, he would be in a spin and off the road.

The Saab was drifting. Then, for a second, a space appeared — clear road on the bend to Luxor's left. In a moment, Luxor's car would itself be dragged into that clear area, just as it had been each time they took the right-angle bend. In that fraction of time, Bond felt the Saab steady. He kicked on the accelerator, sensing the Saab's spoiler push the rear down on to the road. His own body was forced back in the driving seat as full power took hold.

Almost aloud, Bond prayed that the Turbo's constantly-increasing forward speed would overcome any further slide to the left and that he could still hold the Saab into the turn without touching the verge. The turbo-charger whined, rising to a pitch of noise which should, by rights, have ended in some kind of explosion.

Then, quite suddenly, it was over. The Saab shot through on the outside of the sliding Shelby-American, the numbers on the head-up display just below the 140 line. Bond straightened the wheels and poured power through the engine.

The front of Luxor's car must have just missed grazing the Saab's rear as Bond overtook. For a moment, the low body and windscreen of the other car appeared to fill the Saab's rear-view mirror. Then it dropped back a few feet. As they slowed to go into the Z bend, Luxor managed to stay close, as though attached by a cable. But as Bond cleared the final hairpin, he slammed through the gears, up to the fifth, his right foot smoothly depressing the accelerator.

With a clear road ahead at last, the Saab leaped forward. He touched 150 on the far straight, slowed for the two corners, and, at the start of the last lap, took the car right through its paces. At one point — before the chicane — the numbers hit the magic figure of 175, then a little higher on the final far straight. Luxor was now well behind by three or four miles.

It was only when Bond brought the car towards the last two bends, that he began to gear down, allowing the speed to drop away. Then he took an extra lap, at a relatively gentle pace, allowing the engine to settle and himself to readjust. He had seen Bismaquer's face, dark and angry, as he brought down the chequered flag, proclaiming Bond the winner.

Yet, when the Saab finally coasted into the pits, with the grandstand crowd applauding even though their man had lost, Bismaquer seemed to have regained his temper.

"A fair race, James. A fair and exciting race. That car of yours sure knows how to move."

Bond, dripping with sweat, did not answer immediately but turned to watch Walter Luxor — the skull face more menacing than usual — coast in behind him.

"I don't know how fair, Markus," Bond said at last. "If that's really a converted Shelby-American, I'll eat my track suit. As for the firework display . . ."

"Yes, what happened there?" Bismaquer's pink, scrubbed face was a mask of innocence.

"I think Walter must've been having a quick cigarette and dropped a match. Look forward to my bonus, Markus. A great race. Now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

He turned and walked back towards the Saab, which would certainly need his attention. But Bismaquer was at his heels.

"We'll settle all debts tonight, James — the money, I mean. And I'll take the prints. But then, I'm afraid my hospitality has got to end. Dinner tonight — seven o'clock for 7.30, then we can clear up the business before we eat? Okay?"

"Fine."

"I'm sorry, but I have to ask you to leave in the morning. You see, we have this conference . . ."

"I thought you kept clear of conferences?" Bond was already half way into the Saab, pulling on the bonnet release.

Bismaquer hesitated, then laughed — not the booming guffaw, but a deep nervous rumble. "Yes. Yes, that's true. I usually keep well clear of the conferences here." Bismaquer appeared to be searching for words. "You see," he went on, "well, these people coming tonight are all automotive engineers. Walter is an expert." His face shaped a slow, rather sly, grin. "I guess you know that by now. You realise he built that Shelby replica with his own hands?"

"Extras and all?" Bond's eyebrows tilted.

Bismaquer boomed out a laugh, as if it was all a good joke. Either of us could have died out there because of that car, Bond reflected; yet Bismaquer thinks it's funny.

The bear-like man hardly paused for breath. "Well, these people being engineers and. . .well, Walter's addressing them tomorrow morning; some very advanced talk on mechanics, I don't know what. Like a fool — and to make him happy — I promised to be there too. . .so there won't be much time for me to play host to Cedar and you."

Bond wondered when the action would start, as he watched the big man walk away, flat-footed and heavy. Either Bismaquer was going to let them get off the ranch and then have them picked up outside, or he would see to it here, on the premises. If the latter, then everything could be blown. He needed to talk to Nena, among other things, and then go to ground in the Conference Centre, his last hope of gaining hard information. If Bismaquer pounced first the whole mission would be lost.

For Special Services by John Gardner, 1982 by Gildrose Publications Ltd and published in Australia jointly by Jonathan Cape and Hodder Stoughton. Price: $14.95.

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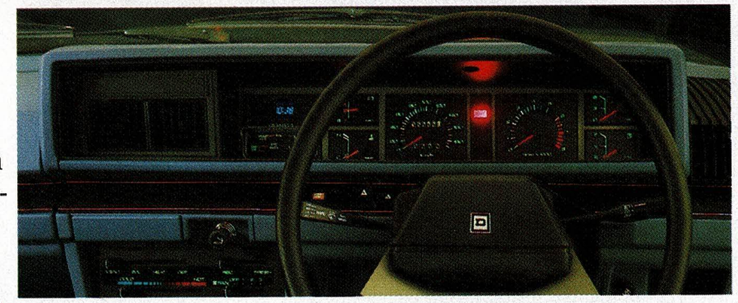

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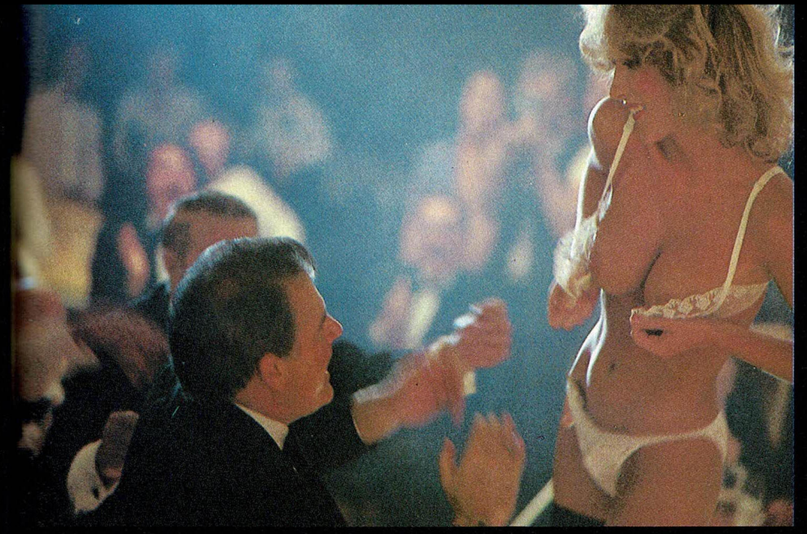
Former US Playmate Kimberly McArthur is an irrepressible lady with a huge love of life. "Just give me the simple things," she says, "like mink underwear and large sapphires!" And the Texan-born beauty is well on her way to acquiring these trappings of stardom with her first movie role in the recently-released *Young Doctors in Love*. Kimberly really gets hearts beating and pulses pounding when she turns up in the Christmas stocking of co-star Dabney Coleman. We just can't work out why Santa didn't keep her all to himself.

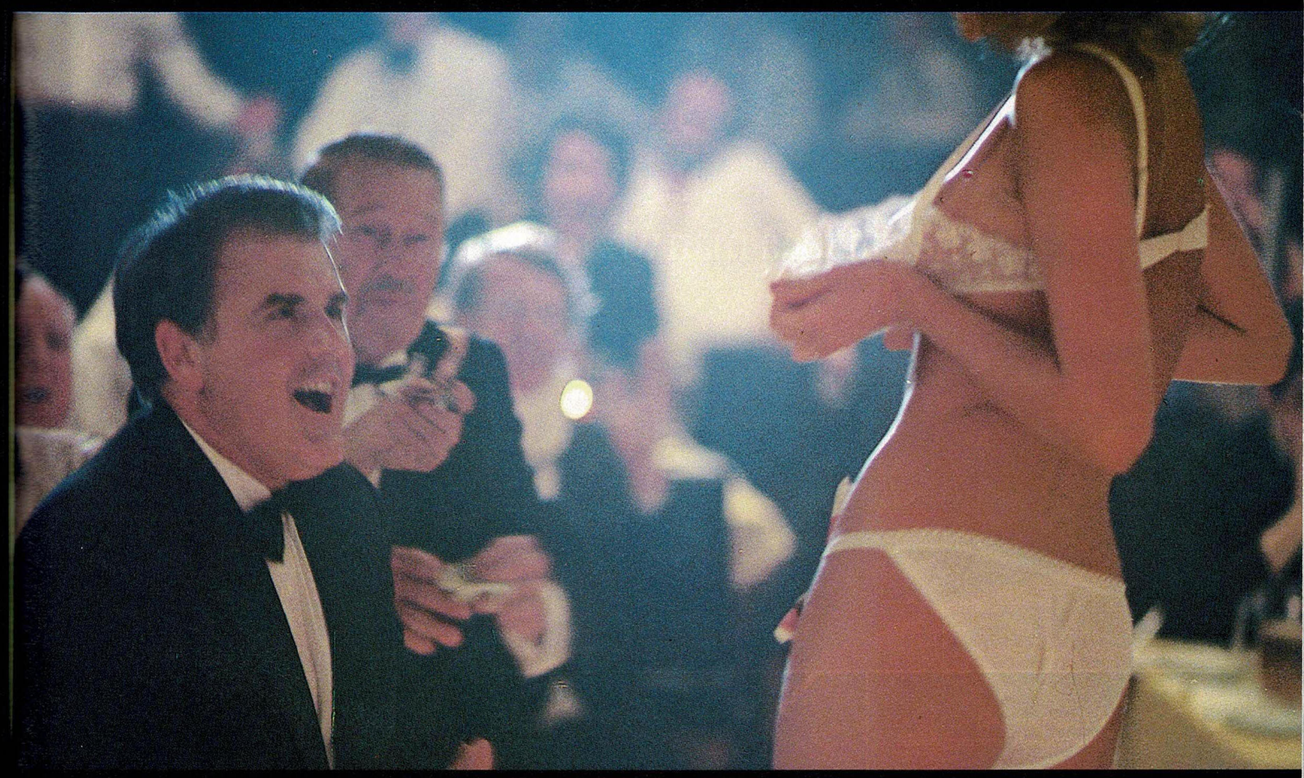
DOUBLE BILL

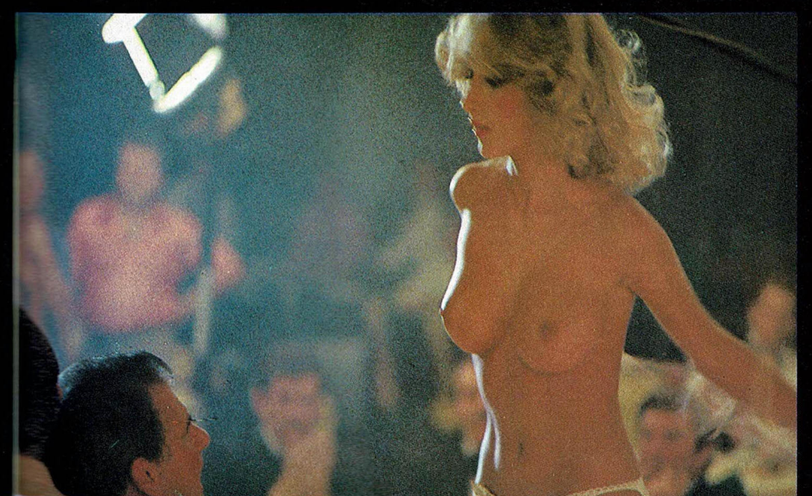
Two starry-eyed Playmates twinkle on the silver screen

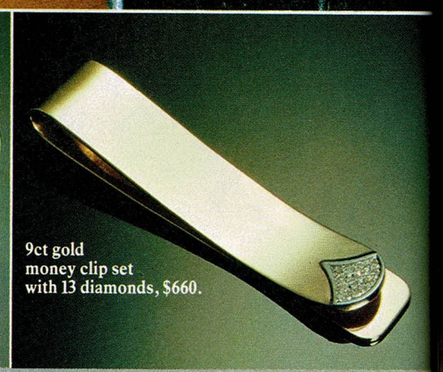
Popular young Playmate of the Year finalist Amanda Dole turns her very obvious talents to the art of strip-tease in the nightclub scene of Filmco's newie, *Midnite Spares*. The movie is billed as an action comedy and revolves around a car-stealing gang running a speedway. Plenty of sprintcar chases, action sequences and lingering close-ups of the delectable Miss Dole. A mix that can only spell success for yet another fine Aussie film and our most alluring new starlet.

DOUBLE BILL









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PRIME TIME

(continued from page 62)

"Don't bother, my good man, I know the way," he said and walked into the broom closet.

leopard skin overcoat close around him as he walked the dingy alleyway of Kings Cross. Ladies of the night started to approach him, then backed away when they saw his clothes, the white brushback hairdo, the well-lined face. There's something very obscene about an 80-year-old man with a brushback.

He stopped at a well-lit doorway and checked the address with a piece of paper in his hand.

"Show's just about to start, Old Timer," a man in a boater and striped coat shouted down from a soap box. "Every one a honey — step right up, only five bucks. You're never too old to learn, step right up."

Hairdresser searched through his coat and came up with a wrinkled five-dollar note, paid a bored-looking girl at the window and walked into the club.

Roxanne was the second last to come on stage. The scratchy, taped music which heralded her entrance was the theme from their old show, the sign beside the stage boasted: "Roxanne McCorquodale — Former TV Star", but even that build-up could not prepare Hairdresser for the sight which met him when the curtain opened.

First a shoe appeared, then an ankle the size of a watermelon, then a massive pink, veiny thigh and finally, in all her 24-stone glory in a purple dress split to the waist, emerged Roxanne McCorquodale, to the rapturous applause of one man in a raincoat and the hysterical laughter of four teenagers in the back row.

Hairdresser closed his eyes when Roxanne removed the last strip of clothing. He preferred not to let the horrors of the present spoil the sweet memories of the past — that, and the fact he felt sure if he watched, he'd throw up.

After the show, he walked backstage to the girl's dressing-room and asked the man in the boater if he could see Roxanne.

"Roxy", he shouted through a crack in the door, "old fella wants to see ya."

A few minutes later the door swung open, and there she stood in a black kimono, holding a cup of chicken noodle soup.

Their eyes met and his voice cracked a little as he said quietly: "Hello, Roxanne."

She paused for a moment, and his pacemaker missed a beat as she spoke her first words to him for 30 years.

"Twenty bucks quick time, 35 all night," she said, blowing on her soup.

"But Roxanne," he said, "you don't understand. It's me, Tony."

"Tony shmony," she said. "Do you think I can remember every John who ever. . ." Then she stopped, a noodle stuck precariously on one of her chins.

"Jesus Christ," she said. "Tony Hairdresser — where the hell you been? Come on in. I'll buy you a soup."

"Roxanne, wait," he said, unfolding his new contract and holding it in front of her. "Look what I got for us. This is it baby, we're going back. Back to Prime Time."

She read quickly, then let out a shriek.

"Tony, darling," she cried and threw her arms around him, pressing his face between two enormous breasts and pouring the rest of her soup down the back of his leopard skin overcoat.

•

When Tony reached the studio, he felt as if he had never been away. It smelt the same, it felt the same, it made the same click-click noise as he walked through the foyer.

"Tony Hairdresser here to tape *Greed*," he told the security guard, then waved the man away when he tried to show him the way to the studio.

"Don't bother, my good man, I know the way," he said and walked into the broom closet.

Meanwhile, in Wardrobe, Roxanne stood with her hand where her hips had once been and glared at a young man with pins in his mouth.

"Look, mate," she said, pointing to a pile of shiny lurex gowns, "they used to fit perfectly when I worked here before. Just let them out a bit."

The young man pulled the pins out of his mouth and shook his head.

"Sorry, sweety," he said, "but the only tailor I know who could let these out enough is working for Bullen's Circus."

Waiting to go on camera for the first time in 40 years, Hairdresser felt more than a little nervous. He adjusted his tie every few seconds and cleared his throat so much that the sound technicians thought there was a fault in the equipment. Roxanne stood beside him, looking like an enormous harlequin in an evening gown made up of seven of her old outfits. Finally they heard the floor manager call for silence. The audience hushed and the booth announcer went through his spiel, ending with the introduction: "And here he is, the star of our show, Tonee Hairdress-ahh. . ."

Tony burst from behind the backdrop and jogged towards his microphone, waving his arms above his head and giving his best smile.

"Howdy doody every bodey," he cried and then, as the camera panned to the hysterical audience, collapsed in a chair and sucked on an inhaler.

Roxanne brought out the first contestant, a housewife from Lugarno with three kids.

Bring a beautiful German to dinner.

For centuries, German wines have been delighting food lovers with their unique ability to complement fine food. And the distinctive crisp, fruity German wine style is perfectly captured in Black Tower Liebfraumilch.

You could argue forever over the relative merits of French, German and Australian wines. But wine lovers know that while each has its place, German wines are truly versatile, so you can stay with the one wine right through a meal. They know, too, that Black Tower is one of the most delightful wines Germany has produced.

Next time you're invited for dinner, take along a bottle or two of Black Tower. Your hosts will love the way Black Tower counterpoints a meal, pleasing and refreshing so the flavour of great food is enhanced.

Quite simply, Black Tower helps orchestrate a brilliant dinner party. And it won't strain your budget.

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"Our first contestant, Tony, is Mrs Enrichi Dom, er, rech, um nio from Lugarnero," she said.

"Lovely, lovely," said Tony as Roxanne sashayed backstage, knocking a table of prizes flying with her left buttock.

"Right, now," said Tony, "let's start with an easy one, shall we Ellen. How much do you want to go for?"

"I sinka maybe 10 dollar."

"Right, 10 dollars, now we look at the old chart on the wall and see that for 10 dollars you are risking the top link of your little finger. And the question is. . .and remember this could be a trick, Eleanor. . .the question is — what is the capital of Australia?"

"I sinka maybe. . .Canberra?"

"That's right!"

The audience cheered and Tony continued.

"Congratulations, Edith, now you can either take your 10 dollars or play on and risk another part of your body, right up until the one million-dollar mega-pay. Now what's it to be, Elspeth? You have two seconds."

"I sink I play on."

Upstairs in the booth, Reg Underpants paced up and down nervously. Things seemed to be going well but one could never tell. How well he remembered *The Dictionary*, a three-part mini-series starring Jackie Tapestry-Maker and John Rivers. The rushes had looked great but the public had given it the Big A. He'd been picked up with blood alcohol levels higher than those ratings.

Down on the studio floor, Mrs Domericho was doing fine. She'd just beat the buzzer to save her left foot, and with five minutes remaining had decided to go for the big one — her life for one hundred grand.

"Okay, Liz, that's great," Tony had beamed, "now are you sure, remember you already have 80 thou, you're free to take it and go."

The audience screamed: "Take it", "Go for it", "Have a go", but she was not interested in their opinions.

"No, no," she said, her eyes glazed over, "I want more. More money."

"Okay then," said Tony, "here's the question and. . .oh dear, it's a trick one, he he. . .oh, I feel awful. Have a go anyway darling. . .what's my middle name?"

"Whatsa that? How I supposed to know, what sort of. . ."

The buzzer sounded.

"Gee, now I really do feel a louse. He he, that's what you get for being greedy." He wagged his finger at her as the audience laughed. "You're a bad, bad girl."

Two large men in uniform grabbed the woman on each arm and led her to a wall in the centre of the floor, tied her to a post, stepped back 15 paces and, picking up rifles from a small table, shot her through the head.

The studio switchboard lit up just as Roxanne announced that the dead woman's family would receive a selection of confectionery from Rossi Brothers of Camperdown.

Underpants ran from switchgirl to switchgirl, his smile growing as each gave him a thumbs up and replied into her mouthpiece: "Thank you, I'm glad you liked it."

He ran to Hairdresser's dressing-room — a cubicle roped off in the men's toilet.

"Tony," he shouted to the breathless sweating old man who sat slumped on the seat, "we're a hit!"

•

A tanned, slim arm hung out of the bed from between the satin sheets. Connected to it by way of a shoulder lay 20-year-old Carmen La Bamba, the sixth starlet to share Tony Hairdresser's king-size bed that week.

"I can't understand it, it's never happened to me before," Hairdresser lied for the sixth time that week.

"Forget it, honey," breathed Carmen, screwing in a jeweller's eyepiece and checking the carats of the diamond bracelet she'd found underneath her pillow. "To be perfectly honest, by the time we got your corset off I didn't feel much like it anyway."

Hairdresser pushed a button on the intercom next to his bed and ordered breakfast from the maid, then lay back and looked up at himself in the mirror on the ceiling. How wonderful it was to be the only ugly thing in the entire room.

The solid gold bedstead, the lush shagpile carpet, the velvet curtains, the genuine original Renoir prints. How things had changed in such a sort time — and he owed it all to *Greed*. The show had taken off like a cat on fire. Record rating had given way to record rating. The Hairdresser profile had appeared on the cover of *TV News* three times in one month, his lips had been immortalised in wet concrete outside the new Reg Underpants Building, and when the show had peaked one night at 97.6 — meaning anyone not watching it was either in the studio audience or blind — Hairdresser knew his dream had finally come true.

What a night that had been. Thinking back on it was as close to a sexual experience as he had come for 15 years. It had all been perfect from the moment he arrived at the studio. The security guard had helped him out of the Rolls with a flourish, secretaries had kissed him on the head as he was wheeled by in his courtesy wheelchair. Housewives had begged him to touch their sick children, network executives presented him with garlands of flowers, bottles of champagne, their daughters.

In front of the cameras was just as good. The massive audience had risen as one and screamed and cheered until he raised his hand and then, as if in a trance, had sunk to their chairs in mute anticipation.

Roxanne introduced the carry-over champion, Mrs Marge Shillman of Canley Vale, with a bank of $480,000. She had successfully bet her own life and was now

Make it a Gordon's and...

Tonic.
Refrrreshing! Ice in a short or highball glass, pour Gordon's over, add tonic as you will, drop in slice of lemon.

Orange.
Tropical twist. In highball glass mix 1½ parts Gordon's and 3 parts orange juice, with ice, garnish with slice of orange on side of glass.

Bitter Lemon.
Smoothness with a sparkle. Fill highball glass with ice, add 1½ parts Gordon's, squeeze in wedge of lime, fill glass with bitter lemon.

Grapefruit.
The Cooler. 1½ parts Gordon's over ice in a short glass, fill with 3 parts grapefruit juice, add a dash of salt.

Creme de Menthe.
The Grasshopper. 1 part Gordon's, part each green and white Creme de Menthe, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Ginger Ale.
The quencher. 1½ parts Gordon's over ice in highball glass, twist in long sliver of lemon peel, pour on ginger ale and stir.

Lime.
Cool and quenching. Pour 2 parts Gordon's and 1½ parts lime juice into shaker, add ½ teaspoon of sugar, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Apple.
Delightfully mellow. 1½ parts Gordon's, 2 parts apple juice, pour over ice in highball glass, add just a sprinkle of cinnamon.

Water.
au naturel! Pour 2 parts Gordon's over ice in a glass, add 1 part water.

On the Rocks.
Taste the distinctive difference of Gordon's. But pour slowly!

American Martini.
The driest of dry, and to many a tradition. 5 to 10 parts Gordon's. And just a whisker of dry vermouth (1 part. No more!)
Stir gently with ice and serve with an olive or twist of lemon.

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AB 1877/82

attempting to become the first Mega winner of the show, wagering the entire family — herself, hubby and three girls and a boy against the pot — $1 million. Unfortunately, she lost. She had the answer right but forgot to push the buzzer first. As a consolation, the judges had spared the life of the youngest girl, a humanitarian gesture the crowd had eaten up.

"Tony, I have to get back to the studio."

The voice of Carmen La Bamba brought Tony back to reality.

He pushed the bedside button and told the maid to have the car ready in 10 minutes.

"It ain't here, and in 10 minutes I ain't either," she said. "Mr Underpants called and took everything back. He said you had till midday to get out of the house."

Hairdresser had a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach and made a late grab for the diamond bracelet just as Carmen dropped it into her handbag.

"Don't worry, I'll catch a cab," she said picking up the full-length white fur coat he had given her the night before, and throwing it over her arm.

He dressed quickly and ordered a cab, then cancelled it as he remembered they wouldn't accept credit cards. Finally, after hitch-hiking in a fake beard and sunglasses, he arrived at Reg's office two hours later.

"Sorry," the receptionist said, "Mr Underpants isn't receiving. Perhaps if youse would like to make an appointment. . ."

"This isn't happening," he told himself as he pushed past her and burst through the mahogany door.

"Get out of here, Hairdresser, you've had it — you're all through," Underpants said.

"Through? What do you mean through? Reggy, we were steady at 46.6 on Monday night," he pleaded.

"Yeah, and this is Wednesday. Last night you hit 7.1. Even the *Mike Willoughby Show* used to get 7.4."

"But. . .but what happened?"

"Uncles And Aunties."

"Uncles And Aunties?"

"Yeah, it's a new soapy. It's about two cousins separated at birth during World War II in a suburb of Melbourne. They meet many years later when working as doctor and nurse in a small country town veterinary hospital, fall in love with their respective parents, marry their grandparents and give birth to their next-door neighbors while carrying on an affair with each other, neither knowing they are, in fact, the same person. It's on in your slot, Hairdresser, and last night it peaked at 98.2. Now get out."

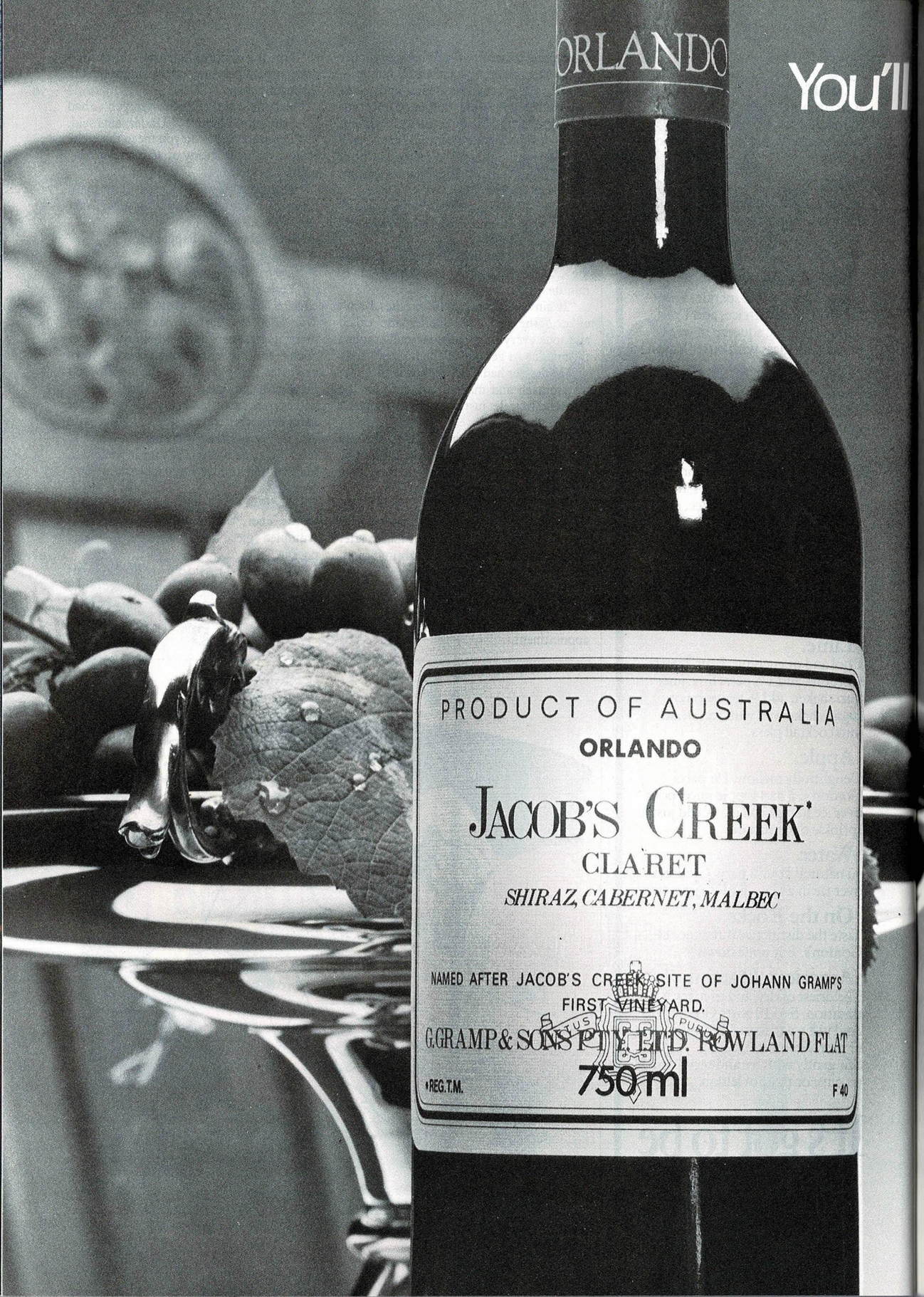
Hairdresser bowed his head and shuffled to the door, then stopped and pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his back pocket.

"Say Reg," he said turning back to his former partner, "like to buy a map to the stars' homes? — everyone a Logie winner!"

"Of course your first husband was better. He had a much younger wife."

You'll love the night life at Jacob's Creek.

The remarkably mellow red from Orlando.



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RODNEY MARSH (continued from page 37)

Every Australian player should devote a lot more time to practising and improving his fielding.

saying something I don't think I've ever said to him before: "Well done, mate, that's the best I've ever seen you captain." What he did to win that Test against New Zealand was bloody brilliant and something I'd never have had the guts to do.

PLAYBOY: What was the master-stroke?

MARSH: He bowled Allan Border who finished up getting the wickets that counted. The wicket was seaming and, although Lillee had broken down, we had three seamers in Alderman, Thommo and Greg himself. Bruce Yardley wasn't doing much, but Greg brought Border on and he picked up three for 20.

I think we'd have won the Test if we'd done it my safe way, but with Greg calling the shots we blitzed them. Considering all the bullshit that had gone on in Australia about him being dropped as captain and it being his last match for six months or so, I was absolutely delighted for him. Besides making the shrewdest moves as captain, he batted magnificently and got 170 or 180 on a wicket that no one else really came to grips with. I really believe he can now go on and be a great captain. . .if, of course, he gets the opportunity.

PLAYBOY: You've touched on the differences in leadership styles between you and Greg. How else would they vary?

MARSH: Over the past five or six years, it's been the custom for any player with a problem to come to me. I guess they always know where to find me as I always head for the bar after a game. If anyone has a bitch — no matter whether it's about the playing conditions, the captain or his bloody roommate — he comes to me.

I'm a good listener, even though I say a lot of things I guess I shouldn't say. But I think I'm honest with the guys and I also think they respect that. They realise I'm human and I'm going to make mistakes.

And there probably lies the greatest difference between Greg and me. Greg's always the perfectionist — such a perfectionist that people are frightened of him. That demand for perfect peformances is probably Greg's greatest failing as a captain. But I feel that has changed since his failures with the bat last season when he kept getting out for zero. Although it was bloody sickening to see it happen, I always had the feeling those failures were going to be the making of him as a captain. He now realises that he's fallible. It must have been a harrowing experience for him, but I feel that when he's finished his cricket he will look back on that time as the best thing that ever happened to him.

PLAYBOY: How did you and the rest of the team react to that succession of Greg's ducks. Did you try to console him or is he too aloof a player to approach in that way?

MARSH: He was very hard to get to. There were so many people offering advice about what he should or shouldn't do. I guess we all chipped in a little bit, but we all knew it would only be a matter of time before he got out of the rut. And, of course, he did in New Zealand where he played bloody magnificently. It was a damned difficult time for the team, too, because Australian players had got used to feeling so secure about our fortunes when Greg walked to the crease.

PLAYBOY: You have always felt that he would be out there at the crease for some time?

MARSH: The feeling's exactly the same as when Dennis Lillee is in the team — you just feel confident you're going to win. Greg has the respect of every player because of his enormous talent, but, as a perfectionist, he's always been a little aloof. On the other hand, Kim Hughes doesn't command that kind of respect because of his personality. Kim is bloody good company, but he's always liable to do silly things, whether he has a bat, a golf club or cards in his hand. He's that sort of guy. Many times, Kim has walked out to bat and the rest of the players have looked at one another as if to ask: What's he going to do today? That's not the sort of thing you need if you're a captain. The team needs to feel that the captain is going to go out and play the right way every time. It's irrelevant if he succeeds or fails, but it's important to feel that he's going to play the right way every time.

PLAYBOY: There are enormous pressures on a captain today for a variety of reasons including the amount of cricket played, the degree of public exposure through TV and the prize-money involved. And because a succession of Australian captains have experienced difficulty in switching from Test to one-day cricket, is there any merit in suggesting that a different captain should lead Australia in the five-day and limited over matches?

MARSH: I really *have* thought about that. I believe I should be captain for the one-day cricket. It's a prick of a job captaining a side in one-day cricket. So many things go wrong. There's so much improvisation from the batsman. It's all right to start with, but during those last 35 overs when the field is out, an in-the-field captain has no idea of the angles and where to place his men. The only way is to try to keep the general shape of the field. I think we're gradually getting there through a process of learning.

PLAYBOY: But considering the depth of talent, Australia has performed badly for a number of years in one-day cricket.

MARSH: Our biggest problem has been our fielding. If you stack Australia up against any other team in the world — with the possible exception of India — our fielding suffers by comparison. Every Australian player should devote a lot more time to practising and improving his fielding.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking exclusively about the fielding demands in one-day cricket?

MARSH: It filters over to Test cricket. We've got away with it in Test cricket because there have been two or three fast bowlers operating all the time and we've had men in catching positions. Australians are good catchers, which counts a hell of a lot in Test cricket, but without men in catching positions, as you have in one-day cricket, we're simply not athletic enough. I'm not saying we're not fit enough, but, with the exception of Greg Chappell and Border, there's not really a good out-fielder among the regular Australian players. Graeme Wood is improving all the time, but you could never call someone like Bruce Laird a good fielder.

Take Geoff Boycott. He's 41 and, although he was not a great fielder, he's worked so hard on this aspect of the game that he's more capable than Laird and probably the equal of Wood. It's very hard at times, particularly when you have a full season, to go out and practise your fielding, but it's got to be done.

PLAYBOY: With a nice sense of irony, you once said that had you turned your back on your mates and WSC, you would have inherited the captaincy and, as a result, been a lot better off financially. Did you seriously consider taking a different path to the Chappells and Lillee?

MARSH: I considered it seriously. I was working with the Swan Brewery at the time and I didn't really know how my employer would accept the prospect of me playing fully professional cricket. I had a marvellous job and the brewery offered me a secure financial future. There wasn't much financial security attached to playing professional cricket. And I believe that, with the advertising prospects around, had I stayed on and played for the Board and been made Australian captain, I could've picked up two or three really big contracts.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think those contracts would have been worth to you?

MARSH: Well, I'd like to know what Bob Simpson got. I really don't know. . . perhaps up to $60,000 in 1977. Whatever it was, it was certainly a lot more than I got from WSC. Looking back, however, I'm almost certain that I'd have retired after 1977 had it not been for WSC. I'd lost my desire to play the game and to be away from home on tour. I really think I'd have given the game away after '77.

PLAYBOY: Because of the lack of money and security for your family?

MARSH: Yes. I felt I was getting nowhere and it would've been the easy thing to do. Although the team wasn't too successful, I'd played pretty well in England. I thought

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In 1938 the United States Army, while operating from air bases in the Philippines were undertaking the routine task of mapping the Pacific Ocean.

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The result is now history.

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I might as well quit while I was ahead. But the challenge of WSC really sparked me. It was a new challenge. It really was exciting to be part of World Series and, for the first time, we were treated as professionals. We stayed at the best hotels and were given the best of everything.

PLAYBOY: Did World Series significantly alter you as a man and as a cricketer?

MARSH: It certainly altered me as a man because I soon came to know who my friends were. There was a lot of talk bandied round about burying the hatchet when the compromise occurred, but not from me. I'm not a great believer in burying the hatchet. Either a guy is a good guy or he's not, and if he's not, he can get stuffed as far as I'm concerned. I don't want to know him. A few of my so-called "friends" are no longer friends because of what they said or wrote at the time. A perfect example is the ex-local butcher. My wife, Roslyn, refuses to shop there because of some of the things he said.

PLAYBOY: You've no regrets about those irreparably broken friendships?

MARSH: I don't need those people, even though some of them are administrators. If I know I'm playing well enough to warrant inclusion in the Australian side and they're instrumental in me being dropped, that's fine. I'd never stand up on my high horse and tell the world why I was dropped. I'll know the reason and that's all that matters.

I know it's crazy, but there's still a lot of ill-feeling toward me from some people. The exceptions are the press guys who slated World Series Cricket at the time of the break, but have since had the guts to come out publicly and say that we did a lot for the game of cricket. Some of the original critics, however, are standing firm and are saying that WSC was solely responsible for popularising the one-day game, which they maintain is ruining the game. Yet the shrewder judges will say the one-day game is keeping cricket alive by drawing the big crowds and providing the finance for Sheffield Shield and Test cricket — in fact the whole cricket works.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the Packer years did, they have certainly achieved better pay packets for top cricketers. But the fatter pay packets have increased the demands and pressures on players. Don't you sometimes hanker for the days when cricketers appeared to be happy paupers?

MARSH: I *don't*. I'm a professional cricketer and the more I play, the more I'm paid. I'd be happy to play 365 days a year, provided most of the matches were played in Perth, I've never really bitched about the programming, but the Nullarbor Plain makes it that much harder if you happen to live in Perth as I do. Being a Test cricketer today is much easier if you live in Sydney or Melbourne.

PLAYBOY: What about the additional demands of publicity and promotion that are part of your contract?

MARSH: It's part of the act and I don't suppose there's much we can do about it. But I do resent people infringing on my privacy. I used to think it was terrific when people walked past and recognised me. Now I only think how nice it would be for me or my wife and kids to go somewhere in Perth or even Australia and not be recognised. . . to be able to go shopping or into some little restaurant and not be bothered by people coming up and asking for an autograph.

The happiest month in my life was when I took Roslyn and the family to America at the end of last year's tour. We just walked around like all the other tourists. It was a great feeling not to have some perfect stranger come up and start talking to us because I'm Rod Marsh, professional cricketer.

PLAYBOY: Was there more enjoyment in cricket when the financial stakes weren't as high?

MARSH: No, I don't think so. I always play it as a game, even though it's my business. If I ever lose the love of the game, I won't play.

PLAYBOY: After the success of the Packer experiment, it was inevitable that the pattern would be used by South African entrepreneurs to use big money to lure a first-class team to the cricket-starved republic. What are your feelings on the so-called tour of mercenaries led by Graham Gooch?

I'm not a great believer in burying the hatchet. Either a guy is a good guy or he's not, and if he's not, he can get stuffed as far as I'm concerned.

MARSH: Firstly, I feel very sorry for South African cricketers. I'd love to play them because it would be fantastic to beat them. Obviously it had to happen that a tour involving a team such as the English side would be organised. My first reaction was to think: "Well, here we are, the World Series all over again." But the more I thought about it, the more I realised that there were differences.

When we signed for WSC, the only people we could harm were ourselves. I realised that the repercussions of the South African tour could have been, and may still be, very serious.

PLAYBOY: If a similar offer were made to an Australian team or a composite team including Australians, would you accept a gilt-edged invitation to play in South Africa?

MARSH: The thing that would stop me — apart from the Government — would be the possibility of me jeopardising the future of Australia's scope in world cricket. I reckon if we went to South Africa, that would be it. We'd never play against the West Indies, India or Pakistan again. Australia would be restricted to playing England, New Zealand and, although I doubt it, possibly South Africa. I don't think I have the right to prohibit the next Australian 'keeper and possibly his successor from playing against those countries.

PLAYBOY: By the start of the new season, Keppler Wessels will have qualified to play for Australia. Won't Australia run the risk of alienating the black cricketing countries if the selectors choose him in a Test side?

MARSH: That's something the administrators will have to sort out, but, for starters, I don't see any problems arising with India because they've already played against an English team including another former South African player, Allan Lamb. But I don't know how the West Indies would react. I think problems would arise if Wessels was picked to tour the West Indies. We'd be faced with another Jackman situation.

PLAYBOY: For obvious political reasons, the English authorities have banned the Gooch group. Do you feel the Australian Board of Control would be compelled to apply the same precedent to any Australians who made an unsanctioned tour of South Africa?

MARSH: Yes, I've got no doubt about that. The directive would come directly from the Government. Mind you, I'll never fathom why we still continue to trade with South Africa. I'm just a simple guy, but I can't understand why it's okay for business to trade with South Africa, but we aren't allowed to play sport against them. The fact that Australia continues to trade with South Africa should be enough for the West Indian cricketers to ban us if they take apartheid that seriously, which I sincerely feel they do.

PLAYBOY: You sound angry that sport always has to be the scapegoat.

MARSH: More sad than angry. It's just one of those things that shouldn't happen. Because I know a few of them, I feel desperately for South African cricketers. Politics and sport should not mix, but, of course, they do. I'll never forget an incident which points up the essential sadness of it all. Barry Richards and I had teamed up for a double-wicket competition in Perth. Because he was a couple of years older than me and had played a lot more cricket, I told him to be captain. "How many Tests have you played?" he asked me. At that time it was 40 or whatever. He said: "You're the senior player. . .I've played four Tests." Imagine that, a player of such outstanding quality having played only four Tests. It doesn't seem right. . .

PLAYBOY: Cricket has been a great intruder on your private and family life. Does it take a special kind of woman to stick with the modern Test cricketer?

MARSH: It really does. You're away from home a week or so and you think of the mundane things you might be doing 'round the house and you long for them. Probably the nicest thing a man can say about his wife is that she's his best friend. There's no doubt about that in my case and I'm so lucky. Roslyn is such a great woman. Because you're away from home for such long and frequent periods playing cricket, you have to bend and when I'm at home I stay at home. I don't go to the pub. Mind you, I've been a bit shrewd and have got her playing golf. She now understands that when you go to the golf course you have to have a drink with the guys afterwards.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, Rod Marsh is no saint and I suppose the old maxim out of sight, out of mind, applies to you when you're on tour. Is your behavior on tour the kind of thing you and your wife will sit down and discuss?

MARSH: Oh, yes, we talk. When I'm away she'll know where I am most days and nights of the week. She knows I enjoy the company of the guys when I'm away and she knows we'll have our beers. She knows she'll never find me anywhere else than where I should be. When I'm overseas, say in England, I'm a good letter writer and when I'm closer to home I'll ring frequently.

PLAYBOY: A number of your friends' marriages have not survived the pressures. How does the breakup of a mate's marriage affect you and Roslyn?

MARSH: Well, if anything, I think it makes us closer. I just couldn't imagine ever being without her. We've never discussed breaking up. It would be the furthest thing from my mind and, I hope, from her mind. We have always got on so well together and I'm sure we'll continue to do so.

PLAYBOY: Because of the long absences, do you sometimes feel your sons worship the famous sportsman rather than the father?

MARSH: Yes, but not often. If things aren't going all that well at home and Roslyn is a bit down because I have to go away again, I'll often ask the kids, especially the older sons, Paul and Daniel: "How long do you reckon I should keep playing?" Their stock answer is: "At least until you're 40, Dad."

"Hang on a minute," I'll say, "I don't want to play until I'm 40." And they'll say: "You've got to keep playing; it's grouse." They say that because they know as long as I keep playing they'll get to Sydney and Melbourne every year and sometimes to England.

Cricket has denied me the chance of seeing a son take his first step, uttering his first word. I regret missing out on those things, but cricket is the life I've chosen and it means making sacrifices. I'm sure that if you asked Roslyn, she wouldn't have our life any other way. She knows I'm happy with what I'm doing. I shudder to think what I *would* be doing if I didn't play cricket. The other night riding in a cab into the city from Sydney Airport, I looked at all the people walking along the street from their offices or wherever, and I thought to myself: I could be one of those people — it would have been so easy. From the day I was born I've had all the good breaks and I'm thankful for that.

PLAYBOY: Your brother Graham is a world-class golfer. As a dedicated team man, do you feel you could have succeeded in a personal sport such as golf or tennis?

MARSH: I don't think I could have. I haven't got the right temperament. I'm too much of a gambler. When I get on the golf course I'm always thinking of making the birdie, not three-putting. On a big green when you're faced with a 12-metre putt, you should be thinking of getting down in two, not holing out. Some days I make the birdie, on others I three-putt.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Graham the totally different people your sporting records suggest?

MARSH: Publicly we are. Graham has a more conservative image. To most people, Graham is a virtual non-drinker, while to most people, I'm the beer swiller. Graham and I have been very pissed together. When the real Graham Marsh comes out, he can be as rowdy and tell as many jokes as the next guy.

Graham and I have been very pissed together. When the real Graham Marsh comes out he can be as rowdy and tell as many jokes as the next guy.

PLAYBOY: Talking of your image as the swiller, is it true that you set the beer-drinking record from Sydney to Heathrow?

MARSH: That was Ian Chappell's greatest con act. He played on my and Doug Walters' partiality to a beer and Doug's obsession for statistics. Often he will count how many cigarettes he's smoked in a day and there have been days when he's even counted the crowd. He's a great collector of bloody useless bits of information, but that's what makes him such a wonderful team man.

When we got to Sydney Airport to leave for the 1977 English tour, I asked Ian what was the record for the number of cans between Sydney and Heathrow. "Buggered if I know, but John Fordham from Qantas will know," says Ian. So we asked and this Qantas guy just pulled a number out of the air — 35 cans — and he reckoned the figure was unattainable. I thought, righto, Freddie, we'll break this. So off we went. Dougie kept the record sheet and when the beer got hot he marked down one can for every spirit miniature we drank. I got one ahead of Dougie and kept it that way. We both got very drunk, but we were orderly. Every now and then we'd wake and keep going.

PLAYBOY: What was the final tally?

MARSH: It was something like 44 drinks, most of them beer. People will say: "What an idiot!" I am an idiot, occasionally, in that respect.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to more temperate topics. . .You probably surprised many people in your book when you ranked Ian Chappell ahead of Greg, Gary Sobers and Barry Richards as the finest batsman of your era. Do you still regard him as the best?

MARSH: Yes. If I had to have someone to bat for my life, I'd pick Ian. I'm not saying he's the finest technician or shotmaker, but if runs had to be got, he was always the most likely to get them. That's why I rate him so highly and that's why his opponents did. When the crunch was really on, when the wicket was really bad, the ball was turning or bounding, Ian was the one bloke they knew they had to get out to beat Australia. The one thing Greg lacks in comparison is the ability to be completely in control on turning wickets. It was unfortunate Greg didn't go to India in '67-'68 because he would have learned so much about playing spin bowling. That would have made him an even greater player than he is.

PLAYBOY: You place great store by Ian's disregard for records and statistics. Another great batsman, Geoff Boycott, has been obsessed with personal records. Has this made him a less effective player?

MARSH: Certainly. Yet I find Boycott amazing and I respect him highly. I'm not saying he's a great mate, but I respect the fact that he has played through three eras of cricket and succeeded in every one of them. It's a bloody credit to the guy, but he could have been so much better a player for his country had he not been so frightened of failure. Just remember the last time he was out here, and there was all that talk of dropping him from the one-day games. He played and batted absolutely beautifully.

PLAYBOY: Is he the complex character, the enigma we read about?

MARSH: He's very, very complex — an incredible bloke really. I quite enjoy talking to him. He's not frightened to have a word or two to say about his fellow English players. He runs them down and they run him down. It can be a frightening atmosphere in the England dressing room. Everyone seems to be at one another's throat. I'd hate to play in that climate.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever known a happy English cricket team?

MARSH: No, not what I call happy. Of course we've had our moments in some Australian teams, too. There've been times when there hasn't been perfect harmony. In a way it's not a bad thing when a little bit of aggro creeps into a team. If the people are big enough to bring whatever it is that's bugging them out into the open, it's one of the greatest ways to knit a team.

PLAYBOY: From your view behind the stumps, whom among the opposing players do you rate as the most difficult batsman to remove?

MARSH: It's almost an impossible question to answer. I don't think there's one guy who has scored runs every time he's come to the wicket. There are guys whose backs you like to see — guys who worry you such as Boycott, Edrich, the two Richards and Ian and Greg Chappell in Shield games.

PLAYBOY: To put it another way, is there one batsman you fear more than any other?

MARSH: Actually, I'm beginning to fear Clive Lloyd more than anyone else. He improves every year. If he plays until he's 50 and keeps improving at the rate he is, then he'll get 100 in 50 minutes every time he bats. He really frightens me that bloke.

In 1973 when he had already been round for a while, he was 12th man for the first Test against us in the West Indies. Now he saves it up for us. And in the one-day game he is dynamite. He worries me more than Viv Richards.

PLAYBOY: If Lloyd comes to the wicket, which bowler do you like to see firing from one end?

MARSH: I always like to see Dennis Lillee bowling. Full stop.

PLAYBOY: Why has he achieved so much?

MARSH: Because he's always been prepared to work harder than anyone else. Because he's fitter and stronger, he can bowl more overs which means he has more chance of getting wickets. And having bowled so many overs, he's learnt so much about the art of fast bowling that all he has to do now to get wickets is to turn up.

PLAYBOY: Has any other bowler in our era come close to him?

MARSH: No, and you don't have to take my word for that. Ask any other player who's played with or against him and I'm certain they'd rate him number one. Not because he has the record number of wickets, but because he's a freak — a deserving freak. I'm so delighted for him that he got the record because he's put in so much work. I have the same feelings for Dennis and his success as I do for my brother because they've both worked so much harder than anyone else I know.

PLAYBOY: What has made the Lillee-Marsh combination so formidable?

MARSH: Simply the fact that I've kept wickets to him. Had Richie Robinson, Steve Rixon, Barry Jarman or Wally Grout been behind the wickets, they would have been just as successful. But, funnily enough, if you worked it out, pro rata on the number of balls bowled, I would have dropped fewer catches off Dennis than any other bowler. Maybe that's because I cannot stand to think that I've let him down. It's a bit of a two-way thing, I suppose. I think I can get Dennis working and performing better than anyone else. He trusts me. I can criticise him where Greg Chappell or Kim Hughes can't.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

MARSH: He refuses to listen to them. Dennis is a law unto himself. If he's got his mind set on something and he thinks it's right, it doesn't matter who says, "Don't do that," he'll do it. It's bloody good, in a way, to have a man that strong in your team.

PLAYBOY: Did he have the same attitude with Ian Chappell?

MARSH: Dennis was learning his trade for a lot of the time under Ian, just as I was. When Ian had finished, Dennis was the master of his trade. In WSC, he listened to Ian a lot more than he would to Greg and I think Ian probably let him go a bit further than Greg. But I know he'll listen to me. He won't tell me to piss off if I tell him to do something. If Greg tells him to do something and he doesn't want to do it, he'll tell him in no uncertain terms where to go.

PLAYBOY: But even you have to be diplomatic.

MARSH: This is the thing. I would never say: "Listen, you big prick, do this." I would say: "Hey, mate, who do you reckon about the possibility of doing this? I bet you were thinking about that." He'll come back with something like: "As a matter of fact I was." And he'll try it, even though it was the furthest thing from his mind. You feed him. . .you treat kings gently, don't you?

I'm beginning to fear Clive Lloyd more than anyone else. In the one-day game he is dynamite. He worries me more than Viv Richards.

PLAYBOY: Have you worked out a set of signals?

MARSH: Not many. If I want a bouncer bowled, I'll signal. But he is such a great bowler, that I can signal where I want the ball bowled and he'll bowl it there. If I want it over the leg side, I'll simply hold the left hand out a little further than normal and he'll put it right on the spot. He's incredible. . .The only thing he doesn't bowl well is the yorker. If he had a yorker as good as Joel Garner he would have notched another 200 wickets. He can bowl the top half of the batting out, but he struggles against the bottom half.

PLAYBOY: Of all the bowlers, who has been the most punishing on your hands?

MARSH: When Lillee and Thomson were at their peak together between '74 and '76, they were pretty hard on the hands. At his fastest, Thommo is as quick as anyone I've seen. Michael Holding runs a very close second.

PLAYBOY: The mention of Holding brings us to the West Indian pace attack. It must be awesome.

MARSH: I think we're finally getting used to it. We've played five series against them since 1977 in both WSC and Test cricket, and we're gradually becoming used to their blistering pace.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean you've come to terms with the constant battery of speed?

MARSH: Yes, but we're playing it a lot better. Because cricket works in cycles, I suppose a couple of spinners will come along now and get a bundle of wickets.

PLAYBOY: While most countries, including Australia, produce great fast bowlers in cycles, the West Indies has been producing consistently top fast men for years. Why?

MARSH: They've got the physical attributes to be fast bowlers. They're bigger than us, more supple and they run faster. They're natural athletes. Basically, we aren't. We have to work harder than them to produce the same results. In the same breath, however, I must say that once those guys get to the top it means a lot more to them than it does to us.

PLAYBOY: How so? Because it legs them up the socio-economic ladder?

MARSH: Yes. And today they work bloody hard on their fitness and their cricket. They still enjoy themselves, but they're a lot tougher unit now than when I first played against them.

PLAYBOY: I assume Lloyd's influence has had a lot to do with that.

MARSH: To a certain extent, but to my way of thinking the real brains behind the Windies outfit is Andy Roberts.

PLAYBOY: He impresses the spectator as inscrutable, even colorless.

MARSH: That's because he's always thinking. He's my most respected opponent. He doesn't say much, but when he opens his mouth and starts to talk cricket, one set of ears is always tuned in: mine. Andy is a very shrewd man. He's also the steadying influence. He has tremendous self-control, a very balanced mind on what the game is all about. Andy Roberts is the player who prevents the West Indies dropping their bundle when the pressure is on.

PLAYBOY: As the senior player in the Australian side, I suppose Rod Marsh should be one of the steadying influences on the side. But you have a reputation for becoming involved in your share of incidents.

MARSH: I've been reported twice on the field — once for telling a WA umpire, who is a hell of a nice guy, that he'd made "the worst fucking decision I have seen in my life." And the only reason I got reported on that occasion was because half an hour later John Dyson kicked the stumps down. If he hadn't been reported and had the NSW team not countered by what action was going to be taken about me abusing the umpire, I'd never have been reported.

PLAYBOY: Dyson seems a pretty level-headed character. What possessed him to kick down the stumps?

MARSH: Oh, we get up John a bit. He often shows a few signs of weakness in a lot of things. He doesn't like pain and he always moans and whines when he gets hit. So, of course, in the nets everyone tries to hit him in the leg to set him off.

He is a hell of a nice guy, but for some

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reason or another he complained about the WA umpires. So for six weeks before the Shield game we kept saying to him that Don Weser was going to fire him. I think we had gotten him into such a state that when he was given out bat pad it didn't matter how out he was, he was convinced he had been cheated. He still believes he didn't hit the ball, but we're certain he did, and so is Trevor Chappell, who was batting at the other end. Six weeks of us being up him finally exploded in one swift kick at the stumps. He regrets it ever happened.

PLAYBOY: You are an inveterate stirrer?

MARSH: There's no doubt about that. In fact I get most of my enjoyment in life out of being cheeky and stirring other people. God knows what the psychologists would say about that.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard stirring, or even sledging, as a genuine psychological ploy?

MARSH: As for sledging, I say bugger all on a cricket field. The occasion I got reported was sparked by a bad decision. Dennis bowled the first ball of the day wide down the leg side and the umpire signalled four byes. Two overs later I went up to him and apologised for swearing at him and he said there were no problems and it was his fault. He admitted it was a shocking decision. Then Dennis came up and said he didn't know what we were talking about, as it was his fault. "I just bowled a shit of a ball. I should never have bowled it there." We all had a good laugh and walked away. That night I was reported. It was crazy.

That is where common sense is so important in umpiring. I don't think Queensland's Mal Johnson is the greatest umpire I've seen, but I'm always happy knowing he's standing as umpire. I know he's always trying his guts out to do the right thing by the players, I know he's played a lot of cricket himself and I know he has common sense. If someone calls him a deadshit, he'll say, "Yeah, I know Lennie, Greg. . .whoever," and have a laugh. That defuses the situation by putting the player at ease.

I'm not suggesting that players should go round abusing umpires, but occasionally you let the odd word slip in the heat of the moment and the good umpire will let you know that you've done the wrong thing, but he understands and doesn't really mind and you're not going to get into trouble with the authorities. That's what it's all about. The umpires are a very important part of the game and if they're sensible people, there's no real trouble. It's only when you have umpires putting themselves on pedestals, when they're never wrong, that trouble occurs.

PLAYBOY: A little give and take makes the game richer?

MARSH: Exactly. Let me give you another example. The very week before I got reported for swearing at Max O'Connell, we were playing in a McDonalds Cup final in Brisbane with Mal Johnson. It was the day when Martin Kent got the man-of-the-match award, but before he did, Terry Alderman hit him on the back foot with a yorker six inches in front of middle stump. It could only have hit middle, yet Mal gave him not out.

I didn't go off my brain. I just said: "Mal, that's the worst fucking decision I've seen in my life." That makes me a bit of a liar because I saw the worst decision in my life a week later. I keep on seeing them. . .

Mal looked at me and laughed and said: "I'll talk to you about it later." Over a beer later he said: "Yeah, it must have been pretty bad. I don't know what came over me. I just didn't think it was out." And I said: "Mal, if you didn't think it was out, then you had no right to give him out." And we were both happy as Larry. That's the kind of attitude the umpires and players should adopt. The name Mal Johnson is one of the best things I've heard on a cricket field.

PLAYBOY: That's some kind of eulogy.

MARSH: He deserves it. Let me draw you another picture of something that happened in a one-day match against Pakistan last season. Sikander was bowling and I was trying to hit every ball out of the park. He took away his fine leg and I thought to myself: there's a gap down there; all I have to do is get the ball in that direction and it's four runs. As he came in, I moved over to the off-side, knowing he was going to bowl down that line. But he bowled a hand to head. Somehow or other, I sort of fell on the wicket and flicked the bean ball off my gloves, over the 'keeper's head to the fence.

I get most of my enjoyment in life out of being cheeky and stirring other people. God knows what the psychologists would say about that.

Later on the plane to Perth, Mal came up to me and said: "God, it was funny out there today." "Why was that?" I asked. "When Sikander bowled you that bean ball." "Yeah," I said, "the bastard." With that, Mal told me not to worry, he had fixed Sikander up and then told me what had happened. As Sikander had passed the wicket on his way to his bowling mark, Mal told me he had called to him.

"Yes Mr Umpire," said Sikander.

"I wouldn't do that again."

"Are you warning me, Mr Umpire?"

"Yeah, as a matter of fact I am."

"What have I done wrong, Mr Umpire?"

"You see that little guy down the other end? You bowl another bean ball to him and he'll take you behind the Bradman Stand and belt the shit out of you."

And apparently Sikander just went to water. He didn't know if Mal was serious or not. After Mal told me, I went for a walk down the aisle, and as I passed Sikander I leant over and said: "He's right, you know." Sikander didn't know what to do. It would have to be Sikander of all people. I think it was Lennie Pascoe who said of Sikander: "He's the only player in the world who uses his bat cover as a sleeping bag."

PLAYBOY: Some of the uglier incidents in recent cricket have involved Australians and Pakistanis. Is there genuine ill-feeling between the two sides?

MARSH: I don't think so. There's been a running feud between Lillee and Javed Miandad. For his part, Javed is misunderstood. There's no doubt he's a very cheeky cricketer. He always steals the single when it's not on. Dennis doesn't like that kind of batsman at all. It's a terrible clash of personalities. Javed is always putting out the bait to Dennis. Of course the other thing is that Javed is an excellent player, just as Dennis is an excellent bowler. One day Dennis will get the benefit of him, the next it will be Javed's turn.

PLAYBOY: And this thing between them exploded in one unfortunate incident?

MARSH: I don't believe Dennis was right in what he did. And I'm sure Dennis doesn't believe it was right. But what sickened me was the attitude of those who sat in judgement. If they had done as much good in their lives as Dennis, if they had made as few mistakes, then maybe they had the right to judge him. But the manner in which they slated him was grossly unfair. For three months after the incident, Bruce Laird and I tried to get Dennis to admit that he was at fault and that he knew exactly where Javed was before the collision. He'll probably hate me for saying this, but, deep down, I'm sure he's admitted to himself that he knew exactly what was going on.

The reason he gave that token kick — that's all it was; it wouldn't have hurt a baby — was that Javed had touched him. The fact that his little enemy had touched him incensed Dennis. Dennis' arm had gone out, but Javed was too quick. If Javed had hit him with a straight right and Dennis had replied with a flick on the backside, Dennis would have been happy. He's got to have the last say. He's one of those guys. In physical combat — and that's how Dennis regards cricket — Dennis must have the last say. That's what the token kick was — his last say. Hell, if Dennis had been intent on hurting Javed, what would have happened? I know I'd hate to be hit by Dennis.

PLAYBOY: How do you judge Javed?

MARSH: I think he's an excellent player. I can't really make a judgement on him as a person because I don't know him well enough. He annoys me on the field, but so do most good players when you can't get them out. He's cheeky, but he has the talent to carry that off. Deep down, I suspect he's a good bloke. Maybe I'm the sort of guy who always supports the underdog, and Javed is certainly that.

PLAYBOY: You're no doubt referring to the Pakistani team's refusal to play under him as captain. Were you surprised when the team revolted against his leadership?

MARSH: No. I had talked to a few of the players in Australia, and they disliked him intensely as a captain. I'm not so sure they disliked him as a bloke, but I do feel sorry for him. It's bad enough to be sacked by the authorities, let alone by your team-mates. And talking of being sacked, I bet England's Keith Fletcher is feeling sorry he didn't accept the invitation to go to South Africa.

PLAYBOY: Talking of English captains, deposed and otherwise, there seems to have been more intensity in the depth of feeling between Australian and English teams in recent years. Did Tony Greig go out of his way to bait the Aussie players and crowds?

MARSH: No. He was a good cricketer at that stage. As a leader, he probably played a lot different to most English captains. He batted and bowled more aggressively. Tactically, Greig wasn't worth two bob as a captain. But for a while there, he was a pretty good all-rounder. But he was a lucky cricketer. It's a toss up among Greig, John Edrich, Ian Botham and Roy Fredericks as to who has been the luckiest cricketer I've played against.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't that sort of player make his own luck?

MARSH: Sure, there's no argument about that. They take their chances — with the exception of Edrich, of course, who didn't take any chances. He just played and missed. There was no doubting Edrich's pluck and I suppose you have to respect guys like that. Not that I'm suggesting that any of those players I've mentioned have no ability. Their Test records show that they do. But it's unbelievable the number of times that Greig could have been out for nought and went on to make 50, 60 and the odd hundred. Then he would come on and bowl a lot of poop and get wickets. Every now and then he would bowl a good ball and that was it.

PLAYBOY: Are you as severe in your assessment of Botham? It seems inevitable that he will end up with more Test wickets than Lillee.

MARSH: Yeah, it's cruel, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Maybe he doesn't have the rare talent of Lillee, but it seems only a matter of time before the record shows he is the most successful pace bowler of all time.

MARSH: The thing about Botham is that he gets out there and gives it all with both bat and ball. I respect the guy. I can't say that I have single-handedly won two Test matches for Australia, but he can say he has done that for England. You've got to give credit where it's due, and he's done a lot for English cricket. He calls a spade a spade and if anyone gets in his way he knocks them down. He's a bloody fine player and is good for the game. But it makes me a bit sick to think that one day he might become the greatest wicket-taker of all time. That's not right. If he's played 50 more Tests than Lillee, that would be fair enough. But if he ends up getting as many wickets per Test as Lillee, then something's wrong with the system. You just can't compare them as bowlers. Dennis is closer to being as good a bat as Botham than Botham is to being as good a bowler.

PLAYBOY: You have raised the question of winning — is winning everything to you?

MARSH: I just know that you go out there and play a game of cricket. Sure you want to win, but sometimes you can suffer a loss. You do suffer when you lose. At Headingley on the last England tour when Botham got his 150, I suffered. And when Botham picked up our last five wickets for one run at Edgbaston, I not only suffered, I cried. I didn't even know I cried, but I cried when I found out Botham had taken five for one.

Sometimes you play well and you lose. I knew instinctively that it wasn't right to bowl that last ball in the one-day match against New Zealand two seasons ago, but if McKechnie had been able to hit a six and win the game, I'd have walked off feeling bloody unhappy, but knowing that we had played well. At Headingly, we played brilliantly for most of the game, but it and Botham got away from us. We should have won, but we lost and I can suffer that. But at Birmingham we played atrociously and yet still got into a position where we needed 150 to win and we couldn't even do that on a good batting wicket. I can't suffer that. It was bloody gutless, weak, shocking, shithouse — whatever you want to say about it. I let my team-mates down because I should have won that game. That's why I cried.

PLAYBOY: Australia just fell apart, the way the Windies used to before Roberts put some fire in their bellies?

MARSH: Yeah, well, I don't know about that. But for some reason it seems easier being out in the field in a tight situation. You're more likely to take the gas as a side batting last. There are two of you out there and 10 in the dressing room — and the worst place to be in a crisis is in the batting side's dressing room. You're willing the team to win so much and when a wicket falls you can see nine other minds ticking over: "Christ, if we lose another one, we're in the shit." You can feel the tension building. It's the complete opposite out on the field. You get a wicket and 11 guys are just lifted unbelievably.

PLAYBOY: Well, the old enemy will be back in Australia this summer and you're obviously beside yourself to avenge Headingley and Edgbaston and regain the Ashes. Do you think the English authorities will come to terms with Gooch and company, and can England afford to come to Australia without some of those players?

MARSH: I hope so — for cricket's sake. If they can't pick their full side, I'll feel less excited about thrashing them. But no matter who they bring, we'll win. We'll kill them. That's not a threat — it's a promise.

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Vern Schuppan, International racing personality, Porsche World Championship factory team driver, 2nd placegetter LeMans, 1982.

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Hills EXHAUSTS

(continued from page 59)

strange. In fact, when I was about to return, I wondered whether I would ever need anyone else. I found I did.

13.

PLAYBOY: What was your proudest moment in climbing?

HILLARY: That's a difficult question to answer. There are so many things. In retrospect, because I was unable to do anything about it, perhaps my experience in surviving the Ama Dablam disaster. I really thought the chips were down for me. On one hand, the Barfour face of Mt Tasman was a highlight of difficult ice climbing for me, surviving Ama Dablam was also a retrospective highlight.

"At sea for just half a day, and already I've been blown off course twice. . ."

14.

PLAYBOY: You've now got two books under your belt. Are you planning more?

HILLARY: My father and I are writing a book about the Himalayas and his aid work up there.

I'll also be writing one on my Mt Lhotse expedition.

15.

PLAYBOY: Which do you prefer — climbing mountains or writing books?

HILLARY: I'm not sure about that. I have a feeling they might be on a par — both very difficult.

16.

PLAYBOY: The climbing core of your next expedition is based on an international team. Why?

HILLARY: I think it's a rather more healthy environment for expeditions. You've got different people with different viewpoints, and providing you're reasonably compatible, I actually think it improves the situation — the *esprit de corps*. I also think it's a problem with national expeditions to get the people from one country to climb difficult and dangerous mountains. There just aren't that many people involved in that kind of activity. Even though there are a fair number of expeditions, only a small proportion of them are into climbing difficult alpine routes.

17.

PLAYBOY: What do you get out of climbing peaks?

HILLARY: The sort of things I anticipate I'll experience on the Mt Lhotse expedition include the euphoria of high altitude, the magnificent environment, the beauty of high mountains and snowfaces and ridges . . . it's a fantasy world. The other thing is that you're working together as a small team of people, relying on each other a lot. I find that a pleasant experience. I suppose also that climbing mountains is incredibly egotistical. If you succeed, you've climbed a difficult face, you've reached the summit, and you get down again. That, by the way, is one of the difficult things about mountaineering. Getting on top is only part of it, getting back to base camp is the end of the climb. Perhaps that's why Reinhold Messner said what he did, because when you do get to the top you're really only halfway. And going down is very difficult.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the appeal of going to the limits?

HILLARY: To me it's a fantastically satisfying thing. You drive yourself to the absolute edge, learn where your limits are and work within them. It gives you a great deal of satisfaction. I think it's important that people extend themselves in whatever way they want to do. It doesn't have to be climbing mountains or racing cars. It's good to push yourself — even if it's just writing poetry.

19.

PLAYBOY: And after Everest?

HILLARY: I've got some more mountains, but I've decided I want to keep things reasonably open. I've set up my life so that over the next few years I can really get into the big 8000-metre peaks — a rather exclusive group.

20.

PLAYBOY: Your father climbed for Queen and country. Who do you climb for?

HILLARY: I climb for myself.

SKIN CARE

how to catch rays without really frying

FALLACY: A man's skin is tougher than a woman's and is therefore less susceptible to sunburn, over-exposure and skin cancer. Fact: Baring the skin — male or female — to ultraviolet rays without adequate protection can result in premature ageing, wrinkling, discoloration and permanent skin damage. Solution: A range of super-protective sun-care products, some exclusively designed for men, from the heavyweight cosmetic companies.

The days are gone, it seems, when a daub of Pinke Zinke cream on the nose was considered the most adventurous option available to the Aussie beach boy. Just as spray deodorants, eau de toilettes and hair conditioners have come out of the bathroom closet into the world of real men, sun-care products are fronting up for macho acceptability.

I don't mean tubes of tropical tanners, baby oil or coconut-based creams; these are small-time and usually ineffective when compared to the heavy-duty lines now available for the man who takes his skin seriously. Huge amounts of money have been poured into skin research in recent years by the big cosmetic companies, and the emergence and market acceptance of specially-formulated tanning products indicate a growing awareness of sun-related skin problems.

Australia has the highest rate of carcinoma, or skin cancer, in the world. Every year, some 50,000 Australians develop this condition, while countless others allow their skin to be burnt, dehydrated and damaged. Wrinkles are precipitated, pigmentation problems occur and the skin generally becomes leathery and aged. All these are irreversible effects of the search for the great Australian summer dream: the perfect tan.

It's a dream that can turn into a nightmare in mid-life when the legacy of too much sun becomes painfully apparent. This doesn't mean you should avoid the sun; but investment in adequate protection now will ensure you don't look more like a weather-beaten Cornish fisherman than a man about the beach by the time you've made your first million and are ready to cruise the world's exotic sun spots.

To help sort out the product options, the Australian Cancer Society produces a leaflet available at all chemists and retailers of sun-care products, on protective sun-screen lotions. "Slip, slop, slap," is the message. Slip on a shirt, slop on a sunscreen and slap on a hat. Boring maybe, but the slops can't be overlooked unless you want to be permanently browned off.

The leaflet lists a wide range of tanning products, all of which have been tested to establish their effectiveness in blocking out the ultraviolet rays in sunlight which cause skin cancer. The products are divided into maximum, high and moderate protection categories. Those in the maximum protection league offer over 99 percent protection and there's a good sprinkling of creams, gels, milks, aerosols and lip, nose and face preparations from which to choose. Broad spectrum products, which also give protection against rays other than ultraviolet, are specially highlighted. Hamilton, Ella Bache, ICI and Roche are prominent in this division.

Ones we've tested with good results in the dollars-to-burn "maximum" category include Solar Shield Cream ($12.50) and Sun Block Stick ($9) from Aramis, and Deep Tanning Cream or Milk ($9 or $10), High Protection Cream or Milk ($9 or $10) and Lip Protection Stick ($7) from Juvena. Roche produces the excellent Eversun and Aquasun ranges, while Piz Buin, Sea and Ski, Ambre Solaire and Coppertone all have specific high-protection products listed in the top category.

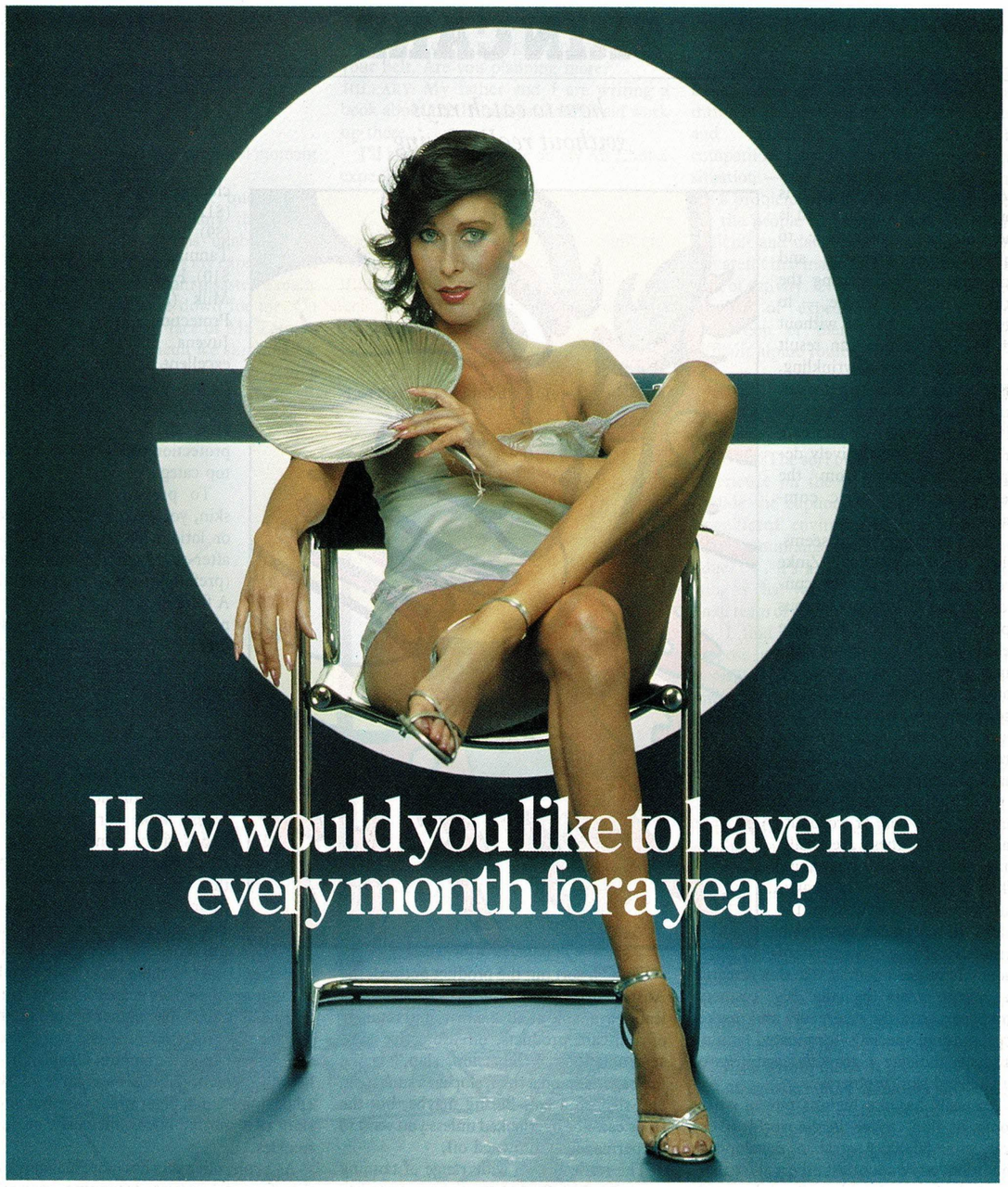
To properly care for your skin, you need a tanning cream or lotion, lip protector and an after-sun balm or moisturiser (preferably containing Vitamin A for anti-wrinkling). Or, alternatively, you can use a self-tanning preparation such as Aramis Overnight Tan ($14), sleep for eight hours and emerge mildly tinted, thus avoiding the slip, slop and slap routine altogether.

There are certainly enough products available to suit all skin types. Make sure you're conscious of the Sun Factor rating when purchasing a product with this in-built property. If, for example, you're using Aramis Sun Protection Factor 5, you can expect to safely stay in the sun five times longer than you could without applying this preparation (say, one and a half hours). The higher the rating, the heavier the protection; the one you choose will depend upon the amount of melanin, or brown pigment at the base layer of the epidermis, which determines whether your skin tans easily, burns furiously or just freckles.

As a rule, olive skin has more melanin and therefore an increased tanning capacity. Some Juvena products have an intensive activator to increase melanin and can therefore be recommended to induce optimum tanning on fair skins. This company also produces a Pre-Sun Activator ($12.50) which should be applied daily for one to two weeks before your first sunbathing session to prepare sensitive or very fair skin for the rigors of direct sunlight.

And, if you refuse to be cautioned at all by the overwhelming medical evidence supporting sun-related skin diseases, just take a look in your dictionary. For "tanning" read: "the process of turning rawhide into leather". Happy slopping.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA



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POKER

a primer on playing the most ruthless of games

THE FAT MAN in the ill-fitting suit wipes the sweat from his brow. He looks at his cards and then across at the quiet stranger in the black waistcoat who is coolly puffing on a cheroot. The fat man has just revealed his hand, a full house, kings over tens. All eyes are now on the stranger who turns over his cards, one-by-one. First a three, next a five. The fat man begins to reach for the cash piled in the centre of the table. A second five slows him up, a third five stops him cold. Everyone around the table holds their breath as the stranger reveals his last card. A five. The stranger scoops up the pot as the fat man slumps down in his seat.

Fantasy. The stuff of Clint Eastwood movies. Yet, it's a fantasy that most men identify with. Perhaps this is because poker is, in many ways, a substitute for combat. It is one of the few activities in our increasingly civilised world where unbridled ruthlessness is not only permitted but actually encouraged. You see, the true object of poker is to destroy your opposition; the money you win is merely a way of keeping score.

There is no shortage of advice available to poker players. Thanks to Kenny Rogers, everyone is aware that you have got to know when to hold 'em and know when to fold 'em. Actually, you need to know a bit more than this to be successful.

Poker hands are ranked similarly throughout the world. The ranking is based on the odds of getting a hand; the rarest hands are ranked highest. The best poker hand is a continuous string of cards from the same suit. This hand is called a straight flush. If the string goes from 10 to ace, it is called a royal flush. The second best hand is four of anything. Below this is a full house (three of a kind plus a pair). Next is a flush — any five cards from the same suit. A flush is followed by a straight. A straight is five cards in sequence but not from the same suit. Three of a kind comes next followed by a pair. If no player has even one pair, then the hand with the highest card wins.

There are misguided players who feel that some cards should be designated "wild" and used in any way their holders prefer. Generally, players who favor wild cards are also fond of special hands like "big dogs" (an ace and a nine plus three cards that come between) and unusual games with cute names (No Peekie, Shotgun, and TNT, for instance). Wild cards, special hands and unusual games drastically alter the winning odds. That is, they increase poker's chance or random aspects while diminishing the importance of a player's skill. For this reason, experienced players rarely join in such games. Also, let's face it, wild cards are not very masculine. Can you just imagine the stranger in the black waistcoat dealing a hand of "No Peekie, deuces wild"?

The most commonly played game is draw poker. Each player (usually there are six or seven players) receives five cards face down. After a round of betting, players can discard from one to three cards and receive new ones. Some games permit four cards to be exchanged. It's a good bet, however, that anyone who chooses to continue with a hand so bad that four cards must be exchanged is not much of a poker player.

It's wise not to continue in a draw poker game unless you have at least one pair, preferably a high one. Also, note that since betting begins to the dealer's left and proceeds clockwise, those closer to the dealer's right (and the dealer himself) can wait to see who bets, passes or drops out before having to commit themselves.

Five card stud is played almost as widely as draw poker. In this game, players receive one open and one closed card. In order to receive more cards (all open) players must "stay in" by betting on each round. Since all cards but the first are open, this game leaves little to the imagination. Seven card stud, a variant of this game, is in many ways more interesting. Two cards are dealt face down and one open. Betting proceeds as for five card stud with all cards face up except the last which is dealt face down. Each player picks the best five-card hand from his seven for a final betting round. Players should have at least a high pair and preferably more to continue past the first three cards. Seven card stud often produces big pots so it is easy to win or lose large amounts quickly.

The world series of poker takes place in Las Vegas each year. Players put up a cash stake ($20,000 or more) and play until one player has everyone else's money. The game they play is "Hold 'Em". Players receive two cards and bet. The first betting round is followed by three cards dealt face up in the centre of the table. Another betting round follows. Next, two more cards are dealt face up in the centre of the table, and betting follows each. When the betting is over, players can use any three of the five open cards plus their two closed cards to make a hand. Hold 'Em originated in the US but is now played widely. In his autobiography, Amarillo Slim, a former world series champion, says Hold 'Em is now played in Australia, in a city he calls "Sidney". Poker players must know the rules and customs of the various games, but the most important knowledge a poker player has is self-knowledge. You are not the only one with a hold card. Damon Runyon put his finger on it: "Someday, somewhere. . .a guy is going to offer to bet you that the jack of spades will jump out of his deck and squirt cider in your ear. But son. . .do not bet him, for as sure as you do you are going to get an earful of cider."

— STEVEN SCHWARTZ

miracle man

(continued from page 56)

"Do you want to be the Chosen or the frozen?" implores the cheeky bank robber, and his followers smile.

many traditional or mainstream denominations. In lay terms, this is at the heart of charismatic worship: to be born again one must accept the *living* spirit of Christ into one's heart, and believe that His miracles and gifts of the spirit are happening *now* and have always happened.

Mainstream Christians, Ryder preaches, are often frozen in tradition and ritual, mechanically meeting historic requirements of their faith out of fear that Saint Peter may block them at the gates. Ryder has a neat line to cover this. "Do you want to be the Chosen or the frozen?" implores the cheeky bank robber, and his followers smile, close their eyes and extend their arms to Jesus: Chosen, please.

The other consideration that made Queensland ideal for the faith boom is money. Queensland has lots of money and unlimited faith — and energy — for maintaining the fiscal status quo, or status Joh, as disillusioned ALP types now call it. It may be difficult to put a price on miracles, but Queenslanders are open of heart and wallet when it comes to faith . . . they respond to the charismatic collection bag with a sense of joyous sacrifice that must turn historic churchmen green with envy.

They tithe (donate a 10th of their weekly wages to the church) in huge numbers; but don't get the notion it is strictly their own idea. Steve Ryder, Clark Taylor and their legions of American contemporaries constantly push the line that those who give generously to God will soon experience gains on the investment: windfalls, business successes and family well-being are all assured for those who dig deep.

Charismatic preacher and author Gordon Lindsay covers the subject in his quaint handbook for aspiring preachers, *The Charismatic Ministry:* ". . . the Bible teaches that 'a curse' may come upon those who refuse to give God what is due Him (Malachi 3:8-10). There is such a thing as robbing God of what belongs to him in tithes and offerings. And trouble may well come upon the person . . . guilty of this sin."

Lindsay says "trouble" may include sickness, business losses, misfortunes and accidents. With this as a basic tenent of charismatic faith, it's not surprising that few worshippers accept individual pastors' assurances that giving is entirely a free will affair. But, as one of them remarked, wouldn't you be generous if your cancer disappeared, or your eyesight returned? Since my experience with Clark Taylor in 1978, the miracles have come thick and fast. Sunday newspapers love them. The *Sunday Sun* sent two girl reporters to a Clark Taylor meeting . . . they returned and, after one short session, wrote of a supernatural experience that convinced them miracles do exist.

With spontaneous support like this, it's not surprising that Clark Taylor gave me the slip when I asked him, a week ago, for an interview. At first he agreed to meet me, but two days later — time enough to recall my earlier article — his secretary told me he was "resting between meetings" and uncontactable.

Steve Ryder, because of his background and his style, had no qualms about talking with Australian PLAYBOY. "Just don't make me look dumb," he said, as we settled for a chat in his Besser-block office beneath a suburban Brisbane home.

It would be possible to make Ryder look silly, but there would be no truth in that. Married with two youngsters, he came from Britain to Melbourne as a youth and settled with his parents in St Kilda. He learned to fight on the streets and was 17 when first arrested for fighting.

Ryder became an electrician . . . and by the age of 20 he was using his expertise to foil alarm systems and open safes. He was arrested after a bank job in Melbourne in 1969, visited a Billy Graham meeting while on remand and that night had a religious experience that led to his rebirth — not only as a Christian — but also as the single most polished and magnetic performer on the local charismatic circuit; a natural charmer with Bert Newton's timing and warmth, Mike Walsh's placid temperament and a message that demanded attention: miracles are NOW, miracles are FUN, miracles have a sense of HUMOR.

Ryder seems aware that the timing of his commitment to Christ — on remand, facing 15 years in Pentridge — was open to uncharitable interpretation, but he went inside for four years — nine months in H-Division — so clearly we are not dealing with an opportunistic sissy.

I asked what he regarded as his most successful crime. Ryder's boyish grin stretched his small, oval face. "I can't really tell you," he said. "The most unsuccessful one was the one for which I got caught. Obviously when you live that way — for four years I was involved with a pretty heavy crowd — you do a lot of things you're never caught for. That's taken into account when they sentence you . . ."

Ryder made the newspapers when he found God in Pentridge, and members of an evangelical church in Melbourne began praying for his eternal salvation. While they did, Ryder's former partners in crime, fearful of what this overnight goody-goody might tell the cops, took out a contract on his life.

"I could have given evidence against them," Ryder says, "but I was too scared to do it, and that's the truth. I wouldn't have lasted 10 minutes."

As it was, Ryder needed all his street-fighting techniques and natural guile to survive prison. It was around the same time that Darcy Dugan had allegedly found God in Long Bay, Sydney — and for quite a time Ryder was mocked by the crims, the press and the guards.

"It was a lonely world in there. I was spat upon, kicked around . . . but my faith was developing." Ryder was still to feel what he accepted as a true charismatic experience: it came on a bad night, when he fell to his knees in his cell and begged God to get him out of prison, "before I go off my rocker." In typically roundabout style, the Big Fellow did not immediately flatten the walls and let Ryder loose.

Instead he directed Ryder to read certain parts of the Scripture — from Doctrinal Views — and when Ryder asked Christ to fill him with His spirit, it happened.

"That's an experience you *feel*," Ryder says quietly. "A real happening . . . from that moment I completely changed. I lost my fear and embarrassment about discussing Christ with other crims. I gained a new boldness and wasn't afraid to put it on others. I saw many converted after that, through my approaches. It was a gradual thing, where you talked sense to them . . . you couldn't run around shooting your mouth off or they would kick your teeth in. That was the beginning of wisdom for me."

Released early for good behavior (exemplary, in fact), Ryder the freelance preacher, with three diplomas in Bible studies gained inside, hit the salvation trail. He became, for a time, a media curiosity: The Reformed Bank Robber. But his views on organised religion did not endear Ryder to mainstream churches. Nothing has changed.

"I don't like religion," he says, amused by my surprise. "Much of it is man-made rules and traditions and nonsense. If God, Christianity and Christ are so real in mainstream churches, how come they never come across as real? How come it never helped me? Traditional religion does nothing for anyone."

Ryder hunched forward at his desk, staring at the large scalloped gold ring on his left hand. "In 1971, theology students from numerous denominations in the United States were asked how many believed in the Virgin Birth — not even 50 percent did. The Resurrection? Only 60 percent did. What basis of faith have they got? This is what makes religion seem either a sham or a con — there's no conviction in it."

By this stage in the interview I had to admit it: Steve Ryder was my kind of preacher. And that was before he separated his ministry techniques permanently from those of Clark Taylor. He did it like this:

"All my meetings are healing meetings. And I don't care if you're born again or an unapologetic atheist, you can be healed. To say that the Lord only heals the faithful is ridiculous. I have been three times to India on organised healing trips in areas where there are no Christians — just Hindus and Muslims. Yet I saw lepers healed, demons exorcised. For miracles, *you* don't need faith — it's *my* faith that has to work those miracles."

Ryder came to Brisbane in 1976 and found "a special atmosphere . . . a receptiveness to replace the cynicism of Sydney and Melbourne." He stayed, forming Reach Out For Christ Evangelical Ministries, and now has four packed meetings each week, including the one televised on Channel 7. These meetings bring him in direct contact with 2500 worshippers; television extends the ministry beyond limits. *Reach Out* is administered by a board of three — Ryder and two anonymous businessmen. His ministry, he says, survives solely on donations made freely. The money pays his wage, expenses like the TV program and the India crusades.

"If I was running a company today," he says, "I'd be on a top screw. I live well and don't deny it — but *not* at the expense of others. If I want to make an extra quid, I invest in something separate from the church, and make no secret of it either."

Ryder drives a candy-apple-red Celica with spoke trims and lives next to the Brisbane River at Chelmer, a quality address he says came cheaply because the area went under in the big 1974 floods. Beneath the smooth casual clothes and the showman-like style, Ryder is a compact, somehow formidable figure given to the occasional smiling reference to punching someone in the teeth.

His first healing miracles occurred in Victoria and it wasn't long before his reputation spread and the faithful of all denominations were bringing him their tortured bodies for divine repairs. He is also disarmingly frank, evidenced by this response to my query about the woman whose short leg was used as the basis for that bizarre televised joke: "With hundreds in the audience, if things are calm and quiet all the time, they lose interest. People are very fickle, I do jokes just to keep 'em with me — that's showmanship, if you like. But the leg had gone past — got too long — and that will often happen."

Despite the way it looks on paper, Ryder convinced me of this: *he* believes that supernatural forces pass through his body into the bodies of the sick, sometimes curing the complaint instantly and at other times healing the condition gradually, over weeks or months. The supernatural forces emanate from the Lord God Almighty. An instant cure is a miracle — a gradual healing is a less demonstrative display of Divine intervention.

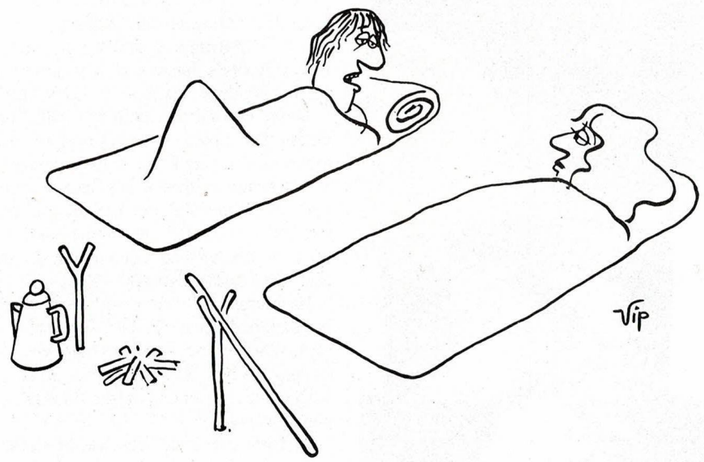
Very soon, probably by the time you read this, Ryder will have begun healing ministries (televised) in Sydney and in other States. He has had several meetings with a group of Sydney businessmen who will sponsor the TV program there, and Ryder will follow up with charismatic healing rallies around the city. My prediction is that Ryder will become the first nationally successful charismatic miracle worker on the Australian circuit. He will use TV to reach millions of souls who aren't just hungry but ravenous. He will fill these voids with jokes and miracles, pragmatic logic and the plausible guesswork of a born sky pilot. In a world where the Rev Moon, Maharajah Jnr and a million other sects and idols prosper despite the apparent looniness of their messages — or perhaps *because* of the looniness — a reformed bank robber who dispenses miracles and rails against organised religion simply cannot fail.

The prediction has little to do with what Ryder told me in his office. I first realised I was watching a star in the making the evening after our interview, at a Ryder healing meeting in a suburban Anglican church hall. Three hundred people squeezed in that night, a lot of them — perhaps half — were not charismatic revivalists but adventurers from mainstream denominations: thrill seekers flirting with the supernatural . . . good solid Catholics and Methodists and Anglicans no longer able to contain their curiosity about the ministry of miracles. It was people just like these, in some cases highly placed in church hierarchies, who began the charismatic revival in Australia in the mid-Sixties. They held fellowship dinners and formed organisations of full gospel businessmen . . . in a pattern imported from America, these conventional Christians were hungry for something more than they had. Marathon meetings became popular, with charismatic guest speakers and testimonies from those who had experienced divine healing or gifts of the spirit. Almost furtively, (because charismatic worship is not popular, although tolerated, within many historic churches), the supernatural dabblers began looking around for leaders, men with charisma and conviction, to extend the ministries.

From that time until the mid-Seventies, there was a real crossing of the boundaries of denominations — worshippers from all churches came together in what were called charismatic conventions. In almost every sense, including the timing, these rallies were similar to hippie love-ins or happenings: except instead of grass and acid, the revivalists got stoned on the baptism of the Holy Spirit. If appearances mean anything, the Christian "trip" was by far the more intense.

And as the hippies blended back into society and the stock exchange, the charismatics too, about 1975, returned in large numbers to their former denominations or into established Pentecostal churches. These movements are cyclical: and now, in the decade seen by so many as the End Time, the hunger has started again.

It was on the faces of Steve Ryder's worshippers in the church hall; hunger for reassurance via miracles, hunger for something *real* to replace the dreary intonations of uninspiring clergy, hunger for a *living experience*. The meeting began with hymn singing and a suggestion that everyone exchange a friendly hug . . . I was considering this when a young male acupuncture student next to me threw an



"Care to clamber up old Lookout Peak before breakfast?"

arm around my shoulders and beamed wholesomely into my face. "Praise Jesus," he said, and then Ryder stepped on stage and the crowd lit up: faces glowing, arms aloft in heavenly supplication, eyes closed . . . and the first peculiar small sounds began, guttural, other-worldly noises of the faithful speaking in tongues.

When Ryder has led the singing for a further 30 minutes, the glow on all faces is expectation — they want to hear from him *now*. Ryder plants his feet, grins engagingly about the hall and starts right in against The Frozen.

"Let's be honest: go to your average church on Sunday morning and signs and wonders begin to happen — what's going to occur. Most of 'em will go for the door! Isn't that right? They get terrified! Now why is the church terrified? Because they don't *expect* anything to happen. Isn't that right?"

Gradually — some might say patronisingly — Ryder led them through his homespun charismatic philosophy: jokes, homilies with praise-the-Lord morals, barbed satire against mainstream churches and promises that tonight, for those who don't know already, Jesus will demonstrate he is *real*.

The piano player plunks into gear and Ryder calls for newcomers to come experience Christ's spirit. They crowd around him as he lays on hands — "Fill her Jesus, so she'll know," — and instantly the faith adventurers are lowered to the floor in apparent unconsciousness by attendants with fixed smiles. Euphoria seems to pass through the crowd like puffs of hot wind, leaving tiny pockets of inexplicable laughter, explosions of tears, stark groans and a mounting gabble of incomprehensible "tongues" on the divine hotline.

Within seconds of healing starting, Ryder is engulfed. Cries of LOOSEN! penetrate the now considerable din and bodies are strewn across the floor. A hearing aid appears in Ryder's upraised hand like a gladiatorial prize. Its owner, an elderly woman, has been deaf in one ear for 12 months. "I CAN HEAR!' she trumpets, and the hearing aid leaves Ryder's hand and arcs above the crowd: goodbye hearing aid, hello Lord!

Dazed and a little stunned by it all, I dash among the crowd, stepping over prostrate grannies, dodging a tiny woman dressed all in black who writhes on the floor in combat with the demons Ryder has ordered from her body . . . finally reaching a youth who minutes earlier had been cured of pain caused by spinal damage.

He seems oddly calm and lucid. "I had the pain badly over the past five years," he says. "Sometimes behind the eyes, like tonight. When Steve touched me I just blacked out. I came to on the floor and the pain was gone."

If it was a miracle, why was he so calm?

"I sorta knew it was going to happen tonight."

The young man smiled from somewhere way back inside himself. "This has changed my life." The adoration on the faces watching Ryder is so intense it's almost frightening. Many of the crowd are seeing him in person for the first time, but they appear to have absolute faith in his miracles. An expensively-dressed blonde, Mary Travers' double, states at Ryder in wonderment, oblivious to the tears streaming down her cheeks. Next to me a man in a safari suit chortles joyously. My God, it's catching. I ask safari suit what's so funny.

"I was mentally retarded from birth," he says guilelessly, but this is not the joke. "Steve Ryder healed me through Jesus five years ago. Since then I've had lots of miracles. I've been cured of schizophrenia, depression, smoking . . ."

"Wow," I say, "you really were a mess."

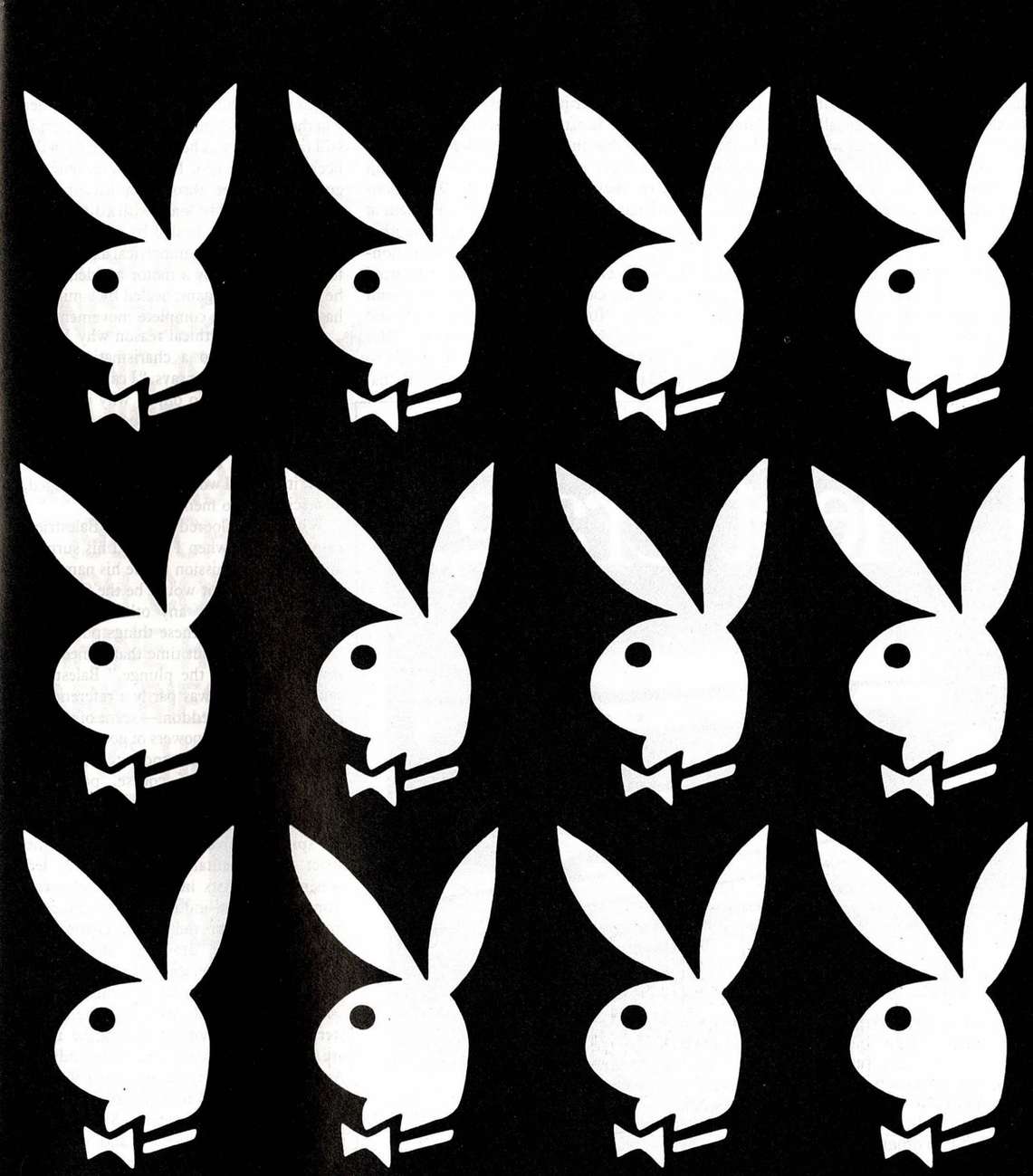
He nods delightedly. "I couldn't even read! The Lord taught me to read the Bible three years ago." While still retarded he worked as a cleaner at an historic church. They tried to convert him to Christianity, but he dodged them because they hadn't seemed genuine or friendly.

He got to his feet. "Tonight," he said languorously, "I hope the Lord will fix the arthritis in my neck." I watched him go forward and stand before Ryder, beaming and proud. As the assistants lowered him to the floor (supposedly knocked out by the healing charge) the man deftly rearranged his safari jacket and went down with a goofy smile of absolute *belonging:* the smile of a kid being tucked into bed on a stormy night . . . and that little tug to straighten his jacket . . . all neat in the Lord's arms. Saved from an unfriendly historic church. Delivered, perhaps, from The Frozen to The Chosen.

But after a while, however open-minded a non-believer may try to be, his accursed logic will creep in and spoil the miracles. But when this happened to me at Ryder's meeting, it was not with the same angry indignation I'd felt leaving Clark Taylor's hall in 1978. The difference was in me, not in the contrasting styles of Queensland's two leading born-again showmen. In 1982 I believe in supply and demand. It doesn't matter at all whether the demand is for masonite or miracles, prayer books or pornography — if it exists, someone will supply it. Whether I believe in miracles is irrelevant: for my mate in the safari suit, and for Marj Almond's split sternum, miracles work just fine.

When Ryder seized my shoulders and asked Jesus to let his spirit fill me, nothing happened. But indirectly it led to the closest thing to a miracle I experienced all evening: I met Dr Mario Balestrieri, the Miracle Confirmer.

He was standing near the door as I struggled through the blissed-out worshippers on my way out, a pleasant chap in his early forties and a highly-regarded Brisbane GP. Almost three years ago, Balestrieri, a life-long Christian, was born again and began worshipping with Steve



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Ryder. Since then, he's accompanied Ryder and others on three healing crusades to India, where — unofficially but significantly — the doctor ran medical tests that convinced him there was no scientific explanation for lepers' overnight recoveries, no explanation for elephantitis-inflated legs suddenly diminishing, no explanation for any of it.

Then how does Balestrieri justify prescribing drugs and recommending operations when his Lord is capable of doing all such jobs in an instant — private medical cover or not? The doctors seemed pleased by the question. "One day all doctors *will* become redundant," he said, smiling. "Scripture has no place for doctors." He often suggests to his Christian patients that they attend Ryder's meetings. "It is fairly easy to lead them to a point where they can be healed. With non-Christians you hope you can lead them at least to understanding that there is another way." He told of an elderly woman non-believer close to death from advanced metastatic cancer, whom he "led to a point of faith. Now she's completely well and doing the shopping," says Balestrieri. "Her cancer was healed by Jesus." It sounds so goddam *weird* hearing this from a GP, that for a moment — as the healing meeting builds to a tumultuous climax — I consider whether I am dreaming. But Balestrieri is still talking: "I was healed of arthritis in the neck two years ago. It was there, now it's gone." He runs through a list of local miracles — a girl he knew with a disfiguring squint in one eye: healed by a miracle, the eye now back on a symmetrical axis. A man totally paralysed by a motor accident, told he'd never walk again: healed by a miracle, has now regained complete movement.

"There is no ethical reason why I can't refer a patient to a charismatic healing meeting," the doctor says. "I can refer them to specialists and so on, so why not here? Just as I have witnessed a surgical dissection, and I know A equals B, I have also witnessed the power of God, and I know it works. I would feel morally obliged, as a scientist, to mention it."

What really floored me about Balestrieri came next day when I phoned his surgery and sought permission to use his name. He agreed, although it would be the first time he — or probably any other Australian doctor — had said these things publicly.

"I think it's about time that someone in my position took the plunge," Balestrieri said. I think this was partly a reference to End Time, Armageddon — scene of the last battle between the powers of good and evil, end of the world as we know it, Judgement Day. End Time, of course, permeates revivalist literature just as it does the Bible, the Book of Jehovah and all other blueprints for spiritual salvation. But now, like the strict fundamentalists who have led American Baptists in their millions away from liberal-induced "modern" interpretations of the Bible, charismatic revivalists are drawing mainstream Christians to experience the "signs and wonders" of supernatural worship.

Legs growing and shrinking on telly and sternums being spot-welded by the Lord are evidence enough that thousands of Australians don't give a hoot how silly they look; what interests them is insurance and reassurance. Metaphorically, Steve Ryder sells both commodities — and what he delivers is what the people are demanding to buy. If the idea of miracles on the tube bothers you, why not put it down to the human capacity for self-delusion? Doctors agree about 80 percent of patients in all hospitals are there for psychosomatic illnesses — their growths and blockages and pains are physical manifestations of the patient's fears and anxieties.

If maladies can be mentally induced, why couldn't they be mentally rejected, given the right atmosphere for positive thinking? This isn't necessarily what I believe, but if it suits you, tell your friends you've solved one of the sustaining mysteries of daytime television: miracles are built into the human race and only a handful of specialist entertainers know how to release them.

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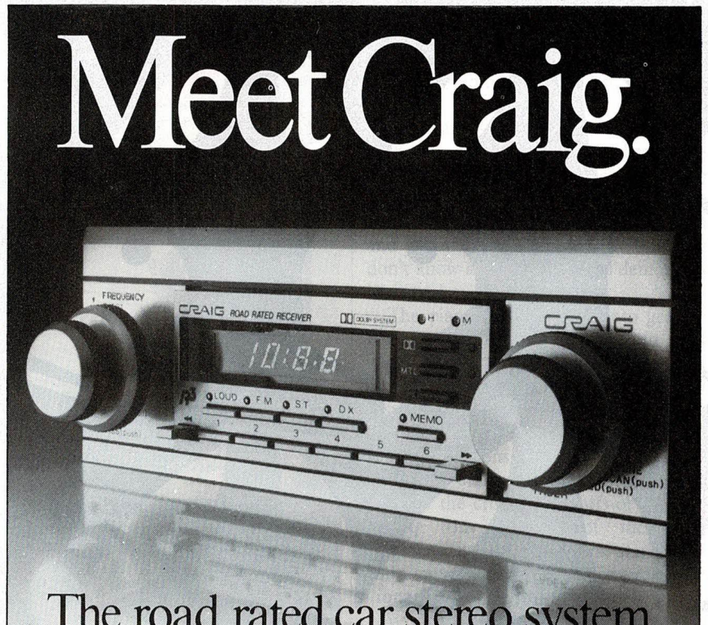

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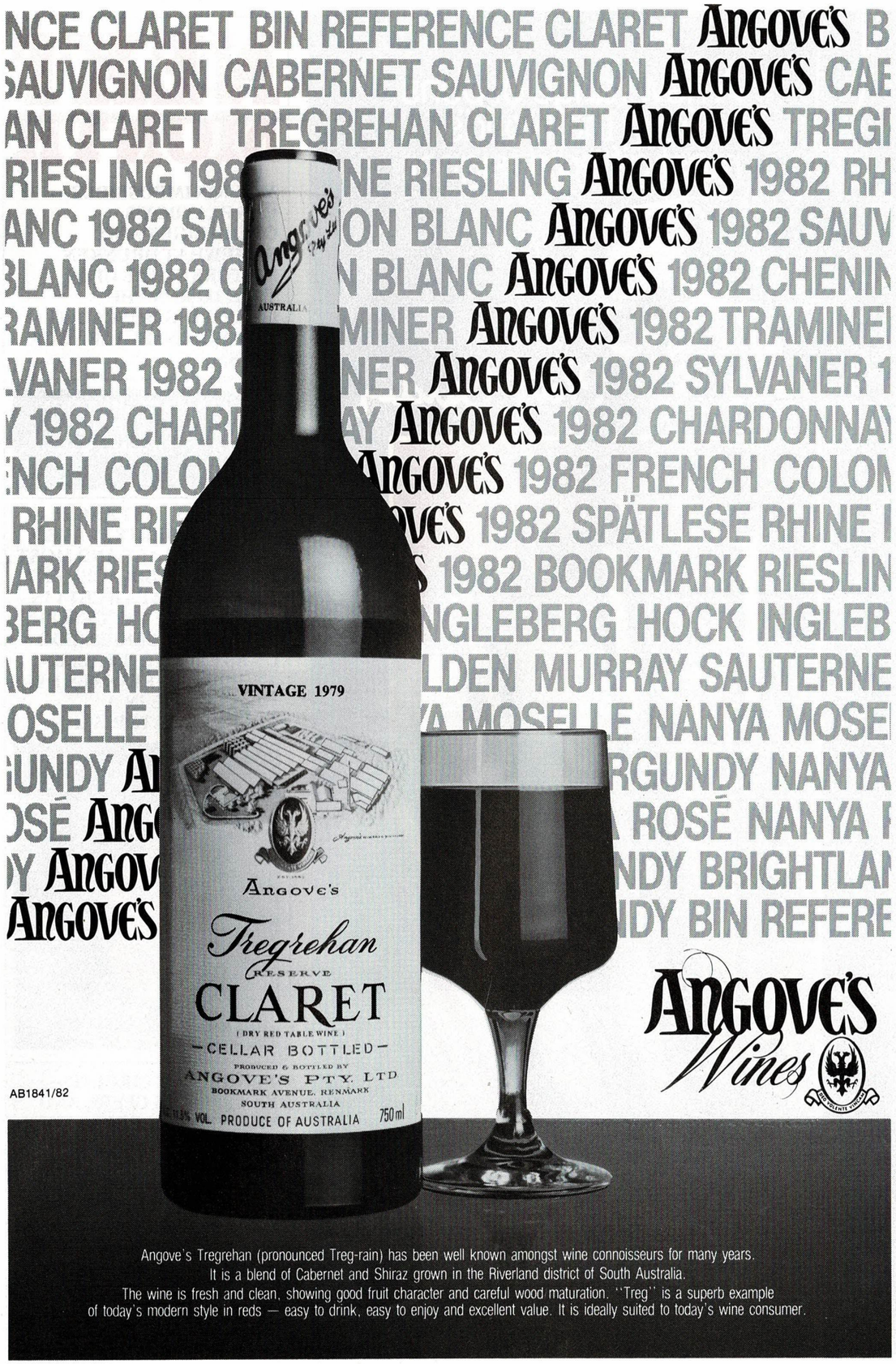

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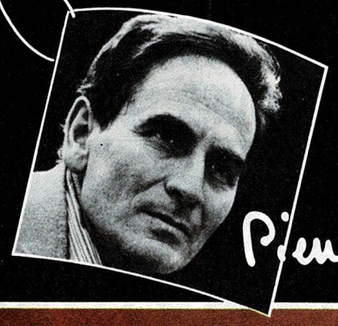

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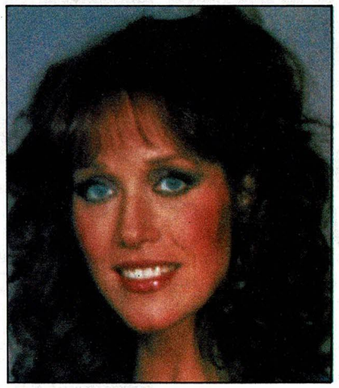

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